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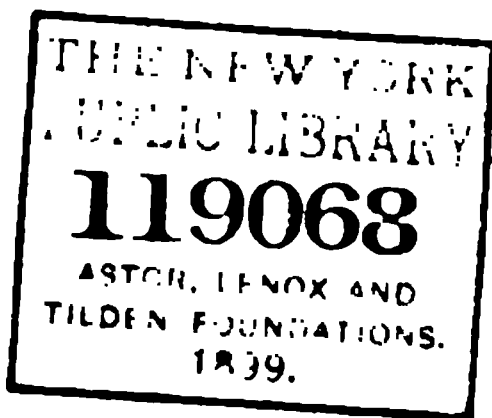
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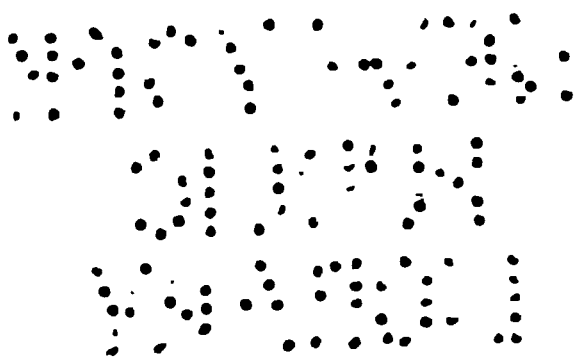
THE CLASSICAL ELEMENT IN AMERICAN FICTION.

Sixty years ago an English review expressed the opinion that an American book was an anomalous production; that it was, at best, but a species of literary weed. Thirty years later we infer that the weed had become metamorphosed, for the "London Times," in a criticism of some recent American novels, warned British men of letters that their laurels were in danger. If we keep in mind the progress made in our literature from the "unconscious beginnings" of our colonial polemics to the times of Cooper, Irving and Hawthorne, and subsequently to the present high standard of literature, it is safe to state that thirty years from now the American novel will be the cleverest, the most original, the most artistic production in the English tongue. The question may be asked, what are the

grounds for this prophecy? There seem to be three reasons for predicting this enviable future for the American novel. First, the literary progress of the last fifteen years has been notably great in comparison with that of the time which intervened between the revolution and the civil war. Secondly, the men and manners of the present day are approximating toward the American type, which promises to attain still more definite shape and outline in the next generation. Thirdly, the American novel of to-day exhibits traits that mark it as a classic.

Americans may congratulate themselves, instead of lamenting, that fiction did not manifest itself in the infancy of freedom. What kind of novels would the children of Israel have written after their escape from bondage—if they had been a people addicted to that form of mental expression? It was perfectly natural for them immediately to set about tilling the soil and making efforts for the improvement of their material condition ; the fine arts were sure to come in due season ; but the element of time was necessary for the creation of a congenial soil and atmosphere in which the mental conceptions would be encouraged to grow. The condition of America after the Revolutionary War affords a parallel case. People had not yet become acquainted with themselves in their new capacity as free citizens. They were fearful lest their new home, like Sinbad's Island, might disappear from under them ; they, therefore, solemnly and earnestly began to build, and to plough, and to throw out lines of improvement in all directions, thus stamping the country with a national trade-mark, and securing it for their own. These early Revolutionary people were still conservative in a number of ways ; those who read at all, read Addison and the British Reviews ; there was then no time for leisurely pursuits ; the fanciful touch of an original literature must come with succeeding generations.

The first newspaper of the United States was printed in 1704. Nearly a hundred years passed by before the first novel appeared. Our literature has since changed from a century plant into a



perennial. In place of one Brockden Brown, we now have different schools of novelists. Brockden Brown has become a dead letter to us ; for the people and times he portrayed differ as widely from ours as strait-jackets differ from Jerseys. The austerity and starched morality of the early colonists have undergone relaxation which may be directly traced to the development of social intercourse and a growing conviction that life is not a doctor's prescription, but something to be appreciatively enjoyed. Brockden Brown was the first to see the need of an American school of novelists ; but he lived at an inauspicious time, when there was no society and no national manners to depict, since life offered no characteristics to be described. The only beings who possessed race-traits, and who promised to become original figures in fiction were the American Indians. Cooper took the hint and photographed them once for all ; but he hammered his slight talent over too large an area, and we now rank his novels but little above the "Rollo Books" for boys.

Toward the close of the first quarter of this century the foreign world of letters was on the lookout for something startling from America. It was the famous "era of good feeling" in politics ; the enunciation of the "Monroe Doctrine" was proof that the states did not need mooring to other countries for protection ; the inference was that this rapid material progress should be accompanied by a correspondingly marked intellectual development. Beside this there was a notion abroad that the literary productions of America should correspond to her sublime scenery. Nothing less was expected than the Rocky Mountains compressed into a sonnet, or a vest pocket edition of the Great Western Plain. But the mountains kept their afflatus to themselves ; they were potentially rich in gold but not in inspiration. Except the productions of Theodore Winthrop, which have a racy originality about them, but no artistic conception or finish, we did not have a morsel to appease the clamorings of the critics till Hawthorne wrote his novels.

Then British men of letters admitted that American fiction had become a tangible reality. Ever since Hawthorne's time, American fiction has been improving in quantity and quality. A glance at magazine literature will convince us of this fact. Our best magazines offer no encouragement to the nonsense that furnished food for the imagination of our grandmothers. Unquestionably a large majority exists that still craves trash ; but the minority is intelligent and critical. It demands genuine, artistic literature, and, according to an old law, the demand has met with a supply. In the "Contemporary Review" for April, 1882, Grant Allen says that in both France and England the existence of critics is only hap-hazard ; that there are literary judges, but that they are scattered and fail to coalesce into a court of criticism for the purpose of influencing the public taste in literature. He adds that what is true of England and France is true of America in an intensified degree. This accusation is not true. It flies directly in the face of the existing fact that there is a school of critics in Boston. W. D. Howells, T. W. Higginson, and Richard Grant White are the recognized detectives of our literary world. They are eminently successful in suppressing the quick-grass of literature by ticketing all spurious talent to its proper destination in oblivion. Besides contributing historical writings, novels, and romantic poetry to literature, this century will add an original character to fiction, namely, the American. In spite of evidence, critics maintain that the American is still a nebulous and unformed type. As it now exists it is surely not the Puritanic character that Hawthorne pictured ; nor the raw, braggart nature that Dickens wrote about ; nor yet the empty-headed parvenu whom George William Curtis treats of in his "Potiphar Papers." We discard all these as imperfect samples of the present species. Each one of them was the outcome of the society and manners which it represented. The Puritanism of colonial times, when everything was done according to the long-metre psalm-tune, has become modified into a dignified purity of in-

tellect which is the characteristic of New Englanders. It is known that Dickens exaggerated a very small particle of truth and that Curtis drew broad inferences from narrow premises by holding up to view the New York dandy and saying, "from one, judge all." American life and character are still difficult to describe on account of their complexity. A type exists, but it is not yet universal. An almost total lack of conservatism induces quick changes in the modes of life and thought. Sectional influences are very marked, but there are traits running through American character which mark it as distinctly as the scarlet thread marks the British cordage. American cities offer points of difference which distinguish them from all Continental cities. Here, as in other lines of effort, we have to contend with the haste and extravagance which are the two national sins. It is this reckless haste that is especially dangerous to our literature. The next invention of the Americans promises to be a method for reading books by lightning. There is great demand for short books, short sketches, short essays. Many will not read anything longer than a newspaper article; yet they appear perfectly satisfied with this small quota of literary food, considering that time spent outside of business pursuits as wasted.

Good American fiction of the present time is on an equality with the best productions of English pens. If George Eliot were now alive this could not be said with truth, for she was as immeasurably superior to her English as to her American contemporaries. But her death made it possible to compare the present English and American schools of novelists. As offsets to Anthony Trollope, Thomas Hardy, William Black, and Charles Reade, we, on this side the Atlantic, have W. D. Howells, Henry James, Jr., T. B. Aldrich, G. W. Cable, and Mrs. Burnett. Some people ridicule the idea that any of these novelists have claims for lasting fame; to such we say that, "if there is only one Raphael, an artist may be an artist for all that." English novels do not display that sympathetic insight

into the feelings and thoughts of people, or that artistically succinct manner of expression, or that finely wrought wit, which seem distinctively to characterize American novels. Howells is never guilty of Trollope's long-windedness; Mrs. Burnett's humor is as rich as that of Hardy; Charles Reade's talent comes and goes in intermittent flashes, while Henry James polishes every sentence that falls from his pen.

What will prevent the works of Howells and James from being read by our descendants two hundred years from now? Englishmen may disdain placing them on their shelves beside Thackeray, Scott, and Eliot; but we Americans will find a place for them beside our first classic, Hawthorne. These two novelists have given us pictures of American life and character which have the exactness, fidelity, and delicacy of etchings. Mr. Howells is at present our most perfect descriptive writer. He possesses taste, culture, imagination, pathos, and humor, and all the rest of the category of literary virtues. Mr. James is a metaphysician and an epigrammatist. He can analyze character as accurately as a skillful musician can detect overtones. One of his traits is to describe only those characters that are in some way extraordinary—those who are exceptionally talented, or remarkably clever, or surpassingly witty. It is rather flattering to consider one's self the prototype of the James' style of American. He never portrays commonplace life or character. His men are all irresistible mixtures of worldliness and philosophy; they seem to have gone through all manner of experiences, and yet they have retained an agreeable amount of enthusiasm for whatever life may yet hold in store. He has also given us a charming type of the American woman. We do not see many Isabel Archers in ordinary or even the highest ranks of society. She is eminently fitted to be the companion of the refined, fastidious, cool-headed and sensitive character represented in the American gentleman. In so far as they exceed natural perfection, in so far as James gives us faultless statues instead of living beings which are

liable to flaws, in just such a degree both these characters are ideal and not real. But the assertion that James cannot write of Americans because he lives so much abroad is about as sensible as inferring that the East Indian climate influenced Thackeray's writings. It may be that Mr. James is far-sighted and can see things better at a distance ; we have perfect confidence in his sagacity.

Mr. Howells deals more with the every-day American. He treats mainly of the simple and natural development of love. He is not so introspective as James, but gives us rather sketches of different characters "not too bright or good for human nature's daily food."

These two novelists have fixed for all time the conspicuous traits of American character ; notably, its good humor, its intelligent curiosity, its pertinacity, its self-confidence, and its conscientiousness, or that sense of personal obligation which has given a psychological tinge to all their novels. They are true artists in their profession ; they comply with every canon laid down for literature. What Howells has written is equal to Charles Lamb's best ; while James, in any one of his best sketches, shows more wit and thought than Addison displays in a dozen Spectators. Together with Lamb and Addison they deserve to be placed among English classics.

A. B. P., '83.

JAHU DEPEW MILLET.

Jahu Depew Millet is an American "young man of promise." In English novels, a "young man of promise" always means a young man with a taste for public speaking and a chance of getting into Parliament. In America, however, where there are so many Houses that I have known a Connecticut man to refuse to go to the Legislature because he preferred to retain the distinction of being the one disreputable man in his town who did not write "Hon." before his name, such a young man may

promise to do any one of a hundred things. But one thing is pretty certain. He always promises himself to "be a big man." Therefore, my hero's claim to be considered as having a special "humour" in the Jonsonesque sense of the word, lies only in the fact that he has let neither nature, circumstances nor conscience, stand in the way of his patient struggle toward the fulfillment of that promise. He presents an interesting study, not as a high nature dragged down by unworthy ambition; not as a low nature elevated by a lofty purpose, but as an average nature ruled by a dominant impulse which seems never to have flagged for an hour!

When Jahu was ten, his Sunday-school teacher gave her class a lecture on covetousness, one day. After a brief explanation of the nature of this sin, she asked each boy to tell her what he wanted most of all things in the world. Money, horses and stock, a dog-show, the managership of a circus, and the presidency of a Y. M. C. A.—nothing was too great or too comical for those boys to want. Definite, tangible boy-wants, though. Miss Brown knew how to meet them, thus far. It was Jahu's turn next, but he sat still, looking straight before him. "Well, Jahu?" said his teacher. He started suddenly. "I want a name," he cried, in a voice which made the superintendent turn and jump. "I don't care whether I make any money or not! I don't care what I do! I want a name, so that when I die, every newspaper in the country will be full of it; and I *will* have it, too!"

The reckless passion which flung off all restraints of time or place, the sudden manhood which his earnestness threw into the boy's eyes, half frightened his gentle little teacher. The other boys giggled; Jahu did not notice them. He sat straight up and looked into the teacher's eyes as if he expected her to tell him how to gain his heart's desire. She tried to tell him how wrong it was to care about earthly fame. She talked a little of the desirability of having our names written on white stones, and of how the Lord would keep green the memories of

those who served him. But her words fell lifeless even on her own ears. She realized that she was preaching against a sin of which she knew nothing. Ten-year-old Jahu lived in a world of possibilities forever closed to her. Every one of those boys did. It had not cost her much to renounce "earthly pomp and treasure," for a woman with truly feminine ideas could not gain either except by marrying a stray duke. *She* couldn't make a name if she wanted to, unless she wrote a book; and even supposing she could do that, her sense of propriety would force her to conceal the authorship. The very boys who had laughed at Jahu, secretly sided with him against her. She felt that she was arguing from abstract principle, and Jahu from hot feeling. There can be no question as to which works best on an audience of the people.

The most of it was that she had a dim perception in some not wholly sanctified corner of her nature, that if she had been a man, she might have felt so, too! As it was, what was there left to an ordinary woman but religion and a conviction that all live, selfish, red-blooded, human feelings were wicked. Miss Brown sighed a little sigh, sweetly advised Jahu to pray over his desire, and said,

"Now we will go on with our lesson, boys."

But Jahu had fascinated her. After Sunday-school she asked him to walk a little way with her, with a vague feeling that she must do something more with him. She argued with him a trifle about the danger of his attitude, but, at last, with a spasm of sanctified common-sense, decided that the longing which was so strong in the boy's breast, might have been put there for some good purpose—might be, instead of a tare sown by the adversary, a seed from which the fruit of a noble life should spring. She asked him how he proposed to get his name. She told him stories of men who had been famous for good deeds to their fellows, just hinting, sometimes, that these men had thought of others, not of themselves; and finally, she brought home to him the fact that no one could hope to be

very well spoken of by his fellow-men who was not agreeable as well as kind to them. She suspected that her pupil, fiery as he seemed capable of being on occasion, was rather stolid and morose at most times.

"I'd advise you to begin right away, Jahu," she said, "to learn the art of popularity. The younger you begin, the easier it will be for you to learn. Begin by making the boys like you. You don't know which of them may be of use to you some day. Get up a name at marbles and base ball. People will remember it of you some day when you make kites of state constitutions or play at pitch and toss with people's lives." Jahu's face lit up. "I never thought of that," he exclaimed. "I don't like them, but I'll make 'em like me."

"I'm afraid you'll find it hard work unless you do like them," laughed Miss Brown—"But it's time you went back now—goodbye—don't forget to come early next Sunday."

And Jahu walked slowly home to the very run-down-looking little farmhouse where he lived, kicking the dust before him and thinking how he'd make the boys like him.

It was twelve years after that Sunday that I first saw Jahu—he was standing on the pulpit stairs of a Presbyterian church, carefully taking off his ulster. The ulster had a rose in the button-hole. There was another rose in the gray coat beneath. One to walk to church in, and one to wear in the pulpit, and that on a man who wore a gray coat in the sacred desk from conscientious motives! For he was now a Methodist local preacher, and was engaged in pouring red-hot Arminian shot at \$25 per Sunday, into one of the bluest Presbyterian audiences I ever saw. How did it happen? He "made the boys like him." As I looked around the church, I saw it crowded with young people foreign to its walls, marshalled by the sons of the ruling deacon. They had been school-mates and pupils of Depew, and had declared when the pulpit was vacated for the summer that he should fill it. "Millet wanted the money, and Millet should have it. They'd engage that people should come and hear him."

The very fact of having announced his principles on that July Sunday twelve years before, seemed to have strengthened Jahu in them. From that day, he worked furiously, at cultivating both his mind and the favor of his fellows. At sixteen, he was working his way through Fort Edward Institute, and ~~was~~, in spite of poverty and ugliness, so popular, that when on his graduation, a teachership and the title of "Professor" were offered him there, he had no trouble whatever in "getting along with the old boys." "Professor!" That was one step on the road to fame. But Jahu had other strings to his bow.

Before he entered Fort Edward, he had passed through the experiences of a Methodist revival. The prospect of "reigning with Christ when earth was a forgotten dream," had been presented to him, and he had accepted it, perhaps as a solid certainty with which it would be well to provide himself, in case his earthly speculations failed. In a rush of passionate emotion, John laid all, hopes, plans, ambitions, "on the altar," and—took them up again, "consecrated, now," he said. Ambition was "zeal for the cause," "longing to make the most of himself in the service of his Master." Far be it from me to judge him harshly. But I know Jahu Depew Millet, and I know the subtle temptations which the Methodist church lays in the path of man or woman, girl or boy, of ready speech and capacity for swaying others by power moral or magnetic. The difference between a heavenly ecstasy and a magnetic thrill is so slight, the point where human power ends and Divine grace steps in so obscure!

This boy had an exhorter's license at sixteen, and a local preacher's license by the time he gained the professorship. Then came the tug of war! Preferment is rapid in the M. E. Church, but Jahu's talents were not so marked as to make his rise to a Bishopric probable, and positions below that seemed to him to be situated under a bushel. He questioned whether his work did not lie in other fields. His religious influence in the school was counted good, but, somehow, though the boys

all believed in him, and "liked to hear Millet go it in prayer-meeting," no one had ever been "converted" under him, and old white-headed brothers would persist in asking after the "seals to his ministry." He hardly thought it best to study for ordination till his "call to serve became more evident."

It was a man's duty to make the most of himself. His uttermost might lie in some other direction. Still, his ruling passion moved him to keep renewing his local preacher's license, and his reputation for eloquence grew, in a small way.

At this stage of his career, he had learned to avoid all appearance of self-seeking. Very few people found him out. Some of his boys did. They said, "Prof. Millet ought to contract to have his picture tacked to one of the patent medicine advertisements in the daily papers. Then he'd be satisfied."

The professorship had gratified him for a little while, but the power and notice which it brought, were bounded by the campus. Journalism might be the thing! He weighed matters carefully. In the ministry, the Lord was bound to look out for him. In journalism, his hands must keep his head. It was some time before he finally decided to "split the difference; keep the local preacher's license and try to get hold of a weekly." He wrote editorials for the "Berkely Courant" a year, and there found his field—politics! Politics were the thing. A man could stump-speech all the year 'round for one thing or another. It was a safe investment, too, for there were all sorts of promises to Christian statesmen—all sorts of prayers put up for rulers, magistrates and "Congress now in session," and a man must be talked of. But how to get money for such a start as he desired to make? Well—"Providence opened the way." The knot of old school-mates offered him this vacant pulpit. That morning when he stood on the pulpit stairs, he thought how heaven was smiling upon him. He preached a good sermon that day. "His gun scattered, but it scattered shot," one of the deacons said of him.

He preached in that church all summer. He was happy

there. Everyone knew him. Everyone talked of him. Those who disapproved him most were won by his frank, charming manners, and his powerful will. Every few days he would be missing. His intimate friends would whisper proudly, "He's off seeing politicians; he knows 'em all." And he did! He could always manufacture a claim upon a man, and always back it up by making himself agreeable. In the autumn he vanished, I do not know where. But I believe with all his friends, that his obscurity is but for a season; that Jahu can do anything he wants, unless he wants it too hard; that he *will* "make a name" unless too many people find out that he wants one.

S. F. S., '83.



De Temporibus et Moribus.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says that all men are bores when we do not want them. Men's temperaments, like the planets, have orbits; sometimes they come into conjunction, while at other times they are separated by periods of utter indifference. But there are natures which seem to have no attraction for each other in spite of the fact that their paths may intersect or lie side by side for a little distance. So strange and perverse is their influence over each other that any attempt to make the relation permanent immediately starts them off on tangents of original action in order to avoid each other. Such people are mutually defined as bores. Indeed, this term might be called the genus of a countless number of species. There is the species, learned bore, whose deep and profound conversation makes one feel like talking nonsense for a week and sending all books to the Fejee Islands; then there is the species, loquacious bore, who seems to have the power of flooding a whole room with his talk, and succeeding better in clearing it of its occupants than Mrs. Partington did in mopping up the Atlantic Ocean. There is the species, insipid bore; bores that are very "umblé," bores that are conceited, bores that are young, bores that are old—bores of every stage, color, and variety.

Polonius is rather hard to classify. We might name him among the egotistical people, or the loquacious or meddling ones; but surely a venerable bore will include them all.

All honor and respect is due to a perfect old age. Although each year as it departs takes away, one by one, the gifts of youth, yet each has left some dignity and wisdom to take their places. Its very weakness gains for it regard, if it is borne with the grace which makes every necessity a virtue. There are men, however, who are not willing to accept the inevitable, and to take their places in the chimney-corner. They cling to their youth with a tenacity that is almost piteous, and at the same time demand for themselves all the privileges of age. They put their minds and bodies through gymnastic exercises, as if to assure themselves and their friends that it was all a mistake, this idea that they are growing old, that their gray hairs are only a strange freak of nature. Our feelings toward such deluded idiots are very contradictory. Their hoary heads and tottering frames bid us give them all the veneration due to age; but from this our better judgment makes us turn with disgust, and tells us that such folly and hypocrisy deserve only contempt. Such a man was Polonius. He was prominent during the time of the father of Hamlet, and, it may be, had done some good service for his country, making a sufficiently reputable figure-head for a not too-critical government. He had undoubtedly gained this place by the force of his own importunity and self esteem, and had been tolerated as long as youth covered over and gilded the worst of his faults. But now, when a new rule had come and he no longer had a place in administering the government, he was sure there must be some mistake. People did not appreciate his worth; they could not know how much their country was losing for want of his profound wisdom and great experience. Yet his own conceit kept him from feeling offended. He pitied their foolishness rather than censured their want of appreciation. Consequently he offered his advice on all subjects and at all times with a magnanimity that might have done credit to a better motive. He was indeed a superannuated politician. Like the lobby members of the present day, he hung about the court

with his pockets stuffed with documents which he wished the king to sign, working harder for this useless end, and wearing himself out faster, than he would if he had been obliged to saw wood or keep the king's highways clean for a living. Yet all the while he thought that he was conferring a great service upon his country. His mind was stored with the dried remains of other men's wisdom, now reduced to maxims, which he used on all occasions without regard to their application.

At our first introduction to him, he displays many of his characteristic traits. He comes as an attendant of his son, who is about to make a request of the King. The old man undoubtedly felt that the might of his presence might gain for Laertes what otherwise would be denied. With low bows, and obsequious manners he comes before his ruler. What a thrill of exultation must have passed through his mind as he listened to the complimentary words which were addressed to him. Visions of his former glory float before his eyes ; every service that he has ever done for his country is magnified ten-fold, and in his own estimation he becomes a hero and a martyr. He even begins to feel a little hurt because these thanks have not been given him before. Then with an injured but haughty look he proceeds to make his desire known.

His treatment of his children was characteristic of the effect which each had upon him. Laertes was very much like his father. He had the same egotistical spirit, the same self-will, the same desire to rule. They were too much alike to be very fond of each other. Their wills too often came into collision. Hence it was that Polonius never felt for his son the love which he showed for his daughter. Her weak will was easily swayed by his obstinacy, and her simple, credulous faith accepted every one of his high sounding words as profound wisdom. He might have been proud of Laertes' craft and shrewdness, but he never manifested much affection for him. To Ophelia he gave all the tenderness which a strong, arrogant nature gives a weak and gentle

one, finding in it constant proof of its own wisdom, and seeing reflected from its transparent surface the image of its own greatness. Even when he scolded her, and called her a "silly girl" and a "baby," he used the words more as playful pet names than as reproof; yet he did not think less of her for her weakness, but more of himself for his cleverness in detecting it.

The advice of Polonius to Laertes on his departure for France shows that he, as a father, cared very little for his son's highest good. Laertes disliked his father's loquaciousness, but he hated a scolding more; so, choosing the lesser of two evils, his shrewdness and knowledge of his father's character taught him how to avoid the lecture. He only needed to point out a place where advice might be given and the battle was won. So his "Heaven smiles upon a second blessing," was a sort of breakwater to turn the flow of words in another direction.

Polonius' knowledge of court life, and his great admiration for outside show, made him very superficial in his estimation of true worth, and rather weak in the lesser virtues. His motto was,—the greatest honor and the most show for the least trouble and money. So his advice was a very shaky structure, propped up by long words and sonorous periods. He told Laertes not to make a confidant of everyone he met, because it was not a mark of good breeding, and might bring him into trouble; but when he had found a true friend, to make all the use of him that he could. He advised him never to enter into a quarrel, because it is undignified and a source of great annoyance, yet if he is led into one he must never give up, whether right or wrong. He must dress as well as he possibly can, for it will give him a better position, especially among the French, who think so much of the outside appearance. When he comes to the last words, "To thine ownself be true," it seems like a precious jewel thrown in with a bundle of straw. He did not appreciate its value; but, selfish, cowardly hypocrite that he was, he knew that it served as a sort of moral ballast to his speech.

Much as he liked to display his wisdom, he was more in his element when he could weave intricate plots in which to entrap others. He fancied that no one had so profound a knowledge of human nature, or so well understood its motives. The directions which he gave Reynaldo were bristling with wires which were to be pulled with the utmost care and thoughtfulness in order that he might ascertain what his own words showed that he already knew. Yet he confidently believed that he was performing a duty that would be an honor to the most cautious parent. When he thought that he had discovered the cause of Hamlet's insanity, he was triumphant. The secret was too good to be told, too important to be kept. He was in great haste to go to the king, but when once there he could not make up his mind to part with his treasure. He threw out little hints to arouse the curiosity of the king, and then, when forced to speak, he uttered every word as if the fate of the nation depended upon it; yet summed it all up with the logical reason that Hamlet was insane because he was insane.

Even when he failed to prove that Ophelia's conduct was not the real cause of Hamlet's strange behavior, his confidence in himself was not shaken. It would all turn out right if only he was allowed to have the management of it.

Hamlet and Polonius were perfect enigmas to each other. Hamlet could not appreciate how any one could be so low and cunning for so small a cause. Polonius, accustomed to think that he could read any mind, found that he had no power to penetrate that of Hamlet. The young prince took especial delight in mystifying his self-constituted judge. He easily saw through the nicely laid scheme, and took pleasure in overthrowing it.

But the last time Polonius meddled with other people's business was once too many, and he fell by the sword of the man whose secrets he was trying to learn. He played the part of a spy and received a spy's reward.

Poor, deluded, old man ! He was so eager to be thought wise that he made himself foolish ; so confident of his own ability that he made a complete failure of everything he undertook ; so officious in other people's affairs that he made himself a perfect bore.

J. I. S., '84.

“ Looking for Herbert Spencer ? ” So am I. The fact is, I have been seeing him all summer, and yet have not seen him at all.

My bump of curiosity is quite large ; some ill-natured brute is saying “ M-m, yes ;—a *woman*.” Of course I am, and glory in it, too. Nor does it make me feel a bit badly to hear woman called “ a bundle of curiosity.” I always wonder if that bump had any influence on—say Columbus. But, to return, this protuberance is held in check by various other bumps, so that I never get beyond the suburbs of tight places.

It is a good thing, too ; for this summer I had an inordinate desire to see Herbert Spencer—chiefly because he wished to be unseen—which might have brought me into trouble had it been allowed full sway. Notorious people who place themselves on exhibition have little charms for me. Consequently Oscar Wilde, in his tight-fitting suit of black, sky-blue neck-tie, green umbrella lined with yellow, and claret-colored traveling cloak, scarcely received a second glance. No ; I could imagine a chivalric knight of the sun-flower making himself ridiculous in order that he might be popular ; or a novelist trying to read himself and his works into favor with the American people ; or a historian holding his audience spell-bound by a single note—a deep bass note, the only one he knew—until they drew a long sigh of relief when his voice dropped into his boots for the last time, and he must move at least a foot to reach a seat. I could easily picture the renowned Spencer standing upon the Vassar rostrum

and saying most impressively:—"Young women, ages upon ages ago there was an incoherent and indefinite homogeneity which, by passing through continuous integrations and differentiations, became these coherent and definite heterogeneities commonly termed men and women." I could see the girls clutching wildly at their fast receding coherency as he went on grandiloquently: "This process is really a great change. But, alas! how few know what change really is. Young women, never speak lightly of change. Always remember that it is, under every circumstance, a perichoretical synechy of pamparallagmatical and hor-roleroporeumatical differentiations and integrations. Were you to think of this oftener, you would hardly be so anxious to undergo the operation. Then, woman's rights and wrongs would be unheard of. She would at once recognize her inability to produce anything of value, so long as men are ready to work in the same direction. The reason is evident. For ages man has been passing through this particular synechy, while woman has taken but the first steps. Now he has attained the perfection of philosophy and statesmanship, while she stands on the threshold. Nothing but an absolute dearth of men to do for woman that which normally she cannot do for herself, can justify the alleged wasting of her real powers. George Eliot must have recognized this law of nature when she said 'Necessity is akin to genius.' "

All this and much more of the same sort, I could hear him say; but, to imagine this man, a real John Bull, willing and even desiring not to be lionized—this must be seen to be fully realized. To see such a phenomenon, I would travel the world over.

I started, armed with an engraving of him dated some six years since, and guided by my ideal of a man who lived by theory. Knowing by experience that the easiest place to lose one's self is in a crowd, I determined to seek my hero at the most frequented summer resorts.

Long Branch was the first scene of exploration. How shall I reveal my disappointment! "Were there no Englishmen?"

Plenty of them. Each with one or more Spencerian characteristics, but none combining all. Once I thought I saw him. While strolling on the beach enjoying the music of the waves mingled with enchanting strains of Allstrom's cornet, I chanced to see an exceedingly graceful horseman riding on the Boulevard. A good horseman is such a novelty in these days of carriages and railways, that I could not keep my eyes from him. Presently he met a barouche in which sat two ladies. They, in passing gave him a very bewitching bow. Unluckily his left was the disengaged hand, and unwilling to commit a breach of decorum by lifting his hat with the hand next the carriage, he slowly transferring the whip and reins, raised his hat to—nothing, for the ladies were far behind him. Surely, I thought, this must be he. Who but an Englishman would be such a slave to etiquette? But a nearer view showed me the scarred and distorted visage of Samuel J. Tilden.

At last, wearied and heart-sick with days of fruitless search, I doomed Long Branch to eternal oblivion, and took the first steamer for Coney Island. The first day brought me face to face with a man whose personal appearance closely resembled dear Spencer's picture. I was delighted. I was about to embrace him—speaking metaphorically, of course—when he spoke, and this is what I heard in the unmistakable nasal tones of a true son of Vermont:—“Naow, Tom, don't you think that this 'ere taown is a growin' like all possessed?” I was disenchanted.

A few days after this, while sitting on the sand, I saw two men walking arm in arm, apparently discussing some grave question. The elder of the two was leaning heavily upon the other, as if unable to support himself. I jumped up and rushed behind them in time to hear him say: “My son, if you intend to be a successful teacher of elocution, never allow yourself or your pupils to stand on one foot—it is not only ungraceful in the extreme, but also a great waste of muscle.” I fell back in disgust,

for did not Herbert Spencer say, "When standing, we commonly economize power by throwing the weight upon one leg, which we straighten to make it serve as a column while we relax the other, and to the same end allow the head to lean somewhat on one side, and both these attitudes are imitated in sculpture as elements of grace" ?

During the remainder of my stay, I saw many men whose faces and heads would answer to my picture, but they were either corpulent and waddled, or tall and lean, with an irregular and jerking gait quite incompatible with the man who has so grand a theory of grace.

One day the idea struck me that the sea air might be too strong for his delicate constitution. Two days afterward I was snugly ensconced in the Catskill Mountain House. Wandering about among the ravines, visiting every day the waterfall which a small boy turns on for a quarter, I found that my time had flown I could scarcely tell where, until the last day had come, and yet no Herbert Spencer. While I was bemoaning my ill-fortune, dinner was announced.

Passing through the spacious dining-hall I suddenly stopped in blank amazement. Had my picture been endowed with life, or was I dreaming ? I adjusted my eye-glasses. "Yes, it must be he." There is the lofty forehead, rendered still loftier by baldness, which is thinly covered by a few well-plastered hairs. There are the deep-set eyes, the Grecian nose, the protruding upper lip, the English whisker, the benign countenance,—yes : even the standing collar and black choker surmounting the broad expanse of shirt front. To crown all, beside him sat a gentleman evidently his amanuensis. I was about to cast myself at his feet in humble adoration, when I remembered where I was, and instead, sank into a seat opposite. The great man was intent upon the bill of fare. Suddenly he called, "Waiter." The obsequious colored artist of the white apron was all attention. "Waiter, have you any products of the country ?" "Yes, sah; white

potatoes, beets, onions.”—“It seems to me that you use your supply of veracity with penurious frugality. Are you not aware that England grows those vegetables? I want products of the country. Let me see—pecans, ah,—yes,—never heard of them before. Do they grow here?” The subdued waiter muttered, “Yes;—dey grows in Texas.” “Very good, bring me some.” He ate them with great gusto. “Sweet potatoes! M-m, yes; native of the Southern and Middle States. I will take some.” They came and vanished. Then the waiter ventured to offer prairie chicken. “Is this a product of the country?” “Yes, sah; dey lives out West.” “Do they have wings?” “Yes, sah.” “And know how to use them?” “Yes, sah.” “And yet they stay in this outlandish country? No, I do not want any.—What kind of pastry have you?” “All the usual kinds, sah.” “Usual kinds, indeed! Do you mean to say you have no native products? I want native products.” Finally he was appeased with blue-berry pie. Fortunately he did not belong to the Microscopists Association, or he would not have discovered a single blueberry. But, by this time my rapture was all gone, for I knew that the apostle of the delicate and beautiful could never descend to such a plane. In fact, I wondered how I could have been insane enough to suppose that this dyspeptic snob looked at all like my hero. I went to my room, packed my trunk and took the first train for home, thoroughly disgusted with people in general, and Herbert Spencer in particular.

When one sees *Cape Cod* on the very first page of a novel, one expects the book to smack of stiff sou’westers and dried herring; but the scene of “A Reverend Idol” might have been located six miles above the earth from the total lack of atmosphere about it. Those geographical and climatic influences in which ethnologists put so much faith have not the slightest influence

on the commonplace career of its ordinary characters. The thread of the story is spun out through nearly five hundred pages somewhat as follows :

Anemone Rivers, a society belle and an artistic genius, flees to Cape Cod to escape the attentions of young men. The Rev. Kenyon Leigh resorts to the same place to avoid the devotion of young women. When they meet at the same boarding-house their consternation is mutual. The minister prepares to decamp ; but the young lady beards the lion and persuades him to stay in his den, out of consideration for the pecuniary loss his departure will be to their landlady. He is assured that he will not be annoyed by Miss Rivers' company, and by degrees his interest in her is aroused, and he determines to watch her with more attention. The first opportunity he has of doing so is on an occasion when she receives an express package which she opens on the front porch and from which she extracts a—switch, which she quite calmly winds around her head. When Mr. Leigh makes her aware of his presence her coolness arouses in us an admiration tinged with deepest regret that we could never attain unto it. She explains the use of switches and their proper application at what would seem sufficient length, but the subject is all too fascinating. It is renewed a short time later, when “sluffing with combs,” “rainy day frizzes,” “morning switches,” are all exhibited and an object lesson in hair-dressing is given by the vivacious Monny so charmingly that when, “like a frolicsome kid she butts her pretty head” for him to ascertain that all the hair it has on is her own, and then “shies bashfully away,” the Reverend Idol is drawn by the whole wig of the beauty to confiscate the “rainy day friz” as a “precious keepsake !” Soon after the hair-dressing episode, the minister goes to New York and determines to buy a present for Monny, and decides on—a hat ! He buys two charming affairs, at an exorbitant price, and hurrying back to Cape Cod, presents his offering, which is accepted with Monny's usual kid-like exuber-

ance of action. We have said that the locality did not seem to have any effect on the characters of the book, but perhaps we were too rash. The savage remoteness of Cape Cod may produce such a callousness to conventionality that a society belle would accept two hats from an acquaintance of a few weeks who had neither proposed nor even confessed an unusual degree of regard for her. Under ordinary circumstances, one would say not that "the two feet," but that the whole six feet two of the Rev. Idol's make-up were of purest antique brass. We doubt whether the most unsophisticated Daisy Miller or Lydia Blood could possess a soul so dead to an intuitive sense of propriety. Monny asks the Reverend to sit to her "for his shoulders," but paints him at full length as a hero of the middle ages. After many struggles he succeeds in seeing the picture, and, recognizing himself, he proposes and is accepted. Instead of stopping short here, this idiotic idyl spins on and on, introducing a most sensational complication: a wicked, dark lady from New York follows the pastor of St. Ancient's and poisons his ear with tales of Monny's youthful indiscretions, Monny's own maidenly modesty complicates the affair, and a trunk lost seven years before (containing more hair) becomes a witness against her, when a ship-wrecked vessel arrives safely, Monny's true friends explain the whole, and the book ends with a beautiful tableau of triumphant virtue and detected hypocrisy.

The characters are mere masses of adjectives, the "hero" and "heroine" are labeled as carefully as the freaks of nature that children draw on their slates are made known to the public as "a cat," "a dog." They are the most preposterous puppets that ever responded to the jerking of an author's general notion of the admirable and heroic. Mrs. Doane, who is always referred to as "the matron," is the most colorless and indefinite character ever painted. The faithful studies from life and individuality which made *Cape Cod Folks* so interesting to its readers are nowhere found in a *Reverend Idol*; perhaps its author took warn-

ing from the result of Miss McLean's unfortunate realism. Yet, after all, this seems scarcely possible ; for the book had a musty taste withal, as if it had been written several years ago and laid by to mellow, but had only grown mealy and insipid. George Eliot says that the sleeves of a dress are an infallible index to the era of its manufacture ; a hat is an equally sure guide, and the enthusiastic description of the dress-hat and garden-bonnet seem to prove the correctness of our hypothesis concerning the date of the book. The costumes of a century ago may be instructive to the archaeologically inclined, but the fashions of the past decade are simply ridiculous. The book is written in the inflated style of a sunday school novel ; you expect to find "—— S. S. Library No.—" on the the fly leaf. It is diffuse, unnatural and stupid, yet it is called " the novel of the season ! " Will the readers who can speak thus of a *Reverend Idol* recognize the Great American novel when it comes, or read it when they see it ?



Editors' Table.

Judging by what other college journalists have done, it is the proper thing for us to forthwith indulge in an editorial which shall have for its chief statement the fact that the summer vacation is a thing of the past, a dream, a delusion, and a snare. Having gone thus far, we should proceed to expatiate on the duty of each one to use the opportunities given, to the best possible advantage, and to forthwith eschew all frivolity, making the year one of thorough work. We ought then to give some good advice to the upper classes, address some intensely patronizing lines to those much abused mortals, Freshmen, make our bow and withdraw. Now, although we fully endorse the sentiment of the articles, it is not our intention to follow any such course, chiefly because the subject has been fully exhausted; so without more ado, we make our bow and wish our friends a pleasant year of work.

A number of new preparatory students entered Vassar last month. We give you greeting, sisters, one and all. True, you ought not to be here. "No girl of fifteen has the settledness of nerve and brain required for life in so large a family." Nor can "any training, however vigorous, in the fundamental English branches, give a girl the mental drill on which, to a great extent, her set-

tledness of nerve and brain depend." But it is pretty certain that you will have a good time, and never appreciate, until you have fairly passed the Rubicon of Freshman class-tests, the awful dangers to nerve and muscle, brain and soul, which lie on the other side. Then you will realize the dangers of those you leave behind, with a keenness paralleled only by the visual powers of the man with the beam in his eye. You will see how the Preps "lower the moral tone" of the college, albeit, two-thirds of the Sunday night prayer-meeting is recruited from its ranks. You will feel that in some mysterious way, the time which the professors give to the obnoxious Preparatory Department is snatched from you, and will speak as if, but for it, every student might rejoice in a parlor and an outside room all to herself, and use the double inside for a candy-room!

Perhaps it is because we never were a Prep. that we see no reason why a girl may not do our college as much credit by her recitations in the third book of Chauvenet as in the fifth; but such is our blindness. We own to a lingering pity for the girl who comes to Vassar straight from home, and will never know any school room cosier than Room X,—but to no harsher feeling. That you may be Exoterics only in name, and not in feeling, is the hearty wish of the Miscellany board.

A Vassar senior! Probably there is scarcely one of the forty who, if she stops to think about it at all, is not surprised that she knows now so much less than she expected. We remember well the awe, the positive reverence, which we felt toward Seniors in our freshman year; how we said but little in their presence, lest we should disclose our dense ignorance; how we prospectively respected ourselves for the wonderful attainments we should have made by the September of '82. Well, the September of '82 has come, and now, for reasons best known to our-

selves, we speak guardedly in the presence of freshmen concerning Livy ; look wise, but keep silent, when we hear the sophomores mention the venerable Bede ; and have a sudden attack of business elsewhere, if a junior looks curious in regard to a principle of physics. We had dreamed of ourselves as regular encyclopedias of information by the time senioric dignity descended upon us, and here we are, very hazy, even as to the branches in which we passed our examinations last June. The fact is rather discouraging, and, at first thought, might lead us to the conclusion that we had gained much less from our college course than we had reason to expect. But when we come to measure ourselves by what we were in September, '79, we see that the three years have told. Unconsciously we have grown to analyze and criticise where we had simply looked before ; to weigh and balance where we had thoughtlessly accepted. The people around us have in themselves, been an education. The deeper insight into character, the broader charity for human nature, gained by daily contact with natures so diverse, are alone sufficient compensation for the three years' work. And, last, but not least among the results of the college course, is the practical, executive ability developed by frequent service on committees,—a result by no means to be overlooked or despised. Far be it from us to speak boastfully of these attainments, with a view to increasing that self-appreciation of which college students are usually reputed to cherish an excess. We know little enough ; the best of us have doubtless gained less than we might from our three years ; but there come moments to many of us, when that gain seems less than it is, and in justice to ourselves and the college we ought then to consider that its extent is not to be measured by our ability to repeat the list of Roman emperors or bivalent metals, desirable as that ability doubtless is.

Everyone knows that the best medicine to soothe the soul to slumber is to take violent gymnastics after the last bell. A gen-

the pounding and stamping is quite efficacious, but the best way is to hurl all the tables in your suite of apartments on to the floor, stir in the bureaus violently, and add a dash of pictures and "objects of bigotry and virtue" to suit the taste. We are glad that the girls this year seem to realize the importance of making calisthenics voluntary, and that they select from ten till eleven as the proper hour. This active element is doubly valuable; for there are some students, fewer than last year, we are glad to say, who are so unmindful of their individual health and the general welfare of the college that they want to crawl off to bed and sink immediately into sluggish, enervating slumbers. Their selfish and negligent habits are, to a certain extent, hindered by the corrective action of those philanthropic persons who do heave the furniture around o' nights. In fact, it is such an evidently wholesome, delightful practice, that we really fear the Faculty will recognize its value and make it a College duty, in which case probably the pervasive law of the irresistible perversity of college nature will begin to act, and "all the drowsy syrups of the world" will be called in to take the place of the present system, which rouses the dormant energy and resounding echoes of every atom in the building, and brings gentle sleep to all—about breakfast time.

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We would once more call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Grand Union Hotel in the Miscellany Directory. The fact that this hotel is directly opposite the Grand Central Depot renders it much the pleasantest for ladies who may reach the city in the evening, while its restaurant will be found a very convenient one by those of our number who go to New York for the day.

HOME MATTERS.

The two-weeks-old college year, in the midst of its hurrying existence, having turned up no matter more exciting than two chapter meetings of a designedly alluring character, our department seemed likely to fall back on its position as a sandwich between the editorial staff of life, and a somewhat feeble layer of college notes. But an opportune and inspiring complaint was wafted to the editorial ears: "Home Matters has hitherto given no idea of the interior life of the college;" "Home Matters has been generally deficient in its confidential relations with the public, and particularly delinquent in the matter of the college openings." Happy thought! We can, hereafter, have a public ending which shall take place at the beginning, and which shall entirely eclipse Commencement at the end. Meanwhile, Home Matters has great pleasure in drawing aside, for a moment, the curtain which drops behind the Vassar student on her entrance into the college. We fear that the first impressions of new students must be of a chaotic life as their future one; for, in spite of much systematic official work, order seems to have forsaken our usually quiet corridors, and rooms and people to have taken on a bewildered air. Trunks gape in the halls, or are trundled, rattling, to their hibernation in the garret; porters hurry about moving furniture, and driving the sacred nail, which no feminine hand may crookedly or destructively hammer,—everybody is bent on restoring the order which the last Commencement Day had destroyed. But no new student, able to interpret the succession of calls for "a short business meeting" of various societies can fancy that she is not an object of social interest. The chapter meetings, above mentioned, are held for the special object of enticing recruits from the ranks of new students; the Dickens Club is anxious to snatch up the "bright girls" before her rival can point out to them the exclusive advantages of being a Shakespearean; and last, though this year, far from least, the new-fledged Freshman class is eagerly counting each new feath-

er in the way of "admitted girls." It is not usually, in fact, until the end of the second week, that certain signs, known to the initiated, proclaim the final settling down into college life; but when, the last trunk having disappeared, the last late comer been forgiven for her tardiness, the students are seated in chapel according to class rank, then we feel that "having put our hand to the plough, we may not turn back" until Thanksgiving Day,—the first recess in the opening semester.

Did we say that nothing of collegiate interest had occurred? Then let the heavens, which conspired to give us morning entertainments, forgive the oversight! It is not that we did not see the comet, or were unappreciative of its position,—calculated, we modestly trust, to give us peculiar advantages; for did not an early rising Junior pronounce it to be "directly over the gas-house," with a precision which gives the college a local right of possession? Perhaps it will not be inappropriate to add an expression of intellectual sympathy for the four o'clock bell which warned us of the comet's approach, even while we confess to certain "weaknesses of the flesh" which made us wish the long-tailed visitant not quite so early a bird.

COLLEGE NOTES.

2451 persons visited the college during the summer vacation.

Thorough repairs have been made in the college during the summer, and its sanitary condition much improved by changes in the plumbing and ventilation.

Miss Wiley, who has been connected with the college ever since its opening, has resigned her position, and is teaching a

class of private pupils at her home in Orange, N. J. We say good-bye to her with great regret, feeling that in her, we lose one of the most experienced and competent teachers in the Department of Music—and one, moreover, whose extreme modesty led her to hide from all but her nearest friends, the extent of her attainments. Miss Wiley carries with her our best wishes for success in the work for which she is so eminently fitted.

Hereafter, when meal orders are promptly handed in, a maid will be dispatched with the trays during meal-time.

Another teacher has been added to the number already in the Classical Department.

Trees have been trimmed on Sunset Hill, giving many pretty views which were before cut off.

A Prep. defines a factor as “a number which, divided by another number, equals the number of parts.”

Two alumnae have returned to the college for post-graduate courses.

Miss Ripley has not returned to college. Her position is, as yet, unsupplied, its duties being temporarily performed by Prof. Braislin.

A bell was rung at 5 A. M. on Monday to awaken the students to a realizing sense of the visible existence of the comet.

The floors of Room D. and C. have been raised, and the latter room made into a study parlor for the day students. The room formerly used for a students' parlor has been utilized as a candy-room, or students' kitchen.

The number of new students who entered college this September was larger than for several years past.

A tar-walk has been made from the front door to the Lake path.

The girl who said that the stomach was "a small pear-shaped bone situated in the center of the body," did not get Physiology as a half-study.

Miss Finch gave the first of her series of organ concerts on Sunday evening, Oct. 1st.

No one has yet been appointed to fill Miss Wiley's position in the Musical Department.

Prof. Mitchell had the title of LL.D. conferred upon her by Hanover College, at its last Commencement.

PERSONALS.

'69.

Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney, of '69, has just published a new book, "Three Vassar Girls Abroad."

'70.

Mrs. R. H. Richards, of '70, has been continuing her work of assaying in connection with mines near Lake Superior.

'73.

Misses Swift and Hopson sailed for Europe, July 4th.

Married, June 29th, '82, at New Haven, Zelinda L. Welch, of '73, to Wm. J. Isacson of Liverpool, England.

'75.

Miss Florence Perkins of '75, is teaching in the Cleveland High School.

'76.

Miss Scott, of '76, takes the place of Miss Helen Brown, of '77, in the English Department.

Miss Bertha Keffer, of '76, is teaching in the Cleveland High School.

Miss Kate Reynolds, of '76, is now at the college, taking a post-graduate course in Chemistry.

'77.

Miss Ella Gardner, of '77, is now at the college taking a post-graduate course in English.

Miss Hazard, of '77, teacher of Chemistry at Miss Abbott's school, Providence, spent several days at the college during September, for study in the laboratory.

Miss Fannie Adams, of '77, is teaching in the Cleveland High School.

Miss Mary L. Payson, of '77, is teaching in Paterson, N. J.

'78.

Married, June, 1882, at Middletown, N. Y., Fannie Littlefield, of '78, to Rev. Cyrus Capron.

Married, Aug. 24th, 1882, at Buffalo, N. Y., Harriet R. Ransom, of '78, to Arthur Milinowski.

Married, Sept. 5th, 1882, at Calais, Maine, Emma Woods, of '78, to Everett Lord.

Miss M. W. Case, of '78, is practising medicine in Syracuse, N. Y.

Miss M. E. Clarke, of '78, has resigned her position at Miss Davis' school, Morristown, N. J., and is now principal of the High School, at New Brunswick, N. J.

Miss Fullick, of '78, is teaching in Oregon.

Miss J. E. Davis, of '78, is teaching Physics and Mathematics at Hampton, Va.

'79.

Married, Oct 5th, 1882, at Middletown, N. Y., Jennie L. Dill, of '79, to Charles Spencer Kinney, M. D.

Miss M. E. Hakes, of '79, is filling a position in the Classical Department at the College.

Miss Emma Perkins, of '79, is teaching in the Cleveland High School.

'81.

Miss Lyon, of '81 is teaching at Miss Ella Liggett's, of '69, private school, in Detroit.

Miss Murray, of '81, is teaching in the Cleveland High School.

Miss Platter, formerly of '81, is engaged as Principal's Assistant in the Jefferson, Indiana, High School.

Miss Julia Hopson, formerly of '81, sailed for Europe, July 4th.

'82.

Miss Susan Coleman, of '82, has been supplying a vacancy in the Cleveland High School.

Miss Learned, of '82, is teaching in Dansville, N. Y.

Miss Yamakawa, of '82, has been studying, during the summer, in the New Haven Training School for Nurses. She sails for Japan, Oct. 11th.

Miss Southworth, of '82, is studying law at the Boston University Law School.

Miss M. E. Jones, of '82, is studying Natural Science, in the Woman's Laboratory, Boston.

Miss Eva Monroe, of '82, is teaching in Honesdale, Pa.

Married, June 7th, 1882, at Fonda, N. Y., Josephine H. Davis, formerly of '82, to Wm. E. Noxon.

'83.

Misses Daniels and Meeker do not return to College.

Miss Bostwick, of '83, spent the summer in Montana, and visited the National Park.

'84.

Miss Spalding does not return to College. She is teaching in the Kindergarten Department of Brooks' Military Academy, Cleveland.

Miss Hussey, of '84, spent the summer in Montana, and visited the National Park.

Married, Oct. 5th, 1882, at Indianapolis, Mary Coburn, to Wm. B. Allen.

Married, Oct. 5th, 1882, at Poughkeepsie, Katharine E. Tallman to Rev. M. Babcock.

Miss H. Benchley spent the summer in Europe.

The following students have visited the college during the past month : Miss Davis, of '78, Misses Glenn and Sanford, of '82, Miss Benchley, Miss Berger, Miss Powers, and Miss Rider.

Died, June 26th, 1882, at New York City, Mrs. Truman J. Backus.

The tenderest sympathy of all connected with the college, and especially of those who experienced Mrs. Backus' unvarying kindness during her residence at Vassar, is extended to her family in their affliction.



EXCHANGE NOTES.

Among the various items which have been the rounds of the college journals, there has been one to the effect that Wellesley was about to do away with examinations. We had just learned that this was not the case when we were surprised to see that the *Willistonian* had come out with this bold announcement, "Vassar is to have no more examinations." We are glad to hear it, as we have had no intimation of such a happy event. The paper which is authority for this statement so seldom publishes anything not fully authenticated that this is especially astonishing. However, as it furnished subject matter for a really good editorial, we will forgive the assertion. We would suggest to the *Willistonian* that its subject matter, which is usually good, should be given a more prominent position and that its advertisements be compelled to take a less conspicuous place.

The May *Dickinsonian* comes to our notice somewhat late. We happened to open it at the editorial on the class of '82, which we read with interest, under the impression that we were perusing the organ of the school established by Col. Pratt. On passing, however, to the poem beginning, "Farewell, a long farewell to all my rackets," we recognized the malodorous fruit of a civilization so advanced as to be somewhat decrepit. We are not surprised to learn that the students of Dickinson sometimes break 1900 panes of glass a year.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* professedly adopts a high moral tone, and, what is more noteworthy, has nothing in its pages to provoke a criticism of its profession. Although a Catholic sheet, and frankly upholding the principles of its college, the paper is not offensively partisan; indeed we think its decided religious tendencies give the paper a unique and positive interest that the usual college magazine lacks. Even its gossip is avowedly scientific; but we notice some spicy criticism in the exchange department, and a page or so is sufficiently light and bright to save the *Notre Dame* from the charge of heaviness.

Among the numerous exchanges awaiting us it is a real pleasure to find one bearing so good a tone throughout its pages as the *Dartmouth*. There is not so much reading matter in it as in many college journals; but the quality of what there is is excellent. It is emphatically a student's paper; containing well written articles on pertinent subjects for the thoughtful, and column after column of personals for the curious.

Will the present editorial board of the *Chronicle* kindly enlighten us concerning the so-called "sonnet" which appeared in the last number gotten out by the retiring board? We are not so familiar with German Literature as we might be. Possibly the Goethian sonnet is rhymed in couplets.

As a rule, we don't languish to write exchange notes; we like to skim the College papers for our own delectation, but this dairy-maid business of serving them up in majolica sentences and Queen Anne diction to our readers, makes them a fearful bore. Moreover, it puts one out of temper when one finds in *Lampy* a good parody of F. D. S.'s charming little verses, and one wants to cut it out on the sly and keep it for memorabilia, and behold "something has went" with the scissors. We feel like killing ourselves, so begin to read the *Yale Lit*; but the

day is too fine for suicide. If we must stay in and do our duty, let us make it pleasant by reading the *Acta*; but where, oh where, is J. C. S? Without J. C. S., *Acta* is a flower without perfume, etc. The *Bowdoin Orient* has a new cover; perhaps, though, it is "not as bilious as it looks." The *Yale News* is as numerous and spicy as ever, and all the College papers are filled with stories of the "Left" and "Cold Day" order.



CLIPPINGS FROM EXCHANGES.

Miss Mary Obren, a former student of Vassar College, is associate editor of the largest and most influential paper of St. Joseph, Mo., writing under the *nom de plume* of Julia Scott. She is the only lady editor of her state, and is of rare intellectual and literary abilities.—*Woman's Journal*.

Father, looking over report: "What does this mean, my son—'must pass another examination?'" Son; "Well, you see, several of us are trying for first in that branch, and our papers were so nearly alike that we have got to try again."—*Princetonian*.

Scene: Chapel. A professor praying, and certain Freshmen studying. Professor: "Bless, we beseech Thee, the students now studying here." Sensation among the Freshmen,—*Argo*.

The editors of the *Yale News* are endeavoring to make the editorship equivalent to an optional study.—*Ex*.

Young Mr. Noodle.—"Is it really so that you won't be able to attend Commencement this year, Miss Smilax?"

Miss Smilax.—"I am afraid it will be impossible."

Young Mr. N.—"Isn't there the slightest possibility of your changing your mind?"

Miss S.—“I’m afraid not.”

Young Mr. N. (greatly relieved).—“Well, I’ll send you an invitation, then.”—*Tiger*.

Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the Premier, has accepted the vice principalship of Newnham College, in place of Mrs. Henry Sedgwick, who will resign in October.—*Woman’s Journal*.

Prof. in Logic.—“If I should cut the hardness, smoothness, redness, roundness, and cedarness off this pencil, what would remain?” Student—“A gone-ness.”—*Sun*.

The following is said to represent the circulation of some of the College papers: Chronicle, 1,000; Princetonian, 1,000; Dartmouth, 1,050; Yale Courant, 800; Yale Record, 600; Yale Lit., 550; Harvard Crimson, 500; Argus 500.—*Undergraduate*.

A motto for worsted work. Forgive the Giver.—*Lampoon*.

Hanover College, Indiana, did a graceful act, at its recent commencement, in conferring the degree of LL. D. upon Miss Maria Mitchell, Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College. Although we are aware of no law against it, yet we believe this is the first degree of the kind ever conferred upon a woman by an American college; and it is fitting that it should be given to one so every way worthy of it as is Prof. Mitchell.—*Woman’s Journal*.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

John Eax ; published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

This is one of Judge Tourgee’s latest books. It is tastefully gotten up, and contains two stories of the Reconstruction Era. “without the shadow that hung over the land.” In “John Eax” we have a brilliant picture of the luxury, exclusiveness and

clannishness of an old southern family. "Mamelon" is painted in soberer colors. The scientific researches of the hero and his subsequent career as a soldier and a business man are interesting in themselves and from their diversity. Both stories are characterized by that dash, vividness, and dramatic force which mark all of Judge Tourgee's works.



We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges :

Academian, Adelphian, Acta Columbiana, Amherst Student, Archangel, Argo, Ariel, Athenaeum, Atlantic Monthly, Bates Student, Beacon, Berkeleyan, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Carletonia, Century, Chi-Delta Crescent, Chronicle, College Journal, College Mercury, College Ohio, College Speculum, Collegian, Columbia Spectator, Cornell Era, Cornell Sun, Coup d'Etat, Crimson, Critic, Dartmouth, Dickinsonian, Dutchess Farmer, Exonian, Good Times, Harvard Advocate, Harvard Echo, Harvard Herald, Harvard Lampoon, Haverfordian, Kansas Review, Lafayette College Journal, Lasell Leaves, Nassau Lit., Notre Dame Scholastic, Occident, Penn. College Monthly, Princeton Tiger, Princetonian, Queen's College Journal, Res. Academicæ, Round Table, Spectator, Sibyl, St. Nicholas, Targum, Trinity Tablet, Undergraduate, University, University Courier, University Herald, University Port-folio, University Quarterly, Wabash, Willistonian, Woman's Journal, Yale Courant, Yale News, Yale Record.

The Nassat Miscellany.

Editors from '83.		Editors from '84.	
C. LENA BOSTWICK,	MARTHA SHARPE,	M. F. L. HUSSEY,	JUSTINA H. MERRICK.
S. F. SWIFT.			
Business Editor: ANNA H. LATHROP.			

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KINGSLEY AND ROBERTSON.

The Victorian epoch opened amid serious political and social disturbances. Then it was that the seeds of discontent, which want and oppression had long been sowing among the working classes, suddenly took root and sprang into vigorous life; so that the young queen had scarcely seated herself upon the throne, when English society was surging with insurrection, and Chartism was making the bitter bread of poverty more bitter still by riots and the consequent penalties. In those days a great chasm yawned between rich and poor, which the ignorant and oppressed masses were vainly endeavoring to bridge over by a single leap of physical force. It was an age of schism. The church, as well as the state, had its factions;

and, torn as it was with theological disputes, embittered by party spirit, weakened by religious sentiment, formality, and dogmatism, it proved itself a feeble instrument in healing the wounds of the body politic. In the eyes of the suffering Chartist, "Churchism" had too vital a connection with starvation wages to open the way to heaven. He regarded the English clergy, with their set rules and dogmas, as religious quacks, for the most part, each, whether Evangelical or Tractarian, bent solely on advocating his own fantastic nostrum for the preservation of the soul.

Entangled in the web of this strange time, when caste feeling and sectarianism were sapping the vitality of the nation, were Charles Kingsley and Frederick W. Robertson. They formed a part of the passion, enthusiasm, and intelligence of the age, which were concentrated upon the condition of the poor, and which devoted themselves to defining the rights and duties of man. Both present a well-marked individuality, unique and interesting, yet offering a much broader field for contrast than for comparison. Though bound together by the same lofty purposes and deep religious feeling; yet, in strong personal characteristics, physical temperament, modes of thought and action, they were so diametrically opposed, that any attempt to judge a Kingsley by the standard of a Robertson, or to test a Robertson by the achievements of a Kingsley would be a *reductio ad impossibile*. Differing as widely in the influence they exerted as in their individual characters, they are, nevertheless, the two most conspicuous representatives of their age; and both entered fully into the spirit of the times.

Kingsley reflects every curve and angle of that restless period. He rises tumultuous at every obstacle in his course and, at the same time, is guided unconsciously by the trend of external forces. The never-to-be-forgotten days of his boyhood were passed among the lights and shadows of the Devonshire hills and the Clovelly sunsets, so congenial to his receptive nature, so in harmony with his inherited tastes. All the

influences of his youth happily combined to call forth his latent energies at an early period, and, with characteristic self-confidence, in obedience to natural instincts, he decided upon a "clergyman's life," for which he thought "his physique and *morale* were intended." He was educated at Cambridge, and, at the age of twenty-three, entered active life as rector at Eversley. Here he spent the most important part of his life. Here, his restless energy had full scope. And, in this phase of his manhood, we find him an affectionate home-lover, attached to every nook and corner of the rectory, a connoisseur in the history of every plant that grew within the limits of Eversley, a humanitarian, a Christian socialist, a "Church of England Parson, and a Chartist." The impressions which the memorable Bristol Riots of 1831 had stamped upon his boyish soul are worn still deeper by contact with the suffering poor of his parish; death and disease, generated in ill-ventilated attics and reeking by-ways, rouse his iconoclastic enthusiasm; Chartism excites his fighting blood, and, for a number of years, Kingsley, the man, is all but absorbed in "Parson Lot" the radical. Permitting evil that good might come had no place in Parson Lot's theology. To his limited vision, neither government nor church that could tolerate wrong was worthy of the name. He therefore declared himself "a hunter-out of abuses," venting his indignation at the existing laws and organizations in the tracts, pamphlets, and religious newspapers of the time. The recklessness with which "Yeast," "Alton Locke," and "Hypatia," were flung into the literature of the day exposed him to the slanderous attacks of opposing parties and factions. But Kingsley was a man, who, in a good cause, could, with little personal discomfort, "wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at." He emerged unscathed from the sharp criticisms of opponents, his rash and impulsive nature finding comfort in the common delusion that, where mind fails, motive expands to fill up the vacant space.

But when the fitful flame of Chartism, after agitating the country for a decade or two, had spent its energy, and social

and political reform stubbornly pursued their old conservative path, Kingsley followed the reaction. He forgot his radicalism; and, in his later years, we find the author of "Yeast" and "Alton Locke" basking in the sunshine of Court favor, as Canon of Chester; while his last days are spent even under the classic shade of Westminster Abbey, in apparent contentment with the established order of things.

How different from the congenial influences of Kingsley's early life were the circumstances leading up to Robertson's ministerial career. He, to use his own pathetic words, was "rocked and cradled in the roar of artillery," and inherited a predilection for the army so strong, that he could "never see a regiment manoeuvre, or artillery in motion, without a choking sensation" almost of bereavement. Kingsley glides unhindered into the groove prepared for him by nature; Robertson, at the outset, is wrenched out of his natural course. Bidding adieu to boyish dreams of glory in the field, he entered the Church in chivalrous obedience to his father's will. This was a sad farewell for Robertson, but uttered with his usual magnanimity—"dis aliter visum," his only protest. Although he suffered himself to be influenced, it was not so much through unmanly weakness as by spiritual strength. Was it not in keeping with his Christ-like humility? Only a few years elapse from the time when Mr. Kingsley is preaching at Eversley with a "twenty-parson horse-power," and Frederick Robertson, with measured step, thoughtful air, and a heart sad with the weight of responsibility pressing upon it, mounts into the pulpit at Winchester to deliver his first sermon. He entered upon his duties with fear and trembling, but labored none the less earnestly, and subsequent years amply verified the wisdom of the gods' decree. They had given him worth ill-proportioned to his self-distrust, and had chosen him for their own, to be tried and refined in the furnace of affliction. The shadow projected upon him by his keen sense of unfitness for his office was still lingering, when that very school of

theology which the fates had called him to preach, and which formed the basis of his early piety, began to crumble away beneath the clearer vision of manhood's riper years. The Evangelical party had been dominant in England for more than a quarter of a century. Robertson had been early taught to revere its distinctive beliefs, and, although he yielded readily to his convictions, clinging no longer to traditional maxims than was consistent with truth and sincerity, yet even the partial separation from forms endeared to him by the tenderest associations and interwoven with the most solemn thoughts of half a life-time cost him a bitter struggle. He had not the superficiality to shift easily from one creed to another. If any one word can express his whole character it is loyalty to his country, his queen, and his church. Combine with this his deep reverence for whatever had been lasting, and an ultra-sensitiveness which unduly exaggerated every trifle, and is it any wonder that his soul was stirred to its depths, when he saw the necessity of modifying his faith? Could anything more vividly picture his mental agony at this period than these eloquent words, taken from one of his lectures delivered to the working-men of Brighton: "It is an awful hour—let him who has passed through it say how awful—when this life has lost its meaning, and seems shrivelled into a span; when the grave appears to be the end of all, human goodness nothing but a name, and the sky above this universe a dead expanse, black with the void from which God himself has disappeared. In that fearful loneliness of spirit, when those who should have been his friends and counsellors only frown upon his misgivings, * * * and everything seems wrapped in hideous uncertainty, I know but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scathless; it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still—the grand, simple, landmarks of morality. In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this, at least, is certain. If there be no God and no future

state, yet even then it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward." Does not the latter part of this passage show the philosophic manner in which Robertson himself "obstinately clung to moral good," even when, in painful hours of self-examination, he was wrapped in spiritual darkness among the solitudes of the Tyrol? It was to these mountain fastnesses that he betook himself, in this moment of doubt, to "consume his own smoke," according to the settled principle of his life. It was there, wandering in the Alpine regions, alone with nature and with God, buried in German metaphysics, that his soul overflowed the boundaries of Evangelicalism, and there it was that he fixed the foundations of his faith deep and sure upon a new and more perfect system of theology. After an absence of a year, he returned to England, a liberal though not a destroyer, like Kingsley; a conservative, but no longer a teacher of empty forms. He poised himself carefully between these two extremes; and at Brighton, where he spent the rest of his short clerical life, he identified himself with neither division of the Church of England, but preached the one grand underlying principle, which, though common to all, was almost lost sight of in the dilettanteism of the time.

We are "the disjecta membra of a most remarkable pair of parents," Mr. Kingsley writes of himself and brother, and adds, "my father was said to possess every talent except that of using his talents." Was not a portion of the unfortunate gifts of the father transmitted to the son? The bits of description in Kingsley's novels, whose merit every critic acknowledges, and the flashes of genius displayed in his poetry indicate the presence of talent, but talent which would have met better appreciation, had it been more wisely directed, and not dissipated over so wide a field. His fiction, very Kingsley-like, is a mingling of passion and pathos always acceptable to the popular mind, but whether it ameliorated the condition of the

Chartists, whether it made the rich more generous toward the poor, or the poor less bitter against the rich, whether it aroused conviction or resentment, are open questions. Alton Locke's trials with his Calvinistic mother are pathetic enough to move the most rigid conservative, but the painful anticlimax of his story merges our sympathy for the young aspirant into contemptuous pity. If he embodies the most that Mr. Kingsley's enthusiasm could construct out of the choicest quality of Chartist timber, we wonder what the more ordinary specimens would have become under the influence of immediate culture.

Robertson has left us no poetry, no novels, and at the age of thirty-seven, when Mr. Kingsley was still feeding unpolished English to Chartist mobocracy with unrestrained enthusiasm, his life was finished. Though a less versatile genius, he had the profound qualities of the specialist. He was every inch a theologian, and every word that he has written bears the mark of a superior intellect. His sermons are fitly styled by one of his Brighton friends and co-workers, Mr. A. J. Ross, the "bloom and wonder" of modern pulpit eloquence.]

Could man have been better fitted "to win the character of heaven" than Robertson—born an aristocrat, trained in sympathy with the idea of rank, yet of unbounded liberality? Kingsley's doctrine was "freedom, equality, and brotherhood in the fullest, deepest, and widest meaning of these three great words." But, when we consider the haste with which he denounced all premises not yielding the faulty conclusions of his own logic, we are forced to ask if his practice accorded with his theory. What exquisite sympathy was Robertson's! He could feel with the Brahmin, the Pantheist, the Stoic, the Platonist, the Transcendentalist, and, perhaps with the Epicurean. Each man is a perfect type of his work. Kingsley is buoyant, self-asserting, and impetuous, always making "renewed violent struggles to curb himself." Robertson, even in the most excited moment, preserves a calm serenity of de-

meanor. He is ever dignified and cheerful, but his cheerfulness is tinged with melancholy, and his dignity is of that rare type, which, Wordsworth says, "abides with him alone, who in the patient hour of silent thought, can still suspect and still revere himself." Kingsley is guided most by religious instincts and poetic intuitions; Robertson, by the sober processes of the reasoning.

Both saw the failings of their age and realized the need of reform; but Kingsley's reform shared the too-frequent destiny of root-and-branch radicalism; much of its brilliancy was consumed in its own vapor. Robertson adopted the conservative policy; and, while Kingsley is desperately attacking the evil, Robertson quietly develops the good. Was he less respondent to the cries of poverty than the Chartist parson? On the contrary, his sensitive nerves vibrated in unison with every pulse of the great heart of England, and delicately woven into his theology was his panacea for the nation's ills. In the midst of the atheism, superstition, and bigotry, the Chartist mobs and riots of 1848, he maintained a dignified composure; and, like the broad, persistent stream, cut his way among the rocks, wearing off their rugged edges, while Kingsley dashed over them with foam and spray. Identifying himself with no faction, but offering freely to all a gospel unconditioned by a shibboleth, he became the focus toward which all parties converged, and gave to the English Church and society an impulse under which they still thrive.

There is no ebb and flow in Robertson's life. He continued in one direction, ever expanding, ever growing nearer the perfect Ideal, while the experience needed to round off Mr. Kingsley, to teach him the futility of rash measures, and the wisdom of patient acquiescence, has marred his character with the appearance of inconsistency. It would be doing Mr. Kingsley scant justice to say that his life was a failure. The noble aspirations, unselfish aims, and tireless industry, which have been the inspiration of his many friends, compel the admission

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that the great fir trees in Eversley Churchyard are waving over the tomb of a great and good man. His greatest influence, however, was exercised over those with whom he was personally associated. Although a perfect representative of his age, he lacked the comprehensiveness of view requisite to make him, like Robertson, a master mind. While I doubt not the motives of the "man, lover, husband, father, friend," I do question whether he was not adding "Yeast" to an age where it was already superabundant, to an age which stood in more urgent need of a sedative, skillfully administered.

M. L. D. '83.

YANKEE ADVERTISING AND ITS ODDITIES.

Among all the reformatory movements that, tornado-like, have sprung up in New England during the last few years, tending to promote all good objects, from the reform of the Christian Religion to the reform of Workingmen's Dinners, and arouse boundless enthusiasm on the part of that large class who love their fellow-beings better than they love to work for their own living, why is it that no society has been formed to protect a long-suffering people from the blight of advertising that has fallen on our land, and from the onsets of those modern vandals, the bill-posters? Here is that golden opportunity awaited so long by many a youthful dreamer, to become famous; to win the gratitude of thousands yet unborn; to confer an everlasting benefit upon his kind. The present advertising mania offers an ample field for his best endeavors. Not that all advertising is objectionable. We have our ideal of that, as of all other things; and normal, legitimate advertising does not need repression. Following the national motto that if a little of a thing is good, a good deal is a great deal better, we have rushed into advertising

with headlong precipitancy and enthusiasm, and, in the expressive Yankee phrase, "are running the thing into the ground."

For are we not in cities, towns and country by-ways, pursued by the sweet astringent smile of Lydia Pinkham ; which, unlike that of the Cheshire cat in Alice's charming Wonderland, never fades away ? In every newspaper, on rocks, on fences, we are confronted by this Frankenstein horror, (by no means mitigated by the fact that the creation is only a head) claiming friendship with all the world by the signature, "Yours for health, Lydia Pinkham," in a handwriting as uncanny as the smile. This smile is like the "Punch, punch, punch with care," and those exasperating doggerel rhymes which haunt the brain during sleeping and waking hours, and which, if once seen, can never be forgotten. This injury seems all the deeper when the solemn assertion is made by those high in authority that no Mrs. Lydia Pinkham exists ; that her Vegetable Compound is the production of the fertile ingenuity of a Boston druggist, who, among his other bitter doses, has concocted this hideous apparition. To this same inventor the world is also indebted for the well-advertised "Sanford's Jamaica Ginger ;" for Sanford, like Lydia, is a great unknown. The old-time jars of colored liquid which adorned the windows of corner apothecaries, have been superseded by the Holman Liver Pad. The red flannel covering of this wonderful invention unites the skill of the old women, who have long since been agreed to the peculiar efficacy of red flannel, with the scientific knowledge of the salesman, who, fearing that some unwary sufferer may be mistaken as to the position of that necessary organ of the body, the liver, has draped the article gracefully over the chest of a plaster cast. In one instance, oh sacrilege ! this standard bearer was the Venus of Milo. Truly, the New Englanders are no respecters of persons. This same profound instruction is gratuitously bestowed upon the public in newspapers and journals ; and a recent num-

ber of the "Popular Science Monthly," which claims to be the instrument *par excellence* for diffusing useful knowledge, one of the advertising pages was devoted to "Auntie Pinkham," and another to a picture of a Beau Brummel decorated with a Liver Pad. It would seem that the old reply, "It depends upon the liver," was the true answer to Mallock's question—at any rate so far as New England is concerned; for besides "Holman's Liver Pads," "Dr. Grosvenor's Liver Acid," and "Nephreticum, the Sure Liver Cure," shriek their virtues from every fence and bowlder from Maine forests to the shores of Long Island Sound. From what languages, parenthetically one may ask, is the word "Nephreticum" compounded? Nephret-I-cum—a Latin particle and phonetic English? The cabalistic letters "R. R. R." are another puzzle; and after searching Baring-Gould's "Lives of the Saints," "St. Jacob," who is represented in life-size pictures on the bill posters sitting literally under his own vine and fig tree, and offering healing oil to rheumatic thousands, is as much of a mystery as ever.

But quack medicines are not alone responsible, for the growing public sentiment that advertising is a nuisance. Patent stove-polishes, sewing-machines, wringers, and all the thousand and one "notions" that Yankee ingenuity can devise also add their weight. For several years there stood on a high hill at the west end of Boston, a board fence, on which the rising sun, depicted in all the rays of the prism, daily disputed the glories of King Sol, as he set in all his splendor. These advertisements of the "Rising Sun Stove Polish" were scattered over the length and breadth of New England, and the patentee's residence in Canton is still shown as the developed embodiment of the whole idea. The house is an excellent specimen of the Swiss-Italian "ginger-bread" style of architecture, so popular before the present Elizabethan revival. One end—that which faces the street—is left unbroken by door or window; and on this is painted the familiar picture of

the sun as it appears on every package of this "excellent stove polish." The fine, open lawn is dotted with large white vases filled with beautiful flowering plants, and on each vase the same rising sun is depicted. The stables also have received the attention of the artist, and each window is an incarnate sun. All along the roads that lead to Canton, mile-posts inform the pilgrim how near he has approached his Mecca. In those remote parts of the country where the county commissioners evidently discountenance the migration of the public, since one can travel for miles without seeing a friendly guide-post, it is a great relief to discover the vicinity of a town by the advertisements of its stores. This is the one case where the excess of advertising is bearable, but even this must be very distasteful to the people who use these same lovely roads and beautiful woods for recreation and enjoyment. There can be but little pleasure in riding where the eye is continually shocked by roughly-drawn and badly printed pictures covering rocks, barns, and unoccupied buildings, and running like frisky sprites along the fences, ever keeping pace with the carriage. Fences along the lines of railroads are the special prey of the advertising fiend, and a shifting panorama of signs is kept before the traveller, who, as a relief for his weary eye, gazes from the car window only to be met by the vacant orbs of a hypocritical Quaker in broad hat and long coat, who offers the inevitable bottle of bitters. As a last resort he takes up his paper to look over the omitted items of the first reading, and encounters two small vignettes—that on the left representing the happy mortal who, by taking "Anti-Lean," changed the emaciated individual on the right to his present sleek and well-fed condition. He is also confronted with the wide-opened stare of the savage, the "Indian Doctor," with his "Cure for Consumption," and the counterfeit presentment in miniature of all the motley crowd who are gazing in from the fences. Turning the page, heavily leaded lines attract his attention

“For men’s, boys’, and youth’s clothes,
Be sure and go to George Ferrow’s,
Hats, caps, shoes complete,
Corner of Beach and Washington Street.”

In despair he throws the paper aside, and silently execrating all modern inventions, he alights at his destination, with tingling nerves and wearied brain. However, one is not always so fortunate as to select a route which has been previously traversed by the advertising agent; he occasionally finds himself forced to assist that gentleman. A few years ago on a long journey through the State of Maine, I noticed that one side of every station advised the traveller to take the “Fall River Line to New York,” while the other as uniformly recommended the “Stonington Route.” This apparent inconsistency on the part of the Maine Railroad was soon explained by the appearance of two bill-posters, who, at every station, hurried out of the train, and with an apparently complete mutual understanding as to their respective positions, pasted each his own bill, while the conductor kept the train, albeit an express, waiting. Certainly every one of the few passengers on that train would have subscribed himself a member of the “Society for the Reform of Supra-Advertising.” Nor need the philanthropist, etc., confine himself to the vexations caused by the overflow of versatile talent, for real injuries are also inflicted by these plausible recommendations. The average victim is, it is true, merely annoyed; he never thinks of questioning the truth of these wonderful assertions; but upon those who can least afford to bear it, the penalty of faith sometimes falls more heavily. For the tempting notices of quack medicines which will cure every ill that flesh is heir to, and of worthless inventions for securing to their owners perpetual rest, draw from the pockets of the poorer and more ignorant classes their hardly-earned and ill spent earnings. The philanthropist, then, may well join hands with his brother-worker in accomplishing a much-needed change in the system of advertising.

S. P. G., '83.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

The critical faculty of the American public has not been very severely taxed by the literature which native genius has served up in a more or less raw condition during the past season. The labored dullness of *Guerndale*, the varied bad taste of *A Reverend Idol* have been so easily disposed of that most readers had settled themselves in their easy chairs with a confident air of "what next?", their glasses adjusted to the precise angle for taking in the sketchy outline of another new novel worked up out of one attitude and no expression, their pens poised to write their appreciation of dialogue that grows out of a misunderstanding and ends in nothing, in their hearts, meanwhile, a growing abhorrence of detail, an increasing weariness at all attempts to decide a woman's religious convictions by studying the decoration of her bonnet, or a man's morals by the fact that he does not wear gloves at a state dinner-party. This lull in the domestic trade has given people an excuse for spending more time in handling the foreign goods smuggled over by the ten-cent publishers, and therefore to be enjoyed but, as a general thing, not talked about. The ways of Providence are proverbially dark and so it happened that while we were idly turning the leaves of the score of novels that are supposed to pervert while they aim to amuse, we were really getting up muscle to attack *John Inglesant*. Masters of elegant posturing and easy tumbling have so long jos-

tled each other in the literary arena that the appearance of this stately figure naturally caused some misgiving. The book was indifferently commended to the public—it was undeniably long, it was probably dull, the Quarterlies quoted it—and next to the book damned by the Quarterlies, the general reader avoids the one they have approved. Nevertheless, each day made it clearer that *John Inglesant* was a book that every well educated person must have in the flap of his traveling bag or keep rolled up with her crewels on the hotel piazza—to be seen of men. *John Inglesant* went to the seaside and was brought home again, buck-board parties, mountain camps and cabin life shared, if they did not stimulate, the attention he received, and wherever his history was read it set all preconceived opinions by the ears. Anybody might be pardoned for his objection to finding a thing better than he expected, but in the eyes of the professional critic this would naturally seem a crime ; for he reads a book to discover in the first place what the author meant, to tell the public, in the second place how the author failed in saying it. The ordinary medium of communication between the author and the critic is the preface—on the fly-leaf, if anywhere, the secrets of the author's writing desk are supposed to be laid bare ; but the sorely pressed critic of *John Inglesant* worries his laborious way through page after page of high philosophy, through chapter after chapter of delusive insight, with pen in hand marking the luminous passages as his practised eye *spots* them in seemingly out of the way places, only to find at the end an exasperating "*Preface to the New Edition*," where all his work is made of no avail by a few autocratic words from the author himself. We leave it to an impartial public to say whether there is any fun in trying to guess a conundrum after you know the answer. Some ingenious people may be interested in thinking what they would have said if they had never been told, but that course is not open to a critic. We are forced then in place of our own brilliant speculations, to take the author's word that his

story was intended to trace "the conflict between culture and fanaticism—the analysis and character of sin—the subjective influence of the Christian Mythos," and under the circumstances there is nothing else for us to say except that it is just what we thought he was at all the time. A lingering regard for truth, however, draws from us the admission that we had no idea we were interested in such awful subjects, nor did we suppose that we had been reading about them for so long. We are unwillingly compelled to look upon this preface to the second edition as an evidence of the unholy satisfaction which the author feels at the success of his plot for stealing the thunder of an industrious and hard working profession—as, in short, something of a crow. We leave him to the enjoyment of a triumph obtained at such a cost. Shut out in this peremptory manner from our usual office of explaining what audience the author had in mind, telling how many would probably listen to him, pointing out his aim in introducing characters by modern inventions here, and cutting them off by sudden death there, we are left the comparatively simple task of making a few comments on the story itself.

As we intimated before, this book is not constructed on the fashionable pattern that fits any age, sex or condition, it is not emancipated from the trammels of time or space, it does not depend for interest upon "cute speeches," or even the total absence of any assignable cause for its being at all. At the very outset, it takes the bold step of committing itself to all the perils of *Romance*, still further complicated by the admission of philosophy and history within the charmed circle. The astute reader nods and says, "Ah, an English Faust, a modern Hamlet, I know the style." But it is not. Neither catastrophe nor bliss is the event of this chronicle—it is the story of the life and adventures of a Cavalier in the times of Laud and Charles I., the history of a Pilgrim's progress where the Interpreter was a Jesuit, and where, for causes not apparently within the Pilgrim's control, the foundations as well as the pinna-

cles of the eternal city were always rather misty. As the author says, he has tried to reproduce a life lived in other times and under other influences than ours, and yet in that life clearly to depict the same trials and temptations, like hopes and aspirations in youth, similar rest or despair in old age. The character of *John Inglesant* as he appears in boyhood and early youth seems an elaborate commentary on Spenser's lines:

"The hart that harbours virtuous thought,
And is with childe of glorious great intent,
Can never rest untill it forth have brought
Th' eternal brood of glorie excellent."

And yet this restlessness, noble though it is, has no satisfactory outcome in the hero's life. The taint of human imperfection is in each high resolve or lofty affection, so that the end of the narrative necessarily seems an anti-climax.

Are we wrong in thinking that more than his due share of interest follows the Jesuit teacher as his figure flits across the scene, always exerting its wonderful influence over *Johnny*, and always inspiring us with a hungry curiosity to know what was going on in that wonderfully regulated brain, and whether those consecrated affections and passions ever gave their owner any trouble? The fact about it is that these lofty-minded boys, who are fine classical scholars at an early age, and who are known as *Johnny* are likely to be prigs. In this condition of doubt, it is a real relief to turn to the Jesuit who, whatever else he was, certainly was not a prig. It is as his pupil that we are principally interested in the elaborately dutiful *Johnny*, and we are conscious of being really occupied with the thought of him when we are following the steps of Inglesant in the mazes of court intrigue and Papish plots. We are not half so much afraid that Inglesant will lose his head for his devotion to the King as that he may come to doubt the bond which unites him to his teacher. We do fear to see the serpent eyes of that *rational mistrust* of any ideal which would have made *Johnny* forever incapable of another act of devotion to

his friend. As the youth's capacity for dogged attachment is his principal attraction in our eyes, so the statement that the Jesuit felt for him an almost passionate regard proves that the priest was a man instead of an ecclesiastical flirt, and quite justifies our interest, which reaches a painful intensity, when, broken and dejected, he gives up the guidance of Johnny into other hands, thus closing the first act of the drama. From this moment the character of John Inglesant lacks unity and coherence, nothing remains constant about him except his tiresome politeness and seemingly indestructable suit of black satin and point de Venice. The youth who turned his back on the love of Mary Collet at the call of an ideal friendship develops into the man who plays with his conscientious scruples and happens into virtue. The brilliant intrigue of Rome, the morbid questionings of a diseased brain, mingle with each other in strange confusion, nor can we avoid the suspicion that what half-hearted activity there is on the part of the hero exists only as an echo of the old lessons learned of the Jesuit—lacking him and his influence, half force, half love, Johnny vaguely feels about for what most nearly resembles them in the life about him, vainly attempting to substitute for the conviction of his childhood, the demure indecision of his manhood. All this while, he is not incapable of good action nor even of exerting wise influence—his life during this period being a vivid commentary on the old sneer “He saved others, himself he cannot save.” Here the author has struck one of the deep chords in human experience—that strange sarcasm of destiny that often summons a man's accusers from the ranks of those whose savior he has been. The distinction between a beacon fire and a lighthouse is readily lost sight of when either has been the means of the ship's getting into a safe harbor, but all the same, one of them is a good deal more profitable investment than the other. Another reason for the greater interest of the first part of the story lies in the scene of the action. A somewhat indifferent pupil

of the Jesuits is a marked man among Englishmen who are wicked without subtlety or virtuous without guile, who take as a mark of his superiority the failure of their attempts to penetrate beneath Inglesant's more artificial and brilliant manner. In Rome, on the contrary, he has no such advantage, there he is one of thousands equally well trained and not half so troubled with scruples as himself, (for the Jesuit had for some unexplained reason left his pupil's conscience uncultivated) accordingly we find him an uneasy party to fraud, a too independent tool for the uses of his order. In England he had feared lest he might not prove equal to the tasks laid upon him, in Italy he indolently takes his chances with the throng of strayed revellers who linger in the ante-rooms of that hell whither he believes the assassin's dagger or the plague is at any moment likely to hurry them. Some allowance has to be made for him on the score of the wound in his head ; but, in his worst estate, Johnny has brains enough to be ashamed of himself and when he has been sufficiently cultured by separation from his friend, by the death of his first love and of the wife and child of his manhood, by many elevated and metaphysical conversations with good men, learned priests and worldly cardinals, he is formally dismissed by the General of the order and permitted to go back to England to astonish a more rustic population by his viol playing and correct Italian. But by this time, Johnny is so well trained that we should expect him to go through all the convolutions of a circus acrobat without betraying any sense of his position's being an undignified one. To this end we have read through each of the three columns on every one of the eighty-two "Seaside" pages that make up this book, nor do things seem as promising as they did on the fortieth ; for there is a tide in novels as well as in the affairs of men and this one ebbing has carried Johnny far out into the sea of melodrama where, like a clerical buoy, he bobs up and down marking the limit of the safe channel, usefully to be sure, but neither grandly nor

picturesquely. Enough, perhaps, has been said of this interplay of fiction, philosophy, and culture, to show that the book is an extraordinary one as regards both its aims and accomplishment, but it must not be forgotten that the author has attempted to record this interplay under fixed conditions of time and place. Concerning his success in the portraits of Laud, Charles I. and the host of Roman ecclesiastics which crowd this gallery, it would hardly become any but a professed student of history to speak, but to the interest with which he has invested everything he touches, the humblest may bear testimony. The account of the negotiations between the churches of Rome and England has a familiar sound. One has only to substitute the Oxford of Laud's time for the Oxford of Newman's, and almost every move on the board might be predicted. Those of us who read the *Reminiscences Chiefly of the Oriel Movement* published last summer, find in Inglesant's closing speech on religion a kind of ground bass accompaniment to the somewhat apologetic utterances of Mr. Mosely, who never went so far on the road to Rome as to discover that the Church "has traded upon the highest instincts of humanity, upon its faith and love, its passionate remorse, its self-abnegation and denial, its imagination and yearning after the unseen." Consequently he nowhere says "absolute truth is not revealed" — "we find ourselves immersed in physical and psychical laws in accordance with which we act, or from which we can diverge. Whether we are free to act or not, we can, at least, fancy that we resolve. Let us cheat ourselves, if it be a cheat, with this fancy, for we shall find that by so doing we actually attain the end we seek. Virtue, truth, love, are not mere names ; they stand for actual qualities which are well known and recognized among men. These qualities are the elements of an ideal life, of that absolute and perfect life of which our highest culture can catch but a glimpse." The author gave up allusions to the priest's influence at the end of the first half of the story, but

we feel that, at this crisis, an earlier comment should be repeated—"Nevertheless the Jesuit's aim was fully won."

A book of such pretensions would be singularly incomplete without some attempt at the study of womanly character. Mary Collet and Lauretta are the English and Italian loves of this man's life, differing as they do in most other respects, they agree in being the recipients of his leisure attention and in loving him. Lauretta is an amiable and refined sensualist, Mary Collet a woman who has been educated to that kind of intellectual perception which makes clear-sightedness possible even when one is in love. With the exception of the brief interview where Mary shows genuine self control and knowledge of her lovers' character, the author treats her with a degree of ceremony that leaves her outline rather vague on the misty heights of prayer and meditation where she, from time to time appears. The principal reason for not putting her at once into a rose window as a conventionalized figure, where she would appear to such advantage, seems to be that out of the window she can give soup to the poor and exercise her particular virtue of patience by listening to their long-winded complaints of rheumatism and leaky roofs. It would seem too, that philosophy, religion, and good works weakened a woman's hold on life in those days just as higher education does now ; for a fever brought on by the haste and excitement of flight from England is sufficient to relieve Mistress Collet from the embarrassment of deciding what to do with her prudent lover, while it takes the force of the plague to loosen the wifely hold of Lauretta when Inglesant begins to grow restless. Death by natural means seems to be the author's reward for virtuous women, death by assassination his punishment for the vicious ; if a woman has persistently refused to be classified under either head, he drops her out of the story.

In the attempt to describe even one life as seen through the medium of philosophy, as affected by culture, as influenced by religion, it must necessarily come to pass that the same traits

and features frequently claim our attention. The old routine of Johnny before he loves, Johnny in love, and Johnny out again is varied to Johnny in the rough, in process of polish, and fairly smooth, to Johnny good, Johnny bad, and devil-may-care Johnny, finally to Johnny stupid, Johnny wise, Johnny satisfied to know nothing, the limits of these experiences serving to mark the rhythm of Johnny's psalm of life and to assist the author in his paragraphing.

An air of variety is given to the fiction by footnotes scattered here and there as if by the industrious editor of the MSS., but they are not of a character to disturb the reader's peace of mind. Of quite another order is the sarcasm which adorns nearly every page. It is unique in its manifestations and seems to consist almost as much in the skillful management of fact as in the comments made upon them. Real life is made to supply its own criticism. A certain adroitness is also shown in the way in which very common place motives and causes are made to account for extraordinary results. Real life is there made to be its own *reductio ad absurdum*. For example, Inglesant, when on the scaffold, does not refuse to confess the truth because of an elevated sentiment of loyalty, but from a nervous desire to get his head cut off quickly so that he need not see the gaping crowd—extreme stage fright in other words. This is a method of character study at once daring and original.

The author refuses to avail himself of the ordinary methods of jogging the reader's curiosity. With lofty contempt of any plans for keeping people in the dark, he gives his plot away most recklessly. This anticipation of the course of the tale adds to our respect for the author at the same time that it increases our own tranquillity—a good result, perhaps, in an age when not all authors are respectable, and where few readers would take time to find it out if they were.

Bold in plan, original in method, *John Inglesant* is easier read than understood, yet, like many uncomprehended things,

repays study. When all has been said, though, we have an uneasy feeling that we have only been darkening counsel with words, we have missed the secret of the art that forces us to pity a victim who rather enjoys his own suffering, that enables us to respect a man who was always on the fence, that, above all, keeps us interested in a hero called Johnny!

A white light fell on the waters blue,
The waves forgot to curl,
They stretched straight over their boundary line,
Drawn up toward the gates of pearl.

The gates bent down, the white light blent
Earth, heaven, sea and sky,
The crowd was still, with a half-felt awe—
God's shadow passèd by!

That pale light shed on each watcher's face
Its glory yet to be,
Each man looked up at the woman he loved,
But the women looked out to sea.

Then the sun shone out. Though the people turned
Each one his chosen way,
Still all had been, for a moment's space,
A part of the Sabbath that day!

Seaside Park, Sunday, April ———.

True, Europe used to be the place where all good Americans go when they die. But so many of the bad Americans have thought it best to go beforehand that the points of interest seem rather to have worn off the once scintillating sketches of France and Italy, Spain and Portugal, which "glittered and drew" our mothers so, when they dropped from Grace Greenwood's pen, and the plain glass beads, worn

smooth, depend for their color and value on the string which threads them. Strung on Miss Alcott's "Shawl-Straps," they fairly danced in the sun. Adeline Trafton's thread of story was gay enough to illuminate them. We should have thought that the variegated thread of the lives of "Three Vassar Girls Abroad" might have made of a collection of necessarily hackneyed scenes and incidents, at least an ornament wherewith the author's lenient Alma Mater could have been proud to adorn herself. But we lay down the book with a feeling of disappointment which verges upon indignation.

Mrs. Champney is that one of our *alumnæ* who is best known to the literary world. She has chosen to bestow upon her latest work a title which not only brings before the public mind the fact that she is (or ought to be) an exponent of the literary training of our college, but gives it a right to expect that, however neutral the plot which forms the background of her foreign patchwork, the figures thereon shall be colored by Hudson breezes, talk as Vassar girls might, move like girls trained to run in our gymnasium. But the wooden inanities yclept Maud VanVechten, Barbara Atchison and Cecilia Boylston, have as little right to a christening as the Spanish peasants "unbaptized stuff." Yet they have gone out before the world (or that small portion of it which will struggle through the two hundred and thirty-six profusely illustrated pages over which they are jerked) for three types of girl life as moulded by Vassar influence and culture, portrayed by a woman who has lived among and of us. It is not an enemy that reproached us; then we could have borne it!

The idea of the book—"a guide-book interpolated by the remarks of three girls"—is perhaps novel. But since all their remarks might just as well have been made by one girl, it seems a pity to have taken the trouble to name and dress three, to ticket them New York, Boston, Black Hills, and to provide them with a chaperone trade-marked from Howell's Literary Emporium. Mrs. Arnold is not the only bit of trans-

fer work in the book. Its author appears to have sandwiched her literary work between chapters of the summer novels. We wondered, as we read the sermon, which, taken in connection with "crisped olive leaf," was so effective, whether she had a vague idea of simplifying "John Inglesant" for the Vassar mind.

In Cecilia Boylston's love-story without an end, we recognize a study for a short story of that recent school in literature, whose motto seems to be, "They talk and they talk, but they don't say nothin'." But not even the fact that Cecilia has been carefully labeled, "cold, irresponsible and exact," can satisfactorily account for the absurdity of her having been so intimately associated with Featherstonehaugh for weeks, and yet never having spoken to him "of home, of Boston, of her father." The absurdity is heightened by the fact of its being a Boston girl who is thus reticent on the subject of her native city!

Not only the conversations, but the descriptions of "Three Vassar Girls Abroad," are bald, disjointed and inartistic in the extreme. "Oh dear," just now moaned the class-mate who sits beside us, conscientiously striving, for the sake of '83, to do her duty by the book, "Jacob Abbott's histories are a fairy tale to it!" Mrs. Champney seems to have thrown together the hurried jottings of an Excelsior diary with an anxiety to make a book which is unaccountable, since it was not brought out for the holiday season. Such rough, purposeless outlining, for instance, as that of the dead baby's funeral in Spain, is unpardonable. The American widower may be forgiven for his objectless meanderings through the Champs Elysées, on the ground that he furnished *raison d'être* for a somewhat hackneyed picture of Brother Jonathan abroad. But her work is full of just such unsightly embryos. Haste and Indolence, always companion pieces of literary vice, here hang side by side. In this respect, the book proper is in strange contrast to its illustrations and mechanical execution. Paper and type are

superb, and the three Vassar girls on the cover are as fair as their traveling costume is ridiculous, while the pictorial leaves are the most original part of the whole thing.

Editors' Table.

We are very glad to see the subject of an Inter-Collegiate Press Association again broached by the *Acta Columbiana* and the *Williams Athenaeum*. The MISCELLANY has heretofore preserved a discreet silence on this subject, for three reasons. It was not certain that the journals which originated the project would extend the right hand of fellowship to the organ of a woman's college; it was not sure that its paternal faculty would allow it to coöperate if invited; and it had not quite made up its mind whether or no it wanted to. Reassured on the first head by informal negotiations with the parties concerned, on the second by an interview with the President, and on the third by a voluble Board-meeting, it hereby gives its cordial adherence to the plan, and defines its position as willing and desirous of doing all in its power to further the purposes of the Association. These it understands to be as follows: First, the elevation of the tone of college journalism, not only by the mental friction among the magazines and papers enlisted in the Association from the first, but by the stimulus to all others implied in the fact that subsequent admission to its ranks will depend only upon literary merit. Upon this latter point, to our thinking, the success or failure of the whole thing depends. Admission must never be allowed to degenerate into a matter of favoritism between individuals or colleges. Secondly, the promotion of good fellowship and an amiable emulation between the different

colleges, and, thirdly, the inauguration of a system whereby each college shall be made responsible for the authenticity of its own news. We fondly hope that the day is not far distant when we shall be able to read college exchanges as confidently as we do the New York Tribune. We firmly believe that the millennium when scissors shall be banished from the sanctum, and the odious burden of "clipping" fall only upon the shoulders of the unhappy holder of the "Miscellany Scrap-Book," is no further off than next year. The MISCELLANY has, at present, but one suggestion to make. It is that the Association be international as well as inter-collegiate, and that the *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduate's Journal* and the *Girton Review* be invited to join. With this proposal, we modestly retire, and await further developments.

Vassar is greatly in need of improved facilities in the study of Natural History. At present, this is the most poorly fitted out of any department. Our Laboratory is a delight to our souls because of its excellence, and we are hardly less proud of the Observatory which places us on such friendly terms with the celestial bodies; but in the possession of our museum we have hardly the same feeling of pride. In the first place, the Museum itself is not nearly so complete as it should be, and the building which contains it is wholly inadequate for the purpose to which it has been applied. Aside from the lack of space for the exhibition of the various collections, the room for the use of Natural History students is wholly unfit for such work. In a room hardly large enough for ten or twelve how can twice that number work with any degree of comfort or success? There would be a greater possibility of attaining the latter point were the room, poor though it is, fitted up as it should be. At present, Prof. Dwight is obliged to lend his own dissecting tools to supply the lack which

exists. It seems a great pity that the department which might be of great interest and profit under such a competent and enthusiastic teacher as Prof. Dwight should fail in any particle of possible success for lack of sufficient means to properly pursue the work. We sincerely hope that the kind friends who are interested in the College and its needs will bear this in mind to such purpose that we shall soon have a new Museum, as perfect, in its way, as our Laboratory.

We have had preparatory essays, upper class example, and editorials, on the subject of "twenty minutes in the Reading Room." This promoter of a healthy circulation of general information has been offered to us under a variety of sugar coatings—as a rest for the weary, as a new field for the dig, as a pleasure ground for the playfully disposed. The Reading Room has been indefatigably recommended as a sort of mental food which cannot be nibbled too often in the intervals of the more substantial diet of the study. Nor can it. A habit of intimate acquaintance with the current events of the day is invaluable, but one which can be supplemented, we think, in a way not very often emphasized by the eloquence of Preparatory rhetoric, the example of upper classes, or the "mightiness" of the editorial pen. How many of us are intimate with the library? There is, of course, no student who has not an acquaintance with it, or does not, to a greater or less extent, read its books, but we fancy the number not very large of those who know the resources of the library, or feel perfectly at home in any except the "novel corner." That is very entertaining, I admit, but not, as yet, inexhaustible, and one has no idea, until she tries it, of the pleasure of a little exploration, which might easily be carried on in the time usually spent before the favorite case grumbling—in the library whisper of course—because there is nothing in but second volumes. We do not

mean to recommend an exhaustive research, but only a sociable look or two, perhaps, at rows of books, whose backs alone are an education. But a late MISCELLANY article has given us rather a high opinion of feminine literary curiosity, and led us to believe that no girl would be content with a back view of the driest author—even Herbert Spencer, if she happened to run across him.

The conventional introduction of books through the medium of the library register leads to a very proper relationship with them, no doubt, but it has not the charm of irregularity. We have found out the delight of reading books informally, of getting their secrets by surprise, and we recommend it.

And now the "Scheme for the presentation of essays" has swung long enough on the bulletin board and everyone is well enough acquainted with the times of her sacrifices for the MISCELLANY to put in a word. Everyone who writes essays ought to have a sneaking hope that they would be good enough for the Misc. I hear an invidious voice say "stupid or heavy enough you mean," but I don't. The supply, dear friends, regulates the demand. We do not aim at competing with the *Princeton Review* or the *British Quarterly*. We do not want all our articles on "Men," as the phrase goes; or articles whose gist lies in a title of a dozen sesquipedalian words which drag over the top of two pages, and have to be cut off in the middle and left with the tattered fringe, etc. The matter of these essays, too, consists frequently of mere differentiation of each word and an arrangement back end front. At other colleges the editorial boards are chosen by the out-going boards according to the quality and quantity of articles contributed by the aspirants to fame in college journalism; and we wish there was aspiration of that kind at Vassar. At all events, could not the students be persuaded to

write on more varied topics? Historical sketches, debates, poetry, tales, anything to break up the all-pervading "melancholy literary" criticism, against which all protest, saying there is no difference between "Lit." and "De Temp," and that the rest of the magazine is only weak, second-hand literary criticism, too. Please "brace" and write on some new topics even if it is impossible to get an analysis from some one who has written on the same topic. We have a large and varied assortment and will cheerfully manufacture to order. Anyone who will promise an article and wants an analysis, drop their request, before nine o'clock, in the Misc. box at the door of Room N.

Our friends *unconnected* in any way with the college (technically called "outsiders") are sadly neglectful of their duty. Not in the line of criticism and advice, oh, no! the quality of these is excellent and the quantity abundant. With their unequalled opportunities for judging of the workings of Vassar—since, forsooth, some of them actually visit the college once or twice a year, and nearly all of them have seen a Vassar girl in the street, or have read the daily papers' account of the Junior party—they pass most valuable judgment upon everything connected with us, from our clothes up to our souls. "Outsiders" think that we are "extravagant;" "outsiders" say that Vassar College hurries her students into an untimely grave; "outsiders" think that our corridors are not kept in proper order; and, this year, "outsiders" disapprove of allowing seniors to go driving. Now, we realize fully the superior advantages afforded to outsiders to judge what is best for us. We feel that those who can have no possible means of knowing the amount of our caterer's bills, or the number of times that our old dresses are made over; who are totally ignorant of the hygienic regulations of the

college; who see the building only at commencement time, when, of course, since the students are in the midst of their final packing, everything ought to be in exquisite order; and who know nothing whatever of those who drive or of their previous experience in this harmful and dangerous pastime—we feel that these people, entirely unprejudiced as they are by any knowledge of what they are talking about, are preëminently fitted to take an active part in the management of the college. And we find fault with them just here. They have no right to hide their candle under a bushel, to trust ~~its~~ uncertain rumor to waft to our ears their sage remarks and suggestions; they ought to send delegates to the faculty meetings, and aid “the nine” to decide what is for our good. Really it is a great pity that our beloved “outsiders,” who spend so much valuable time and breath in discussing the affairs of the college, should not apply their energy where it would exert its full force. For their comfort we will tell them that, even now, their sweetness is not altogether wasted on the desert air, that privileges have been curtailed and restrictions laid because “outsiders say so and so;” but they ought to consider how much greater would be their influence if exerted directly. We know that the faculty would be only too glad to have the benefit of their advice, and we have no doubt that Vassar College would straightway develop into a model institution, should “outsiders” only awake to a realizing sense of their duty.

HOME MATTERS.

Dr. Lord lectured in the chapel on Oct. 20, taking Dante as his subject. Dr. Lord's introduction was, in effect, an analysis of the character and influence of poets and poetry. He denied that mere skill in versification makes a poet, defining the position of poetry as that of a creator of language, and the

medium of the loftiest sentiment. He spoke of the rarity of great poets, and the certainty that they will live in history. The speaker then passed to a short criticism of Dante's character, which he said was intense and powerful, and to a sketch of his remarkable boyhood, touching rapidly upon the character of his later life, and speaking emphatically of the influence which Beatrice exerted upon him. A criticism of the "Inferno" followed, in which Dr. Lord, while giving full credit to its transcendent merit, spoke of the impossibility of its appreciation without a sympathetic understanding of the spirit of the Middle Ages. He then compared the "Inferno" with the "Paradiso," written later, and closed with an effective eulogium upon the singular author who had made the subject of his address. We regret that our space permits but an imperfect report of so admirable a lecture.

Dr. Lord's lecture on Dante was followed by one on Madame de Maintenon, in which he gave an entertaining description of the age of Louis XIV. as one in which women reigned. Dr. Lord followed, in his lecture, the career of Madame de Maintenon from her obscure childhood to her first marriage with the brilliant Scarron, and then dwelt at some length upon her life with him, his death, and her subsequent alliance with the king. The lecturer analyzed the motives of Madame de Maintenon in accepting her questionable position at court, but gave, as his conclusion, the opinion that, though a politic and ambitious woman, she was a virtuous and brilliant one. After a short review of the trials of this remarkable woman in her position as the unacknowledged wife of Louis, Dr. Lord concluded his address by pointing out the true medium to be sought by women, between the position of society queens and that of simple housewives.

On the afternoon of the 21st of October, Mr. J. W. Harmon delivered a lecture in the Lyceum on the subject of the phonograph. He gave a short description of its construction, showing how it resembled the human ear, and how, by reproducing the vibration of the air caused by the voice, the sounds themselves could be reproduced. He then told how the deafness of Mr. Edison led to this discovery, and was the means of giving this curious, though not very practical, machine to the world.

The praises of Vassar have been sung under many strange circumstances, but then, for the first time, inanimate nature took up the strain, and did its part in paying homage to our college. After the lecturer had illustrated the different powers of the machine, he gave the members of his audience an opportunity to test its strength. His invitation was responded to much more promptly than is usual on such occasions, and the hour was rendered entertaining as well as instructive.

In spite of having, for a week beforehand, prepared our minds for unusual splendor, if we had wandered unawares into Society Hall on the evening of Saturday, Oct. 28th, I am sure that our childish belief in Prince Percinets and fairy god-mothers would have been revived. It was not a room with a bare expanse of wall and filled with dull yellow benches that met our eyes. Soft curtains hung in the place of the old wooden shutters; pictures and cabinets had sprung from the wall as if by magic; flowers blossomed everywhere; and in one corner was a grotto fit for Titania herself. In the centre was a miniature lake filled with a nectar suitable for the bridal feast of Cinderella. We were called back to the realities of life by a greeting from the Glee Club and President of '85. They were responded to by '86. The speeches were more elaborately decorated with rhetorical pauses than eloquence

demand, but they fully expressed the friendship and good will that '85 and '86 feel toward each other. After our pretty little dancing programmes had been called into use, we marched into the gymnasium, where we were treated to a most delightful supper. The dancing ended with Sir Roger de Coverley graced by the participating of several members of the faculty. After the glee club of '85 had sung us a farewell, we shook hands with the presidents and walked back in the moonlight to dream of our Junior party, which, we were told, was the only entertainment that could surpass the Sophomore party.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miss Finch has been appointed President's Secretary.

A fire occurred on the fifth, last month, caused by the ignition, from a match, of the curtains. The flames were extinguished by one of the students, whose charred hands bore witness to her bravery.

Dr. Caldwell addressed the Society for Religious Inquiry, Oct. 15th.

A new music-room and four new pianos have been added to Music Hall.

The Student's Association have voted to defray, by voluntary contributions, the debt of \$200 still existing on the Vassar Song Book. Even when this amount is paid, there still remains a debt due to members of the committee who have generously met the required payments with their own private funds. We should think that the students and alumnae of Vassar College would feel enough loyalty toward their alma mater not to permit that a collection of her songs should be a pecuniary failure for lack of purchasers.

The committee for Alpha's hall-meeting has been appointed. Miss Poinier is chairman.

Dr. Allen has given two of her course of lectures to the students—the first on the Color and Material of Clothing, the second on Ventilation in Dress. Frequent lectures by the resident physician are a very desirable thing, and we are glad to see that a movement is being made to secure them.

Ludovici is to be the class-photographer of '83.

New iron dumb-bells have been provided for the gymnasium.

Miss West has been appointed to fill Miss Meeker's position as Vice-President of the Society for Religious Inquiry; Miss Spafford has been elected Corresponding-Secretary in place of Miss Adams.

Mr. Lawrence preached at the college, Oct. 8th.

The Philalethean constitution has been revised by a committee of which Miss Foos was chairman.

One of Prof. Dwight's exceedingly pleasant and profitable mineralogical excursions went to Silvan Lake, Oct. 21st.

The College Glee Club has, at last, been organized, and has begun active operations. Rehearsals, conducted by Dr. Ritter, are to be held every Wednesday afternoon. Miss Vallean is President of the Club.

Miss Goodsell has addressed the students on the subject of Sunday evening calls. Hereafter the faculty and teachers will be at home for formal or informal calls on Friday and Saturday evenings; but they prefer to receive, upon Sunday evening, only those students with whom their relations are most informal.

The election of freshman class officers for the present semester has resulted as follows: President, Miss Tittle; Vice-President, Miss Fox; Secretary, Miss Vosburgh; Treasurer, Miss Bagley.

Senior parlör opened Nov. 10th.

Mr. George Fox, head of the classical department of the New Haven High School, visited the college last month.

Dr. Lord's lecture on "Solomon," delivered in the chapel Oct. 22nd, was an exceedingly pleasant innovation in the way of Sunday evening instruction. The lecture was interesting in the extreme, and the close attention of the audience gave evidence of their thorough appreciation.

An owl was caught in the corridors, Oct. 26th.

The various classes celebrated Hallow E'en on Saturday evening, Oct. 28th. The seniors' entertainment took the form of a golden wedding; the juniors', that of a minstrel performance; the sophomores gave the freshmen the usual sophomore party in Society Hall. On Tuesday evening the juniors were summoned to the Lecture Room, and when all were assembled the seniors appeared and treated them to a song and a shower of apples in return for a frisky little prank perpetrated by their younger sister on Saturday evening. Miss Goodsell then donated to the two classes a welcome basket of nuts and raisins.

Sir Richard Temple, governor of Bengal, visited the college this month.

Miss Goodsell entertained the faculty and seniors in her parlor on Friday evening, Nov. 3rd.

PERSONALS.

'69.

Miss Daniels, of '69, spent the summer in Europe.

Married, Nov. 8th, 1882, in New York city, Miss Lily Beers, of '69, to Mr. Léon Berthelot.

'75.

Miss Maltby, of '75, is acting as manager of Nassau Institute, Brooklyn.

Married, Oct. 5th, 1882, at Waterbury, Conn., Miss Lucy W. Kellogg, of '75, to Edward H. English, of New Haven, Conn.

'78.

Married, July 27, 1882, Miss M. A. White, of '78, to Mr. Rufus B. McClenon. Both Mr. and Mrs. McClenon are teaching in Geneva, Wis.

'81.

Miss Bush, of '81, is teaching in Holgood's Seminary, Oxford, N. C.

Miss Stockwell, of '81, is taking a postgraduate course at the college.

'82.

Miss Easton, of '82, is teaching in Miss Irwin's school, Delancy Place, Philadelphia.

Miss Dart, of '82, is teacher of mathematics in Norwich Academy, Norwich, Conn.

Miss Warren, of '82, is associate teacher in the department of mathematics of the Society for the Promotion of Studies at Home.

Misses Buckland and Schailer will study art in New York, this winter.

Miss Brown, formerly of '82, is studying medicine in New York.

'85.

Miss Leonard, of '85, acted as watering-place correspondent for the *New York Times*, last summer.

Miss Marion Johns, a graduate in '82 from the School of Music, is teaching in Miss S. V. H. Butler's school, in Poughkeepsie.

Miss Kalbfleisch is studying in the School of Medicine of Boston University.

The following students have visited college during the past month: Misses Wheeler and Taylor of '82, Miss Lapham of '76, Mrs. Robertson-Robertson of Liverpool, Eng., and Miss Ella Filson.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The grayish blue cover of the *Girton Review* is a new and very agreeable feature on our exchange table. We fancy the "Printed for Private Circulation" on the outside has an exclusive and English look, but, turning back the cover, we find nothing but the most cordial and generous communicativeness. Having, but a moment before, noticed, in a college paper, a sketch of the Oxford man's life, we were struck by the emphasis placed on the athletic games at Oxford. But the tone of the *Review* indicates that the habit of vigorous outdoor life is an English collegiate, not an Oxford collegiate one. The friendly notices of match games, and country excursions, make a pleasant element in the paper, which, as

might be expected, is decidedly superior in tone to the average college sheet. Especially we observe, in the *Girton Review*, the earnest air of women who feel themselves engaged in a work worthy of their mettle. The literary excellence of the paper is worthy of attention, while "The Experience of a 'Little Go'" proves that humor is not excluded, by more serious pursuits, from the life of a Girton college woman.

Among the numerous exchanges which have changed their appearance during the summer none have made greater improvement in so doing than the *Brunonian*. To be sure, a more elaborate design would be rather more in keeping with the æsthetic color of the cover, but we suppose the fact of the peculiar adaptability of the color to the name of the college it represents shows design enough to make up for lack of pictorial art. The literary matter of the *Brunonian* is certainly an improvement over previous issues, for which the present board of editors are to be congratulated. Although, as yet, this publication is hardly up to the standard of other college journals, yet it seems to be advancing more steadily to the desired goal than ever before.

The *Rutger's Targum*, for October, has many well written articles, but no one of which we more cordially approve than the editorial on the subject of debating societies. Ability for prompt and finished speaking on diverse topics is so necessary in our American life that one is surprised at its rarity. And while public life furnishes, of course, one of the main sources of discipline in elocution, the habit of early and frequent debate is the best educator. We are glad to see that the fact is emphasized by the *Targum*.

If there is one quotation which we are more pleased to make than any other from our exchanges this month it is this, from the *Willistonian*: "We adopt the MISCELLANY's sugges-

tion in regard to our advertisements." It is not particularly because our vanity is tickled, but because of the spirit which prompted the hearty acceptance of a well-meant criticism. Were this spirit more frequently met with, the Exchange Department of a paper might be a source of real benefit to its readers instead of being a collection of witty remarks at others' expense, as is the case at present.

The direct, straight-forward tone of the *Kansas Review* is particularly pleasing and refreshing; it is as keen and breezy as the month which brought it forth. An interested friend said the other day, "Why didn't the MISCELLANY 'jump on' the *Courant's* story, A Vassar Mash?" The most obvious answer would seem to be because there wasn't enough to the story to making jumping on it a possibility. (All rights of making jokes on the size of our feet are reserved.) On the whole the *Courant* shines in fact, rather than fiction; the Exchange Department of the November number is particularly strong.

That monthly duty of "running through the magazine side" of the reading-room, which most of us feel incumbent upon us, would be in no danger of becoming perfunctory, if every magazine spread before us every month such a table of contents as does the November *Century*! On the other hand, it would become a pleasure fairly burdensome. Howell's article on James, and James' article on Venice, demand each a separate easy chair, a wood fire, and a November evening all to itself. The article on Bellevue Training School should be of especial interest to our students. In publishing "The Christian League of Connecticut," the *Century* appears to be about to invert the practice which obtains in some religious weeklies, of printing a column headed "Secular," to be read on Saturday nights, and to furnish reading matter "For Sunday Only." We wish we had space to speak of every article in this, the most remarkable issue which the *Century* has ever put forth.

St. Nicholas is almost as exceptionally good. Its colored frontispiece reminds us of the palmy days—how long back they look to us!—of the *Atlantic Almanac*. Its most noticeable features are the first installment of a delightful story of boy-life in the Middle Ages, Rose Hartwick Thorpe's lovely illustrated poem, and a long account of the small boy who for once in a way made the White House homelike by his boyish pranks.

The salient point of this month's *Atlantic* is a review of *A Modern Instance*—such a review as alone is worthy of the story, lengthy and deep, treating the work as the profound psychological study which it really is. In "Two on a Tower," Mr. Hardy is maintaining a reputation already quite well established, for drawing out a most novel and delightful opening situation to a conclusion which almost any one else could have reached a little more easily and naturally.

VASSAR DIALOGUES.

SCENE, A SENIOR PARLOR.—*First Student* (reading aloud from Porter): "The human being can scarcely be said to have perceived even a pebble as a man till he has brought into action," etc. *Second Student* (fresh from Darwin): "But I don't understand how anyone could see the embryonic man in a pebble!"

Professor: "Now, Miss ——, look at this post. What do you perceive?" *Student* (looking hard at professor): "A stick in front of me."

SCENE, DINING-ROOM.—Miss S. calls Miss C.'s attention at the critical moment when Miss C. is passing the cruet.

Miss S.: Oh! oh! See what a pickle you've put me in!

Miss C (crushingly): "That's because you were a *gerkin*."

Professor: "The next point is 'states of mind.' Miss J., describe your present state of mind."

Miss J.: "You told us, professor, that it was impossible to describe a simple thing!" Sensation.

Professor: "The agnostic may be briefly described as the Knownothingist of philosophy. Passing that point, Miss —— may tell what she knows of sense—perception.

Miss ——: "Professor, I am an agnostic."

SCENE, LABORATORY.—*First Student* (pensively regarding the action of HNO_3 , *con.* with Na of her skin): "Now, I wonder, is my mind active or passive in this sensation?"

Second Student: "Reactive, of course."

Prominent member of "Religious Inquiry" to its President, who has been laying wild wagers: "Now, if I ever hear you bet two cents again, I'll have you asked to resign."

Pres. R. I. (doubtfully), "I thought you wanted a *good* person for president of 'Religious.'"

Prominent Member (triumphantly), "Exactly!"

Pres. of R. I. (exultingly), "Then you ought to be glad to get a better!"



BOOKS RECEIVED.

How to Succeed. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

This little book is one of a series on practical subjects of universal interest. It contains a number of essays, setting forth the principles of success in public life, in the various professions and in art, from the pens of such reliable authorities as Hon. Geo. F. Edmunds, Rev. John Hall, Dr. Damrosch, Thomas A. Edison, and others of equal merit. The book is well worth the attention of everyone.

We have also received from the same publishers, "Sketching in Water Colors" and "Drawing in Black and White." Both are concise, practical treatments of the subjects and are fitted to be of much value to a student of Art in these forms.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges :

Academian, Adelpian, Acta Columbiana, Amherst Student, Argo, Argus, Ariel, Athenaeum, Atlantic Monthly, Bates Student, Berkeleian, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Century, Chi-Delta Crescent, Chronicle, Colby Echo, College Journal, College Mercury, College Olio, College Rambler, College Student, Collegian, Columbia Spectator, Concordiensis, Cornell Review, Cornell Sun, Crimson, Dartmouth, Dickinsonian, Dutchess Farmer, Exonian, Good Times, Hamilton Lit., Hamilton College Monthly, Harvard Advocate, Harvard Herald, Harvard Lampoon, Haverfordian, Horae Scholasticae, Illini, Kansas Review, Lafayette College Journal, Lantern, Lasell Leaves, Lehigh Burr, Madisonensis, Magnet, Michigan Argonaut, Nassau Lit., News Letter, Northwestern, Notre Dame Scholastic, Occident, Penn. College Monthly, Polytechnic, Princeton Tiger, Princetonian, Progress, Queen's College Journal, Res Academicae, Reveille, Round Table, Spectator, Student Life, Syracusan, St. Nicholas, Targum, Tech., Trinity Tablet, Undergraduate, University Courier, University Herald, University Magazine, Willistonian, Woman's Journal, Yale Lit., Yale Courant, Yale News, Yale Record, Girton Review

The Nassar Miscellany.

Editors from '83.		Editors from '84.	
C. LENA BOSTWICK.	MARTHA SHARPE,	M. F. L. HUSSEY,	JUSTINA H. MERRICK.
S. F. SWIFT.			
Business Editor: ANNA H. LATHROP.			

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“ MISERY.”

The mountains of Western Pennsylvania give rude shelter to a peculiar people. The long cold winters would kill off any but the strong, while the rocky, mountainous farms would not afford a living to any but the industrious. So, in the course of the long cold winters and of the short unfruitful summers, the instinct of self-preservation has made the “ Pennsylvania Dutch ” a strong, sober, hard-working, economical, independent, sensible people, who combine the energy of the Yankee with the stability and prudence of the German. A people who are too practical to waste any time in sentiment, and too industrious and self-satisfied to tolerate shiftlessness or poverty.

It was among these people that “ Misery ” was born and “ raised.” She was a child of the soil and grew as the crops

grew, because she had to. It was one of the necessary evils that followed from her birth. No one in particular took any interest in her, and she certainly took very little in herself, until one day her mother, a stern, overworked, dragged-out woman, gave up the struggle for existence, and left a little baby in "Misery's" arms.

Poor woman! She had been too busy to pay much attention to "Misery," and had let the girl take care of herself as best she could; but, as the mother realized that all of her work and trouble would fall on "Misery's" shoulders, her heart ached for her child, and the rest that she had longed for and which was so near to her, did not look so inviting. For the first time, "Misery" saw the tears pouring down the wasted, sunken cheeks as the poor, repressed, ignorant woman tried to tell her that she would have to be a mother to the baby. "Do the best you can, and perhaps the Lord'll keep you. Ef you and the baby could only get on without me—I'd be glad to die, for I'm clear tired out." Then later and fainter, "Be a good girl, Misery, you're all the baby's got," and died.

"Misery's" first feeling was sorrow and loneliness—her mother and their dog had made up her world. Then, as she remembered what her mother had said about the baby, she began, for the first time in her life, to feel that she counted for something. All her old careless animal existence fell away from her, and she began to really live; for she had found something to live for.

"To be a mother to it!" That meant a great deal to Misery. She knew well that it was the mother who had toiled night and day to feed and clothe the family, while the father loafed in the village tavern. She could remember how often she had wakened in the night and listened to the whirr of the spinning wheel, and the steady walk across the room as her mother paced back and forth through the long hours. Now the burden of life had come to her, and what strength did the poor girl possess to help her bear the double load?

Life had been anything but bright to Misery. It had been hunger and cold and hard work, as far back as she could remember. Her mother and her dog had been her two friends; for instead of making any more at the school to which she had been driven every winter, she had only increased the dislike and suspicion of which she had always been the object by striking back whenever she was struck. She was "poor Mac Vickor's girl" to teacher and scholar, who made the vague reproach felt by definite snubs whenever occasion offered. Misery's spirit was not the kind to stand such treatment quietly. She was strong and brave, and did not hesitate to inflict the punishment they deserved. Bruised limbs and heads appealed to the sympathies of the shocked teacher and parents, until Misery was pronounced a dangerous young savage, as she was. It was the teacher who had changed her name Missouri to the "Misery" that had clung to her ever since. It was nothing but a "joke" called forth by the expression of want and wretchedness on the girl's face; but it was a joke that made Misery tremble with anger whenever she heard the name spoken.

But dark as her childhood had been, it seemed to Misery, on the day after her mother's funeral, that it looked bright beside the darkness of the future. She had taken the baby in her arms and had gone out behind the house to a little hill, whence she was looking down the road for the first glimpse of her father. She had been working hard all day, and had just finished getting supper, and this was about the first chance she had had to think since her mother had died. Her forehead was puckered in deep, anxious wrinkles, and the tears were standing in her eyes. She quickly brushed them off as they began to roll down her cheeks. She had no time for crying. Sorrow is relieved by tears but not worry, and her worry was so great that the sorrow had to be kept down. She thought and thought over the great question of keeping soul and body together in the baby, her father, herself, and the dog, until the

dog barked at her father coming up the road, and she hurried down to the house to put their scanty meal on the table.

In the time that followed, Misery showed herself made of the same material as her mother. Things went along a trifle worse than they had before, but still they kept moving. In the spring Mac Vickor did some ploughing and Misery sowed and planted. In the fall they both harvested in the field, and in the winter Misery spun and knit for the neighbors.

One day the baby cried and fretted so that Misery grew frightened as night came on, and looked anxiously for her father, to send him down to the village for some medicine. At last he came, but he was no sooner in the room than she wished he had staid away. He was drunk, and as he shuffled from side to side, stumbled against Lion. With a fierce curse on the dog, he kicked him across the room, then bent with maudlin tenderness over the baby's cradle, singing snatches of his favorite campaign songs. The baby cried and Misery saw that her father was getting into a rage. A louder scream from the baby, and Mac Vickor's heavy hand was raised to strike, but before it fell, Misery had the baby in her arms and Lion had fastened his teeth in his master's hand. Mac Vickor threw off the dog and picked up the iron poker that lay on the hearth. In a few minutes the dog lay dead between them. Misery looked at the poor dumb brute, who had been their only friend, and who had died in defence of the baby, then turned and ran from the room. Down the mountain road, through the dark, with a cold wind blowing down the valley, she ran on till she was almost exhausted, then she walked steadily till she saw the lights of the village. The awful desolateness of their situation struck her, as she wondered who in the village would take them in. She knew the baby needed something from the doctor, so at the doctor's door she bravely knocked, although the darkened house told her that they were all in bed, and would resent being disturbed to attend to Misery Mac Vickor. "Who's there and what do you

"Want?" came from an upper window in a gruff voice. "Please, Sir, it's Misery and the baby. The baby's sick, and we've come down from the mountains to get something for it."

"Well, I reckon, at sech a time o'night! Just what I'd expect, though, from the like o' you shiftless folks, putting a thing off till this heathenish hour, and then waking a Christian up jes' to suit your convenience." But the mountaineers were so healthy that business was slack, and a patient was a kind of curiosity; so a few minutes more brought him down to the office door, with a flickering talow candle in hand, ready to take a look at "the young un." The "look" decided him to keep them all night. He saw that it would be sure death to the child to go out again into the damp night air. His wife was loud in her remonstrances. She would not allow them to use one of her clean beds. The doctor promptly said that they should stay in the office, and at last on the settle the baby lay and Misery watched beside it. The next morning the baby had the croup, and so the doctor insisted on their staying; but it was not for long, the baby was dead and buried before the week was out, and Misery went back to the mountains alone. She felt "done out." There had been so much to live and work for before that it had buoyed her up in her hardest days. Now she sat down every few steps to rest. Her arms ached for their accustomed burden. She shrank from the thought of the work on the farm, although she knew that she would not be kept nearly so busy now that there were two less to care for.

At last she went into the house. She wondered if her father had buried Lion. She wished that the baby and she and Lion might all have been buried together. She had been long enough at the doctor's to know that people would think such a wish blasphemous; but she could not help feeling that since people had not taken care of them when they were alive, they had no right to interfere with them dead. She sat in the twilight thinking, in a dull, uncertain way, of her mother and

the baby and Lion, until her father came in. Then she got his supper, but while he was eating she went out and stood by the gate, still thinking, till the moon came up and threw such ghastly shadows about her that she shuddered nervously and walked back.

Nothing could have been more desolate and dreary than her life that winter. It was only, when at rare intervals she came to the village to trade that she spoke to a soul. Her father was doing better now, and was at home most of the time, but they had nothing to talk about and so they rarely spoke. In the monotony of her life she sometimes grew almost frantic for something to happen—anything seemed better than this endless working and thinking. For she had begun to think and to long for something beyond her—something different—something better. If she had only had the baby or the dog to have cared for and worried over, she would have been happy and content. But the dead stillness in her life was almost intolerable.

When summer came, the cholera broke out in the village, and when the doctor asked for nurses to volunteer to help the sick, Misery was the only one who answered. She did not respond for the sake of the good she could do or from any heroic impulse. It was something to do, something different, something that would take her away from the empty, quiet house, that had come to be hateful to her. She was strong and ready, and she worked well. She knew that these people for whom she worked had allowed her mother to sicken and die without offering once to help her. Once she had hated them for it, but now she was lonely and wanted something to do. The doctor praised her, and told the “folks” from time to time what she was doing. They shook their heads and said, “Well, now, I reckon, who’d a’ tho’t that Mac Vickor’s gal had such spirit as that ’ere!” but no one offered to help her, and the doctor began to think nothing could tire her, so between them she was killed. Nobody ever called it just that.

They said she had worked pretty hard, and so the cholera got a hard hold on her. When she was buried the people came to the funeral, but only a few went near the grave—they were afraid of contagion. They spoke of her regretfully, though, and agreed that if she had lived, she might have amounted to something, for all she was Mac Vickor's daughter. But their good or bad opinions were nothing to Misery now. She had gone to her mother, the baby, and Lion, who had never asked whether she amounted to anything, but had loved her because she was Misery. E. F. T.

IS A MAN JUSTIFIED IN OFFERING HIS CRUDE OPINIONS TO THE PUBLIC?

The public for which we act, and the public for which we think, are two; we are indifferent to the one, and fear the other. We let our actions pass before a world of busy people, like ourselves, trusting to their candor or their preoccupation to judge us as frankly or pass us by as carelessly as we do them; but the public before whom our ideas and opinions go to be justified or condemned is more of an impersonality to our minds; we are inclined to enhance its importance by means of a capital P., and we testify to our veneration for it in various other ways. We sometimes have fleeting visions of a personified Public stalking through intellectual pleasure grounds, chiefly engaged in keeping itself well wrapped round in a cloak of selfish tranquillity, an endeavor in which it is only partially successful because of the many eager hands stretched out to clutch, twitch, and even to buttonhole it. It is this phantasm of our creation, that, with its eyes fixed on Olympus, or Parnassus, and the regions round about those lofty heights, says witheringly, "Thence come the approved voices. I will listen to no others. Earthworms around my feet, be quiet that I may hear them!"—a remark that we may criticize as incon-

sistent with the fact that the dwellers on the lofty heights to which it turns were themselves among the "worms," until, having learned to speak, through some miracle unknown to Natural, or, with one exception, to Sacred History, they attracted the public attention and were lifted by its uncertain hand to their present eminence.

Since man usually offers his opinions to the public in print, the oracle's terrestrial mouth pieces are oftenest found in editorial apartments. From these come grumblings concerning human selfishness, and, when patience has been tried too long, the announcement that no man has any right to inflict himself or his opinions, especially his crude opinions, on the public. If he does it he is a bore and must be suppressed accordingly. That they do suppress him as best they can, their waste paper baskets testify.

The man who renders himself liable to be thus summarily disposed of, does it for one of three reasons: because he sees that views such as his are needed in the world; because he needs the stimulus of the world's criticism or approval; or, rarest of all, he may be one of those magnificently self-conscious geniuses, who, sure of themselves and their work, offer their opinions to the world chiefly to see what the world will do with them. These will surely find their place and audience at last; the reasons of the first class are their own justification; while the poor people who are only conscious of a laudable desire for self-improvement receive the most of the blame. Their innocence of selfish intent may be urged in their behalf; for it is noticeable that people who have both opinions and friends are very considerate about boring the latter with the former. They sometimes conceal them as they would personal defects, and move among other people's prejudices as carefully as though they were carrying hidden weapons, liable to go off unexpectedly. This thoughtfulness in one direction must be balanced by an equal degree of inconsideration in another, and from this the general public suffers because it is

not regarded as an infinite number of possible friends. It is seldom that a man knows when his offense of possessing and promulgating opinions is increased by their crudity. How should he? It is only the genius who dares believe, "That which is true for him in his private heart is true for all men." The ordinary mortal knows only the value of a thought for himself; of its ripeness or soundness he cannot judge; so, because he wishes it to be fairly tested he offers it in all good faith to the public.

Between the care of a selfish public for its own tranquillity, and the care of a selfish man for his own improvement, there seems to be little choice. If one says that a fault is great in proportion to the number who suffer by it, one may also say that if one selfish person is bad, an entire public of them is as much worse as it is greater.

I fancy that the correct view is quite different from that of either interested party, and that it would show us not only that a man is justified in making public his opinions, crude or ripe, but that he should even be encouraged to do so; for we do not find in these days that good thoughts and sound views are so plentiful that we can do without more, nor are poor ones so scarce that we need fear any harm will result from even a considerable addition to them. So, because many people, as we have been informed on creditable authority, have as much as one idea a day, and are sometimes subject to originality, it is quite worth our while to encourage the expression of their opinions, and to spend our time in searching what good there may be in them.

We say the public only listens to approved and recognized voices, forgetting that we are a part of the public, and whatever we do is, in some small way, a part of public action; moreover we, too, have listened. We have heard that there are "few voices and many echoes;" but we know that many voices sound only once, and if we listen long enough we shall

hear how right it is for us to say to those who would, yet dare not, utter their fresh thought,

“Have you to speak?
No man hath spoken for you.”

HARPER'S FERRY.

The great attraction in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry is the Park, a small strip of sandy island in the Potomac, which has in the last few years become a great resort for picnic parties. Here assemble every day during the summer crowds of giddy society people, who forget, for the day, their accustomed formalities while they dance in the pavilions or wander across the rocks that so closely fill the river bed; or the Sunday School annual festival, accompanied by the easily pictured forms of clerical dignity and the would-be kind, but most distressingly over anxious old maid; or, perhaps, a fire company with maidens who smile benignly on the youths of the gaudy jacket and fancy cap. Or another day finds dancing across the little foot-bridge, the girls and boys of that age when the chaperon is considered a necessary appendage—but a bore to be avoided if possible, and if not, to be systematically shocked. I have often been among these groups, from the days when my joy was to swing in the swings and pick up the dear tiny shells, down to the time when I jumped recklessly across the rocks, hand in hand with my boy-lover, and later yet, when I criticised the scenery as severely as Oscar Wilde did the Atlantic, and gazed upon the ruins with theories innumerable. I made many visits to this rather pretty but artificial little resort, before interest in the town and its renowned history drew me down the railroad track to the Ferry, or anxiety to drink in fully the beauty of scenery, induced me to attempt the rough clamber over the rocks, by which only is gained a perfect view of the whole valley.

Harper's Ferry is situated partly on the slope of the Bolivar Heights, and partly in the valley, which is, in fact, an abrupt peninsula formed by the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers. From their edges the broken chain of the Blue Ridge rises in steep ascent to about one thousand feet in the highest place.

As one approaches the town by the rail-way the bridges the connecting links between West Virginia, Virginia, and Maryland, are first presented to view. Crossing the Potomac one sees plainly the odd snake-like curve of the bridge, which is made more apparent as the river bends away from the Shenandoah, as if loath to mingle its waters with those of its tributary stream. A three minutes' walk over the wagon-bridge, nearly at right angles to this, places one in the "Old Dominion," the state which claims the aristocracy of our country.

The small, dirty, dingy depot which we have just left proves a fitting index of the town. A walk up the narrow, rocky streets soon convinces one of the stagnation of the place. The houses are old-fashioned and dilapidated, and, though some of them have an air of would-be grandeur and acquaintance with better days, they lack that appearance of antique elegance and stately dignity, that assumed claim to gentility, that obvious conviction of their right to a place among aristocratic dwellings, which, in so many old Virginia towns, perpetuates the influence of those who gave them their greatness. Not a modern-looking edifice of any description can be seen in any part of the place. The streets are uneven, and the houses irregularly placed, sometimes curiously patched together, their quaint air being an attraction in an artistic way. The neglect of the common property, the remarkable absence of public buildings, and the small number of churches, are especially noticeable.

Harper's Ferry, it is evident, is a poor town.

But as for the scenery, that is beautiful from any point. Even from the lowest part of the town one can obtain a good view of the surrounding landscape ; and perhaps it is there that

the fullest realization of the grandeur of the scene is obtained. The shallow rivers flow so near that the gurgle and rush of the water as it dashes over the great rocks which fill their beds is distinctly heard ; and from this low point of observation the mountains give the impression of even greater height and magnificence than they really possess ; here, too, their beauty of outline is more clearly seen. But the best outlook is the summit of Bolivar Heights, and the lover of nature is fully repaid for his long, tedious, stony climb by the view from "Jefferson's Rock." This stony plateau, about eight feet in its greatest width, is named for the great statesman who, standing here, gave vent to his enthusiasm by pronouncing the scene before him worth a trip across the Atlantic to see. To any one who has heard his extravagant praise the prospect must be a little disappointing. Yet it is more than worth the toilsome journey from the bottom of the mountain. On one side is the Shenandoah River, at this point small and shallow, stretching away in beautiful curves till it becomes only a shining speck in the distance ; on the other side growing rather tumultuous as it hurries on to lose itself in the waters of the Potomac. Beyond the Shenandoah, in Virginia, the London Heights tower into a sharp peak. Among these mountains the soldiers of both parties encamped during the late war, and many stories are told of lonely rides and strange encounters in their narrow paths.

On the other side is the Potomac, the national river, spreading out in one place to a considerable width, and looking still and blue and deep ; further on it is almost choked by little green islands and large rocks, over which the waters dash furiously. Along the lowest part of the peninsula are still left the remains of some of the buildings which were washed away during the flood of '73. Their high walls are covered with moss and mildewed by the dampness of the place. The old canal, too, with its picturesque broken walls, through which various little streams flow to the river, is on the West Virginia

side, and the white tow-path of the new one which replaces it can be seen on the Maryland shore. The Maryland Heights rise directly from the water's edge. The ascent seems more perpendicular than in Virginia, the peaks appearing almost to stand out over the river. Both these and the London Heights are thickly covered with trees and shrubs, and the Bolivar Heights look the more sterile by contrast with their blue greenness. The lower peak juts out into the river, and half-way up its side is a profile of rock sharply defined between the foliage and the sky. It is called "Washington's Face," from its alleged resemblance to the "Father of his Country." After a long struggle to distinguish the features people must weary of the effort and rest satisfied with simply finding the rock, for closer inspection could not help but show the incongruity of the name. The likeness is not at all apparent, and a high flight of the imagination is necessary even to see human features.

The direct path from "Jefferson's Rock" leads down through the town. The way lies sometimes through narrow-walled alleys, which recall the pictures one has seen of the streets of Jerusalem. Half-way down the mountain side, in a sparsely built part of the town, there is a short, narrow street, on one side of which are the back doors of a row of antique-looking and apparently uninhabited stuccoed houses, and on the other the most remarkable and most interesting ruin of the town. The rather steep slope of the mountain is cut off abruptly by a high stone wall, the monotony of its outline relieved by the mysterious-looking front of a house whose foundation is laid in the very side of the mountain. On top of the wall, and extending back up the mountain side, is a garden filled with a tangle of hollyhocks and other old-fashioned flowers, in diamond and star-shaped beds. Irregular steps cut in the mountain side and walled and paved with stone, lead through a queer, low gate, to this garden, and also to the side entrance of the house. Through a broken window at the top of these steps is

seen¹ a small room, lined on three sides with shelves, which hold² rows of bottles of innumerable sizes, colors and shapes. There are no instruments visible which might give a clue to the use of the room, and, though a few bottles are still half-full of some mysterious looking substance, these are unlabelled and indistinguishable. The room seems to be thoroughly apart from anything modern, and suggests the alchemist's shop described in Kenilworth, deeply hidden in the back streets of London. A ladder leaning over the side steps leads to the window of a loft above, whose floor is strewn with bits of iron of most unaccountable and indescribable shapes. No entrance to any of the rooms seems possible, not even to those on a level with the street. The perfect blank of the boarded windows and of the immovable door is fascinating in its mystery. One other room on the other side shows through the paneless window a dilapidated machine with a slight resemblance to a spinning-wheel. The walls are hung with cobwebs, and everything is covered with a thick dust. Directly behind this house is a hollow completely covered with briars and underbrush, which clamber over the slanting roof. Pushing aside the mass of vines, one is struck by the great depth and extent of this hollow, and conceives the idea of its having been used as a hiding-place for the slaves in the days when they lived in such insecurity. Unfortunately this queer place is not a house with a story, except the one its appearance suggests. The eager inquiries made by our party of a deaf old darkey who was working quite near, gained no knowledge of the place. Our almost frantic yells to make him hear were rewarded by no information except the answer, "It was thar long befo' my day, missus." No ghost can be discovered to have hallowed it with his presence, and there is no suggestion of a deed of honor to enhance its value to the sight-seer, and complete the interest which at last flags for want of some such stimulant.

Down on the flat, quite close to the railroad, is the ruin of the United States Arsenal. Only the foundation of the outer

Walls, broken portions of the arsenal proper, and the entire shell of the little building renowned as John Brown's Fort are standing. Through weeds and thistles the patriotic enthusiast struggles to a nearer view. In this spot the storm began which resulted in the freedom of the slaves. The four narrow walls tell nothing of the struggle, and, looking at them, it is hard to comprehend the madness which possessed John Brown when he pictured the success of his bold raid on the town. Beginning with a contempt for his folly, one ends with pity for the frustration of his frantic scheme and for the bitter punishment he received.

As a place of interest to the tourist Harper's Ferry certainly deserves more praise than it receives and considered for its beauty it ought to arouse greater enthusiasm among a people so avowedly patriotic as the West Virginians. But its beauty does not bring commerce. The inhabitants, dead to their historic inheritance, are inactive; the town itself is stagnant from a want of business energy. After the one great event of its life, it fell into an apathy which has remained unaffected by the world's progress, and which the people make no effort to break. Its attractions are of the past, and the town, which, from its historical connections, lovely views, and quaint, old-fashioned appearance, might be a place of resort both to those whose interest in the war has not yet died out, and to those who appreciate natural scenery, is simply an unattractive, quiet, slow, apathetic old memorial of the South of the past.

F. H., '84.



De Temporibus et Moribus.

A thump on the stairs, a rattle at the knob, the door flew open and there stood Ella, holding a bag in one hand and a novel and umbrella in the other. Casting them recklessly on the floor, she cried:

"Oh, girls, don't you think it was the lady?"

"What do you mean?" said Amy and I, jumping up to meet our lost lamb. She had been in New York for three days, and we had both expected that her first remark would be:

"Oh, I have had such a splendid time!" I looked at Amy and Amy looked at me, while Ella wailed in tones of the deepest disappointment:

"Then you have n't read it!"

"Read what? Who was the lady?" said Amy, a look of half comprehension dawning in her face, "did she murder anyone?" Meanwhile I finished the chestnut which I had been munching when Ella burst in upon us, and listened for further developments.

"You can't understand unless you have read it for yourselves. Hasn't the November Century come? Every one in New York is talking about it."

If this mysterious "it" was the subject of everyone's conversation in New York, we both privately decided to read it, were it as dull as "Thaddeus of Warsaw," or as trashy as Frank

Leslie's stories ; but of course we were not going to let Ella know that. We think it our duty to snub her on all occasions, so we only said :

" You had better take off your things, and perhaps by that time you will be able to talk so as to make yourself understood." When she was comfortably installed in a rocking-chair with her feet at the register, she proceeded to explain matters, and this was our first introduction to that thrilling tale, " The Lady or the Tiger."

Amy and I both read the story as soon as we had a chance at the magazine ; and we girls had many exciting times afterwards discussing the various ways in which it might be ended. Ella, who is of a romantic disposition, and, in spite of her nineteen years, still fond of fairy tales, declared one night at dinner that she knew a better way to end the story than any which had been suggested. " How ?" said our immediate circle, bending forward to listen with seeming respect, but secretly laughing in their sleeves, for they knew something absurd or impossible was coming.

" Well, you know the princess' lover was said to be very handsome and brave and strong ?"

" Yes ! yes ! of course, or he could not have been the hero of a story."

" I think that the princess pointed to the door behind which the tiger was waiting, and he walked to it, threw it open without the slightest hesitation—"

" But Frank Stockton said all that, and what is the use of repeating it ?"

" Don't interrupt me at the most exciting point, or I shan't have a bit of inspiration left. I say he walked across the arena with a firm step, threw open the door on the right, and out sprang the tiger. All the people turned away shuddering, and the princess was just about to faint, when a shout which resounded throughout the whole city rent the air. The poor princess heard her father say, ' Bravo ! well done ! you de-

serve to marry a queen, if you want to!" and she looked to see what it all meant. There, on the sand in front of the door, lay the tiger dead, and beside it, erect and triumphant, stood—could it be—yes, her lover! As the tiger sprang at him, he had planted a blow between its eyes which stunned it—"

"And before it could recover from its surprise, he cut its throat with his pen-knife," said rather scornfully a girl who had grown tired of Ella's monopolizing the conversation. Now, Amy, out of pure obstinacy, always takes the side opposite to any statement which has been made, so she said: "I don't believe she would have been happy if she had married him. After the honeymoon, she would all the time be twitting him with the difference between his rank and hers, and with the condescension on her part. Don't you remember how unhappy poor Ivanhoe was after he married Rowena, and how he wished he had taken Rebecca instead?"

Ella subsided, but Miss Ainsworth, from the opposite side of the table, undertook the defence of the princess. "I don't think that would be a fair comparison," she said, "Rowena was an Englishwoman, cool and calm, with a very good opinion of herself, and a great regard for her own comfort. This princess was from the south, and hotter blood ran in her veins; she would be compared with greater justice to Rebecca. She would be perfectly devoted to anyone she loved with her whole heart."

"Rebecca would never have sent her lover to the tiger," said I.

"No," assented Miss Ainsworth, "I don't think she would, but I'm sure the princess would. Her jealousy was roused; she had a modest opinion of her own attractions, and a high one of those of the maid-of-honor, who was waiting behind one of the doors. She knew her lover was devoted to her, but she feared lest the maid-of-honor should gradually draw him away. That she could not bear, and rather than see it she sent him to the tiger."

"If she had no more confidence in him than that," broke in Ella, "I don't believe she really loved him."

"My dear," said Miss Ainsworth, with a superior smile, "You are too young to have had any experience of the power of jealousy, and—" A chorus of laughter interrupted her; and before she could explain or protest, the bell rang and we left the table. She was not, however, to be put off in that way, and so came with us to our room, where we went on with the discussion. Miss A., who thinks when she has formed an opinion no one can possibly differ with her, proceeded to state in very positive terms that the princess was of a passionate disposition, and that her jealousy would be stronger than her love. Amy objected that the fact that her emotions were more violent than ours was no reason for supposing that her jealousy would overpower her. It might just as well be argued that her love would come off conqueror; and she said she was sure that no woman, unless she had a stone instead of a heart, could sit in the amphitheatre and see her lover torn to pieces.

Miss Ainsworth answered, "But you know she could not realize how dreadful it would be until she actually saw the tiger spring."

"I think she could," said Amy, "for other men had been punished in the same way; and she had probably been present at as many trials ending in funerals as in weddings."

"But then her own affection had not been at stake," said Miss Ainsworth, "and for the very reason that she was accustomed to seeing men torn in pieces, she would not think of it as being so dreadful."

"Granting, then," said Amy, "that she sent her lover to the tiger, what effect do you suppose his death had on her?"

"I have thought of that," answered Miss Ainsworth. "She was probably so overcome with grief at her lover's death, and horror at what she had done, that she died as soon as he opened the door."

“There is one ending,” said I, “which none of you have considered worthy of mentioning ; and that is, that the princess sent her lover to the lady.”

“Oh, Minnie ! how can you spoil the story so !” they all burst out.

“I don’t think it would be spoiling the story ; for don’t you suppose she suffered just as much in giving him up to another woman, as she would in seeing him eaten by the tiger ?”

“Then why might she not just as well send him to the tiger ?”

“She was not considering her own sufferings, but his. She would know perfectly well, that, no matter how much a man might protest that he would prefer to be eaten by a tiger to being kissed by a woman, yet when it came to the point he would choose the latter. If she truly loved him, and could read the thoughts passing in his mind, she must have seen that, though a brave man, he could not help shrinking from death in such a dreadful form.”

“Don’t you think,” said Amy, “that the very desire which she read in his mind would make her send him to the tiger after all ?”

And I agree with Amy, don’t you ?

In spite of the discouraging lack of young men ; in spite of the alarming array of young women ; in spite of the little differences and jealousies occasioned by these two co-existent circumstances ; in spite of the fact that Mrs. Brown’s morning dresses were prettier and more stylish than Mrs. Jones’ ; or Miss Smith’s boating hat more becoming than Miss Robinson’s : who of all of the guests at Lakeside during one particular summer cannot recall many a happy hour spent in “the pathless woods” and on the “lonely shore” ?

The blue waters of a lake in northern New York; a green wooded lawn sloping to its edge; a quaint hotel with wide piazzas encircling it; far away, bluish mountains that have looked down on many an historic scene; and nearer, little rocky islands, whose stunted, scrubby pines have often shielded a wary Indian from unfriendly eyes, while the overhanging bushes have covered his birch canoe, drawn close in shore; this is the first picture that comes back to me. It is all engraved as sharply and distinctly in my mind as if I were again lolling and dreaming on the piazza, watching the shadow of that storm come over Tongree Mountain, and steal on the water, making it murmur and struggle and seeth and dash itself on the shore, seeming, somehow, so like the shadow of death, always causing terror and struggle and sorrow.

If you would learn of its charms, only read in a guide-book always for sale on the trains running between Saratoga and Lake George. It will tell you that "Lake George is one of those rare and exquisite bits of nature's handiwork which it would be absolute crime never to see; that it is a lake of molten silver set in a basin scooped out of nature's choicest scenery; a rare gem of richest setting," etc.

But would Adam have been happy in Eden without Eve? No. Paradise would be empty without society; and even Lake George would have fallen far short of perfection without the interesting people who sojourned there that year.

It is always safe to classify the dwellers in summer hotels under two general heads; those who make an impression, and those who do not. Under the first head may be classed the experts, this including those accomplished in conversation, dancing, music, and tennis; and it may, perhaps, include the finished bore, for to the deep and lasting impression which this individual always leaves, we can all testify. The second class might include the poor dancers and tennis players, and the minor or unobtrusive bores.

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Thoughts of summer life recall, by association, the mornings on the piazza, where the people lingered for a half hour or so after breakfast to discuss the fashions, the unsatisfactoriness of the hotel fare, plans for the day, or the latest novel. Here, before separating for the morning, they gather in groups, thus unconsciously exhibiting their relations toward each other. There is a group of gay, chatting young people, standing half in and half out of the wide front door, eagerly discussing a proposed tramp to the top of a neighboring mountain.

Just this side is the "wealthy party from New York." This includes the head of the house, a portly gentleman of rather advanced years; his sole amusement and occupation being the perusal of his daily paper, varied by a course of whist in the afternoon with three other venerables. Conversation is something altogether beyond him, on account of his deafness and the selfishness of the human race, there being but few people in the world willing to sacrifice themselves and their voices long enough to maintain a talk with him. His wife, however, is afflicted with none of the ills of old age. She possesses a youthful and blooming complexion, luxuriant hair, and two rows of faultless, glittering teeth; and her dresses are as numerous and various as were those of Queen Elizabeth. The other members of the family are the sedate, widowed daughter, the twins of five months' standing, who, by the way are the most wonderful twins on record, the three nurses and the two ladies' maids. The head of the family reads his Times, while his wife disposes of him for the day by making arrangements for his entertainment with an old whist lover by her side. The married daughter and her widowed sister, preparatory to their morning drive, are giving elaborate and contradictory directions to the nurses respecting the twins.

Here, seated on the edge of the piazza, swinging their feet in the air, a group of pretty children are exhibiting their toys to each other. In a corner three boys are trading knives.

Away off, at the other end of the piazza, our artist has cor-

nered a young girl, and is begging, with eloquent earnestness, for a pose of "only an hour or two this morning," while his victim steals longing glances over his shoulder at the group in the doorway where the young men and young women make plans, examine and criticize each other's tennis rackets, chatter and laugh till the cynical, blasé bachelor near by wonders if life after all is worth living under some circumstances.

The artist is one of those oldish young moths who always flutter about the youngest candles. He has but recently returned from a protracted visit to Europe, to which his appearance and manners can testify, for both are exceedingly foreign. Though a man of considerable fame, everyone takes the liberty of smiling when they see him ; for he always appears in the train of some pretty young girl, talking French or Italian with her, sketching her in every conceivable attitude, or teaching her little German love-songs.

By-and-by there is a general scattering. The party from New York steps into its well-cushioned barouche and drives off. The ladies go to the morning room to preserve their complexions and to embroider sunflowers and cat-tails. The young people stroll off, two or three at a time, through the woods up to the tennis grounds on the hill. The children go down to the lake to bathe. The cynical bachelor tosses a novel, a box of segars, and some fishing tackle into his canoe, and pulls himself, with light, lazy stroke, away from the haunts of men to those of bass and pickerel. And the artist lures his latest victim to some secluded cliff or wood to reproduce on his canvas the face that has bewitched him. The long, wide piazza is deserted and still, save for the young hotel clerk, a senior from Yale, standing in the door with his hands in his pockets, whistling the waltz that the musicians played last night. He watches that canoe gliding over the water in the distance, and thinks of its occupant, the blasé bachelor, who doesn't half appreciate the blessings he enjoys. He watches the artist carrying off that pretty young girl, the

artist equally an object of his hatred because he does appreciate too well the blessings and pretty girls of this life. The young hotel clerk glances back at the ponderous account books awaiting him, and perhaps he, too, wonders if life is worth living under some conditions.

By one o'clock all have returned to an unfashionably early meal. Shortly after dinner the ladies again disappear, and not until evening is their absence accounted for, when, at seven o'clock tea, they reappear in freshly curled bangs and resplendent dress.

After tea the occupants of the piazza wander down to the dock to watch the sunset glory fade and the twilight deepen; and such of us as have no fears of dews or dampness, go out to float idly in the midst of the gilded waters. And, as the darkness falls, the loiterers on the wharf hear from a dozen boats the sweet, low songs of the pleasure seekers coming back, the sound mingling with the splash of their oars, and heightened by the mysterious charm of the surrounding darkness from which it comes.

Half an hour later, and the songs are forgotten. The young people are whirling about the parlors to the latest fashionable waltz. And perhaps the artist has inveigled his victim of the morning into a dark corner of the piazza, where he is murmuring complimentary nonsense in French or Italian.

But one morning it was too cold to sit on the wide piazza, and the next some one brought me an early spray of autumn leaves. It startled us, for we had forgotten how nearly over summer was. After that we stood every day on the steps and said goodbye to somebody who was leaving. Day by day the green leaves changed to brighter colors; and, just in proportion to their added brilliancy, the glory of lakeside departed, till, amidst the falling splendors of autumn, the last guest left.

"Parting is such sweet sorrow," so a great poet has said; but how much sweetness was there, I wonder, in that last, lingering look on Horicon's blue waters?

We strongly disapproved *Cape Cod Folks*. True, we read it twice alone and twice aloud, and tortured our essay critic thereafter by innumerable feeble attempts to be fascinatingly true to nature and treacherous to our friends. Nevertheless, we were perfectly well aware that its author could not construct a plot, that an irredeemable taint of vulgarity pervaded her pages, and that, whenever she stopped photographing and tried to create, she simply soared into the regions of bombast. We said confidently that she could "never do it again," and rejoiced in anticipated triumph when Wiltsie's counters were at last "with verdure clad" by the pea-green covers of "Towhead." She *has* done it again, though, point for point. *Cape Cod Folks'* flavor of stolen fruit is wanting, but we strongly suspect that there are people in central Connecticut who smile with a wicked gleam over the doings of the Pinchon family.

The charm of all Miss McLean's writing is that she has held fast the headlong impetuosity, the fierce positiveness of fifteen, while attaining that power of expression for which they are generally bartered. We feel like saying under our breath, "How fond she is of that Dick Bodurtha!" and *Towhead's* transcendent loveliness does not pall on us, because the girl who made her loves her so. This book is, like her first, a collection of studies from nature with one figure sketched into all as an excuse for putting them in the same port-folio. A lovely, orphaned, *enfant terrible* is deposited by her aristocratic aunt in the family of Deacon and Mrs. Cadmus Pinchon to share the benefit of their austere family discipline. Said discipline being impartially administered by children and servants, proves excellent training for a miniature Red Republican. The escapades of Dick and the six Pinchons, attended by the aged, yet perennially youthful Vixanna Daw, are simply delicious. Vixy, "de brightes' jewel in the Debble's crown," is the proper heroine of the book, but why need she drop down on that family the dead weight of a mysterious dis-

appearance? Was not the English forger, "beautiful Augustus Brown," quite enough strain on Mrs. Pinchon's nerve and faith in human nature? As regards Excelluna's mission in life, we say with Vixy, "R'igion is well nuff in its way, but take it fo' all in all, give *me* 'scretion."

Dick's career at Mount Grimwood! We wish we didn't believe every word of it, and yet how can we wish to condemn to annihilation the girl "who wouldn't take any more of their half-hours," and demands to be "taken off that paper and put in with the goats"? Who but Miss McLean would ever have dared to draw anything so audaciously, pathetically true to life, as is Dick, wandering deserted about the corridors after the conversion of her boon companion, and finally, under the stress of her lonely pain, dropping her name "into the box at the door of my office" as a candidate for mission work in South Africa!

The stories of Western university life we shall never accept as truthful till some professor of Anglo Saxon proves them so by instituting a libel suit against A. Williams & Co. The Anglo Saxon and botany electives are rather too much for our credulity. Michael Furnival, though, the protege of the ladies of a Baptist church, by them educated for the ministry, and starrng it through the West to piece out his expenses, is too good not to be true, for we have no faith at all in his chronicler's creative power, confidently as she appears to tax it. Not even our desire to see Dick happy will permit us to pardon the machinery which hauls Professor Dane upon the stage at exactly the right point for a Grand Finale. Of course he could have come just when he was wanted,—only, in real life he never does. The tableau, however, puts a fitting end to the overstrained mysticism of Excelluna's dying visions. We wish she had died earlier. It was only necessary that she should live long enough to be christened and bestow upon Towhead the appellation of "Ever an' a darlin'." And when she needs must die why

spin it out so? Death-beds and funerals call out the best and the worst sides of the author's mannerism. Job French did the thing in a model manner, better than poor Jo himself, when his grave, unerring eyes wandered over the figures in that shadowy room to the window that looked off toward the east, and rested there, forever seeing.



Editors' Table.

When Vassar College was founded, twenty-two years ago, there may have been sufficient reason in the mental and executive inability of women why they should find no place on the board of her trustees. If she has done her work properly, however, that inability must either have ceased to exist, or must have shown itself irremediable. The latter alternative, we do not think the facts of the case justify us in accepting; the former, our trustees seem slow to acknowledge. Last June three vacancies on the board were to be filled, and we looked to see the gentlemen in whose hands is the management of the college, give practical proof of their belief in the efficacy of the higher education of women. What happened? Three men were elected to the positions. Surely our trustees are not keeping abreast of the times in thus adhering to traditional usages; they are subjecting themselves to the charge of being unprogressive—a strange one to be preferred against the trustees of the first woman's college, who, if any men in the world, ought to lead every movement tending to give woman her rightful position. But apart from this practical acknowledgement that Vassar College is not a failure, there are potent reasons why women, why *alumnæ* especially, should assist in the direction of college matters. Given, a man and a woman of equal attainments, and the woman must, of necessity, know better what is good for her own sex; the man, for his. Suppose the proposition should be made to form the

board of trustees of Harvard College exclusively of women. what a shout of derision would go up at the idea! But it is not a whit more absurd that only men should now be found among the trustees of Vassar. If Vassar College has not graduated women as capable as the alumni of other colleges to assist in her management, then Vassar College is a failure, and would better bestir herself to discover where the trouble lies. If, as we firmly believe, she has alumnæ with minds sufficiently disciplined and heads clear enough for the work, it is self-evident that no one else can do it so well.

We were last year charged by the Faculty with looking on only one side of a certain matter of college discipline. The MISCELLANY has never regarded it as any part of its duty to attend to the business of the Faculty. It is the organ of the students, and is expected by them to set forth, as occasion may arise, the student side of questions concerning student conduct. We have had set before us of late the aspect which the vacant seats in Sunday morning chapel present to the eye of the Faculty. We have been informed that, from their point of view, there is a strange inconsistency in the fact that a girl who has worked on her mental essay up to 9:35 Saturday night, and will be in her class-room at the first period on Monday, may yet have asked for a doctor's excuse from Sunday morning chapel; and we are further told that no such excuse will be hereafter granted unless it is applied for at a specified time on Sunday morning.

On the subject of "the appearance of our chapel," we say nothing, because we know nothing. We endeavor to keep our eye fixed attentively on the preacher, or modestly on our "Service of Song." But for the rest, we beg leave to suggest that two-thirds of the ails among us on Sunday or any other day are backaches and nervous headaches. A recitation peri-

od is forty minutes long, and our classroom seats are constructed with some slight regard for the laws of anatomy. Our shortest chapel service is eighty minutes, and an hour on one of the chapel seats quite sufficient to make any self-respecting spine refuse to be self-supporting for the rest of the day. In the class-room one person speaks at a time, and generally in a most unexciting manner. But which of us has not sat in the chapel with a headache of which she would have thought nothing outside, and waited, shuddering, for the awful volume of sound when the hymn was given out? Even granting that we do tax our vitality on Friday, is that any reason why we should do so on Sunday?

As to the time of excusing, it makes more difference to us than would at first sight appear. It makes a difference to the tired-out girl who finds herself able to sleep, and must rouse to go to the doctor or hunt up "a prompt friend." It makes a great difference that the time when a girl feels her need of mental and nervous rest, is the very time when she may be called on to wage a word-battle concerning her honesty of intention in asking for it. It makes to every one of us the difference that it is tacitly saying, "We cannot trust you." And if the Faculty side of the shield reads "We do not know you well enough to trust you," our side proclaims, "You ought to know us."

There comes a period in the life of nearly every thoughtful girl when the poetry of unhappiness strongly appeals to her, when not only "capacity for pain," but pain itself seems the mark of all choice souls, and happiness, the vulgar birthright of only the unthinking herd. Whether this feeling is born of her gradually awakening sense of the great burden of sorrow under which the world is staggering, and an unconscious desire not to shirk her portion of it, whether of a belief that heartache is interesting and romantic, or of whatever cause, it

generally makes her set up a grave in her heart which she keeps perpetually green with secret tears. The sorrow is, doubtless, not altogether imaginary ; but the magnitude it assumes to her fond eyes is out of all proportion to reality. Now, we may be pretty sure that, just as soon as pain becomes objective, and we take a sentimental pleasure in gazing upon it, when we begin to enjoy our misery, we are on the highway to recovery, and need only to give ourselves a sound moral shaking to discover that we are more than ordinarily happy. Poets are somewhat to blame for this. We all like to imagine our own experience something analagous to that of the rare spirits who inhabit Parnassus, and, when we find them charging the air with sighs and groans, we straightway bethink ourselves whether we have not cause to do the same. We need a poet who shall proclaim the gospel of happiness, the poetry of a glad heart and a smiling lip. He, perhaps, would help to deliver girls from their season of luxuriating in imagined pain.

A grievance which needs exposure can always be found, and the one particular cause for complaint which we have discovered is the lack of works of fiction in our library. As long as a department of such a nature exists, it is presumably for a practical purpose. Since even leisure time is too valuable to waste, the novel corner is generally called upon to furnish reading matter which shall improve and instruct as well as simply entertain. A student who seeks such, knowing the collection from which she can choose in any other department, naturally expects to have a host of good authors at her disposal. Unfortunately her expectations are never realized. What she will find to choose from, if they are "in," will be complete sets of Cooper, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray ; part of the works of Reade, Hawthorne, and Bulwer ; some few particular novels of good name and plenty of books, read in early

youth ; a most meagre array of Howell's novels, two lone ones of James, in fact, almost none of the novels of the present day which should have a prominent place beside those works which have become standard. We should not wish to have our department of fiction made to contain every work which meets with passing favor ; but we do hope the day is near when it will be possible to find any good novel in our library.

The young editor is reformatory ; she enters upon her position with ardor, and regards the collegiate world as divided into two parts,—the editorial board and the abuses which the editorial board is to reform. She may direct her first editorial at the college door-knobs, or the present system of honors. Nothing is too trivial, or too great to be the object of her missionary labor ; but, feeling herself to be wielding an instrument mightier than the sword, the MISCELLANY editor resolves that the world shall be better for it. But there comes a time when, we will not say that professional zeal departs, but that it is turned into different channels. We confess ourselves to have arrived at the point where we perceive that our editorial fire has not materially improved the condition of the college door-knobs, and that the system of honors flourishes unimpaired. We even feel ourselves in the position of the man who thanked heaven all his prayers had not been answered. Some pleasant features have, however, been developed without editorial suggestion, and perhaps the Thanksgiving time is not too far past to make our notice of them inappropriate. Although the laboratory and organ are such recent acquisitions, we are in danger of regarding them as matters of course. But the changes to be made in the studio remind us that our college is a growing one, and that we are fortunate to live in the time when we can feel ourselves to have a part in its growth. The change in the Greek course shows that the attitude of students has a bearing on

the intellectual growth of the college, and makes us wish——
But our editorial is not a reformatory one, and so we only
congratulate ourselves on the pleasant changes already made.



HOME MATTERS.

The Society for Religious Inquiry has, at last, begun to take a practical view of life. After years of quiescent attention to the work of other brains and hands she has awakened to the fact that she may possibly make efficient use of her own. At the first regular meeting of the year, Miss Swift, in a few brief and pointed remarks suggested the advisability of emerging from a passive into an active state of existence.

Miss Leonard followed with an interesting account of the Shut-In Society, unknown to most of us, even by name. Miss West pleaded for books and Christmas cards, to be sent to the Soldiers Hospitals on the Frontier. We had mentally dedicated the greater part of our libraries and all of our most cherished Christmas cards to her cause, when Miss Hillard followed with such a graphic account of the winter work of the New York Flower Mission as to leave us in painful uncertainty in regard to the choice of a final destination for our favorites.

At the close of the meeting, committees were appointed to make collections of books and Christmas cards for the Frontier Hospitals, and to assist in the winter work of the Flower Mission. A committee has also been appointed to take part in the work of the St. Barnabas Hospital in town.

The Society, like the individual, in endeavoring to look at life practically, discovers that money is one of the prime requisites for such vision. Contributions are earnestly solicited in order that the work may be carried further and the influence of the Society be more widely felt.



The number of students remaining in college during the Thanksgiving recess seemed, to our unofficial eyes, about the usual one. The three allotted holidays passed without the occurrence of any unusual event ; but it is a great compliment to the Thanksgiving dinner to say that it was quite as good as its predecessors have been. Thanksgiving evening, as heretofore, was made festive by the supplementary cream and cake, together with old-fashioned games and dancing. More than the usual number of children made the parlors attractive, and served to take off the edge of any formality which the occasion might have offered. A few gladly-received guests from Poughkeepsie added to our pleasure.

The transit of Venus on December 6, the principal astronomical event of the year, was observed by Prof. Mitchell with considerable success. The weather during the morning was unfavorable, and there seemed little prospect of obtaining any satisfactory views. The first contacts, external and internal, were not seen ; but a few minutes after the latter, a break in the clouds revealed the black disk of the planet just within the sun's limb. At half past eleven the sky was comparatively clear. The second internal contact and the last external were observed under favorable conditions. Miss Gardner, resident graduate, assisted Prof. Mitchell in the contact observations. The haziness of Venus' outline, caused, as is supposed, by the planet's atmosphere, was noted, and also an irregularity on its dark surface in the form of a whitish spot near the centre.

Prof Mitchell made continuous observations during the transit with the view of detecting a satellite, but no sign of one presented itself. During midday nine photographs were taken by Miss Whitney, assisted by members of the Junior astronomy class.

The report of the Philaethean entertainment of December 8 gives us peculiar pleasure, not only on account of the excellence of the programme, but because it was carried out entirely by the students and alumnæ of our college. In Miss Foos' graceful welcome to the guests of Philaethea she called the entertainment "a characteristic Philaethean chapter meeting," and, recognizing it as such, we may be justly pardoned for our pride in its success.

An opening address was given, by Miss Jordan of '79, on the necessity of *esprit de corps* in national and social life. While the subject was broad enough to be acceptable to a general audience, and treated in a way which could not fail to make it a delightful one from any standpoint, Miss Jordan secured point and interest for Philaetheans by her skillful application of her text to the Society, saying, "I would have for the aim of our Society, *Esprit de corps*. To Philaethea I would say, 'Conform!' I would even say, 'Obey!' Let 'yours in the bonds of Philaethea' be a pledge to the most complete subjugation of self, to the proudest humility. So may be secured the most perfect symmetry, the most effective unity."

Miss Jacobs of '77 followed with Adams' Christmas Song. It goes without saying that we were delighted to hear her voice once more. It has gained much in fulness since we last heard it in the college chapel, and has retained the sweetness and delicacy that used to charm us. The choice of music was a happy one. Adams' Christmas Song is itself beautiful, and the combination of voice, piano, and organ was an added charm.

The chapel exercises concluded with the reading of an original story by Miss Lyon of '81. We regret that the character of "A Mental Reservation" prevents us from giving, by quotation, any idea of its merit. Having for its subject a chapter from the life of a Vassar graduate, this address was essentially interesting to a Vassar audience, but Miss Lyon made her subject subordinate by the cleverness and spirit, strength and brightness of her literary style.

After the collation in the dining-room, followed the usual promenade concert and dancing, the former being extended somewhat beyond the ordinary limits. The corridor on the second floor, including Miss Hillard's room, and that on the third, including the Lady Principal's parlor, were thrown open to the students and the guests. We fully appreciated the hospitality of our officers in giving up their private rooms for our use.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miss McIlvaine has left college. She carries with her the best wishes of the many friends whom she won during her work among us. Her place is temporarily supplied by Miss Jacobs, of '77.

The Qui Vive Club was invited to the opening of the Senior parlor, Nov. 14.

Extensive and very desirable changes are being made in the Museum building. The studio is to be enlarged so as to include Society Hall; the gymnasium, with the addition of a new stage, is to perform the double function of gymnasium and theatre.

Miss Whitney addressed T. & M. Nov. 19, on the Place of Science in the Education of Woman. The paper was originally written for the Woman's Congress, and gives a thoughtful, thoroughly womanly view of a most interesting question.

The first Phil. play has been deferred until after the Christmas holidays, because of the repairs in progress in the Museum building. The Philalethean Society has decided to give up the chapter hall-meetings this year, since they would, necessarily, crowd the weeks after Christmas, and to substitute a fourth Phil. play in their stead.

Dr. Allen is delivering a series of weekly lectures on the "Skin."

Two new teachers, Misses Pearne and Hartwell, have been added to the music department.

Dr. Sterry Hunt, of Montreal, visited the college, Nov. 29th.

On Dec. 6, between the hours of nine A. M. and three P., an unusual scientific fervor pervaded the college. Girls were to be seen in all available places, armed with smoked glass, often supplemented with opera glasses, all intent upon catching a glimpse of the small black spot upon the sun's disc. In the neighborhood of the observatory the very air was rife with excitement. A large number of students viewed the transit through the MacDonald telescope, and the Senior astronomy class was permitted a look through the large Equatorial.

Gyms began Dec. 5!

The Vassar Brothers' Institute was opened Nov. 28. Mr. John Guy Vassar made the presentation address, and Mr. Buckingham replied. He was followed by Prof. Backus and Dr. Hunt, the latter of whom spoke upon "Subterranean Circulation." Mr. Vassar presented the Institute with \$5,000 to be used as a fund for repairs.

The third meeting of the Society for Religious Inquiry was held Dec. 10. Miss R. Baldwin spoke to the Society about Poughkeepsie charities.

Among the books which have been recently added to the library are the following:

The Science of Law—Sheldon Amos.

Early Christianity—Canon Farrar.

Kant's Critique of Pure Reason—G. S. Morris.

Study of Spinoza—J. Martineau.

The Beginnings of History—Lenormant.

Science and Sentiment—Noah Porter.

Complete sets of Thackeray and Dickens.

The American Statesmen Series :

John Quincy Adams.

John Randolph.

Alexander Hamilton.

Andrew Jackson.

English men of Letters Series :

Gray.

Swift.

Dickens.

Bentley.

DeQuincey.

Sterne.

Locke.

PERSONALS.

'67.

Dr. Louise Geiger McMahan continues her practice of homeopathic medicine at her home in Marion, Ohio, since the death of her husband in August.

'69.

The Misses Liggett, of '69 and '73, have prospered so well with their "Home and Day School" in Detroit that they have outgrown their present quarters, and have begun a new building calculated to meet all requirements for school purposes.

'72.

Miss Brace, of '72, is teaching elocution in the Indiana University.

'73.

Dr. A. S. Whitney, of '73, is resident physician of the New England Hospital, Boston.

'77.

Miss Stevens, of '77, returns to America this month.

Miss Watson, of '77, will study music in Berlin during the coming winter.

'78.

Married, Nov. 15, 1882, in Roslyn Chapel, London, Miss Harriot E. Stanton, of '78, to Mr. Wm. H. Blatch, of Basingstoke, England.

'79.

Miss Penfield, of '79, is spending the year in Poughkeepsie.

'80.

Miss Swan, of '80, sailed for Europe in November.

'81.

Miss M. F. Penfield, of '81, is associate-correspondent of the Society to encourage Studies at Home.

Married, Nov. 7, 1882, Miss Belle Bradon to Prof. R. V. Foster, of Lebanon, Tenn.

The following students have visited the college during the past month: Miss Abbott, of '78, Miss M. N. Clarke, of '79, Miss A. Lyon, of '81, Miss M. E. Jones and Miss L. Stanton, of '82, Mrs. Mix and Mrs. A. Shepard Gillette.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

A new threnody has appeared surpassing in feeling and passion any heretofore seen by us. It is copiously illustrated in a way which shows humor and pathos to be akin. Indeed, the whole lament is characterized by a grim sense of the ludicrous, even in the most tragic events of life. Unlike the classic Threnody, this recent literary production is not confined

entirely to verse ; but, ever and anon, bursts into eloquent prose, as if the author scorned the mechanical restrictions of verse, and felt that sorrow demands the widest freedom. Perhaps it does, and so the *Miscellany* heartily forgives the *Harvard Lampoon*—such is the name of the Threnody—for sundry malicious sentences, which we attribute to the abandon of defeat.

One of the æsthetic covers with which we are becoming familiar bears the name of the *Michigan Argonaut*. We are greeted, on opening the magazine, with a page of advertisements, which doubtless pay well from their conspicuous position, but which are not interesting to the average reader. The matter under “The Fortnight” is quite well written. The purely literary work is represented by several articles, evidently intended to be witty, as they are full of puns and “jokes.” We presume the lack of total success is due to the “Vol. I, No. 5,” which we read on the cover.

The *Williams Athenaeum*, in a scathing exchange note, embodies its ideas concerning college journalism. While we abstain from adopting, as our own, the tone of lofty scorn with which the *Athenaeum* points out to the *Oberlin Review* the falsity of its taste, we heartily believe that college papers are not organs of “heavy essays.” But they may, we own, be mediums for great moral reforms, since, on one page, the *Athenaeum* commends the change in Vassar’s holiday from Saturday to Monday (a change unheard of within the walls of Vassar), and, on the next suggests the necessity for reform in the matter of gossip among college papers.

We had just taken up the *Colby Echo*, and were looking it over preparatory to writing an “exchange note,” when we discovered that it had been graciously pleased with our last publication. We trust that no one, knowing this, will be unkind enough to fancy that any feeling but a critical one

prompts us to write of the *Echo*. Although the paper is not of so high a literary standard as many others, still the articles in the December number were read with much interest. The appearance of the paper is refreshingly clear and perfect.

We don't quite see why "Our Dumb Animals" should be on the top of the exchange pile; the animals are anything but dumb. We sometimes wish the *Athenaeum* would be taken that way in respect to Vassar. "As Usual" in the *Swathmore Phoenix* appealed powerfully to us: it is five minutes of nine and the Ex. notes *must* go in the nine o'clock mail. The *Argo*, as usual, has a good deal of poetry which is far above the customary effusions of the undergraduate pen. The editorials of the *Syracusan* are remarkably good. Literary talent *must* be at the vanishing point at Amherst, when the *Student* is obliged to resort at this late day to parodies on Patience and Oscar Wilde; the only readable articles in the last number were two poems taken from the *Crimson* and the *Athenaeum*, but then that is the way of the *Student*. The *Hamilton Lit.* for November is an excellent number. "Retribution in English and American Fiction" is a novel subject treated in a unique and incisive manner. The Chemist is the best funny poem we have read for some time. The other poetry is almost as good as the *Argo's*. The "Plea for Less Gush" is a sensible and earnest editorial. The *Occident* is the pink of perfection, or perfection of pink, which you please.

The prospectus of the *Atlantic* for the coming year, which is given in the present number, promises unusually fine articles. The most generally interesting number will probably be the dramatization of Daisy Miller, by Henry James. In the December *Atlantic* there are several articles of unusual interest. The papers on "Art and Wealth," and "Our Dark Age in Music" will be entertaining to all who are interested in the growth of art in America. Another of the charming

"Studies in the South" is given, and is fully as delightful as the previous number. The two serials receive important additions, and the first chapters are given of a serial from the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

VASSAR DIALOGUES.

Enterprising Prep. has been discovered stealthily beautifying her nails in chapel.

Charitable Senior: "Well, at least, she was improving each shining hour."

Junior, (trained in Hill's Rhetoric): "I should say she was shining each improving hour!"

Miss A., industriously taking her exercise in the art gallery, to Miss B., who is struggling with the padlocked cases. "What *are* you looking for?"

Miss B., (still wrestling violently with the case) "Prof. Van Ingen says there are some most remarkable heliotropes in here."

Impulsive Westerner: "Roast beef—roast beef—I *am* so tired of roast beef! Do you always have it? Don't you ever have any buffalo meat?"

Judicial Senior: "Oh, yes, we frequently have Buffalo meat. We even have it sometimes from Chicago."

Scene, Lecture Room; Class Condensed German; Time March, '82. Senior translating from Maria Stuart: "Meine Herren, geben Sie in die Hölle,"—Gentlemen, step into the hall." *Sensation.*

Prof. of Rhetoric: "Miss —, you may explicate this notion by the method of particulars."

Miss —, (fixing the professor with her eye): "This method of explanation is only required by intellects of a low order"—Here she is interrupted by disturbance in the classroom."

Enthusiastic Prof. of Physics, discussing the organic and inorganic kingdoms: "Now if I should shut my eyes—*so*—and drop my head—*so*—and should not move, you would say I was a clod! But I move, I leap, I run; then what do you call me?"

Voice from the rear: A clod-hopper!"

Class is dismissed.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Towhead: the Story of a Girl, by Sally Pratt McLean. A. T. Williams & Co., Boston. For sale by Hiram S. Wiltsie.

Plymouth Pulpit. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, N. Y. This firm gives the only report of Mr. Beecher's sermons which is authorized by him. We propose next month to speak of these at some length.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

Academian, Adelphian, Acta Columbiana, Amherst Student, Argo, Argus, Ariel, Athenaeum, Atlantic Monthly, Bates Student, Beacon, Berkeleyan, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Chi-Delta Crescent, Chronicle, Colby Echo, College Journal, College Mercury, College Olio, College Rambler, College Transcript, College Student, Collegiate, Columbia Spectator, Concordiensis, Cornell Era, Cornell Review, Cornell Sun, Crimson Critic, Dartmouth, Dickinsonian, Dutchess Farmer, Exonia'n, Good Times, Hamilton Lit., Hamilton College Monthly, Harvard Advocate, Harvard Herald, Harvard Lampoon, Haverfordian, Illini, Lafayette College Journal, Lantern, Lasell Leaves, Le-

high Burr, Madisonensis, Michigan Argonaut, Nassau Lit., Northwestern, Notre Dame Scholastic, Occident, Princeton Tiger, Princetonian, Progress, Queen's College Journal, Res Academics, Reveille, Round Table, Rochester Campus, Spectator, Student Journal, Syracusean, Swathmore Phoenix, Targum-Tech., Trinity Tablet, Undergraduate, University Herald, Willistonian, Woman's Journal, Yale Lit., Yale Courant, Yale News, Yale Record.

The Nassat Miscellany.

Editors from '83.		Editors from '84.	
C. LENA BOSTWICK,	MARTHA SHARPE,	M. F. L. HUSSEY,	JUSTINA H. MERRICK.
S. F. SWIFT.			
Business Editor: ANNA H. LATHROP.			

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No. 4.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHILALE- THEAN SOCIETY.

The Jesuit lived and labored "For the greater glory of God." "For the greater glory of God," in India, he put on the garb of a devout Buddhist that he might get into sympathy with the natives, and better learn how to instruct them in the true faith. "For the greater glory of God" he carried his missionary work from Cochin China to South America, and from South America to our own savage Hurons and Mohawks. By no special genius did he accomplish so much; the members of the Society of Jesus were often of the humblest material. Nor was there individual inspiration illuminating a whole career of effective work. Yet weakness became strength; tortures, protracted to a great length, were endured by the

Jesuit with unbroken tranquillity. The existence of one vital principle made the society efficient.

The faith of the Jesuit was in his order; to it he gave his life. From the first step in his novitiate, he was taught to dedicate himself, body and soul, to his work. The spirit of attachment to his order, the most ardent that ever influenced any body of men, it is said, is the characteristic principle of the Jesuit, and serves as a key to the genius of his policy.

We see human nature keenly susceptible to this kind of religious, political, or social sentiment. Devotion to party gives the impetus to half of the world's great successes. "I am a Royalist," says Burke. "I blush for the degradation of the Crown." His appeal awakened sympathy more immediately than pages of argument could have done. "I am France!" cried Napoleon. "Go a little deeper," said the wounded Frenchman, as the surgeon probed over his heart for the fatal bullet, "and you will find the Emperor."

The French are pre-eminently influenced by *esprit de corps*. It is their expression for that strong cohesive force which binds together individuals as the earth's molecules are held. How nobly have the French rallied from the desolating shocks which they have suffered, so that commerce is again established, and the government is secure!

The French and the Irish are of the same blood. Both are inspired by the same love of country. Both are quick, versatile, witty, appreciative—but here the resemblance ceases. Wrongs and disasters have dwarfed the greatness of the Irish and exaggerated their weakness. Their career is one of lawless violence. They seem incapable of systematic and sustained effort, they are irresponsible, they lack independence and a strong sense of right. They are vacillating and weak. Their childish inconsistency is expressed in their very bulls. "Unstable as water they cannot excel."

Can we not see to what this difference between the French and Irish Kelt is due?

Co-operation is not *esprit de corps*. We demand not a mechanical mixture, but a chemical compound. Patriotism is not *esprit de corps*. Nowhere is found a more devoted love of country than in the heart of the Irishman—but unity of feeling is lacking, and it was an Irish politician who thanked God he had a country to sell. There ought to be the inspiration necessary to make a mass of individuals like one man—a being of perfect unity.

The hand does not say, "I am the hand. What have you, the will, to do with me?" But with a beautiful play of all the muscles performs its indicated task. And as the hand, by repeated effort, becomes better able to do its work, so shall the subordinate, by reason of his perfect obedience, become deserving of responsibility. "So shalt thou," says Carlyle, "if not govern, yet actually according to thy strength assist in real governing." To illustrate the present unhappy condition of the poor Irishman, Thackeray, in his book of sketches, draws the outline of a typical window, and says: "I have drawn it here, not because it is a particularly picturesque or rare kind of a window, but because, as I fancy, there is a sort of moral in it. You don't see such windows commonly in respectable English inns, windows leaning gracefully upon hearth-brooms for support. Look out of that window without the hearth-broom and it would cut your head off—how the beggars would start who are always sitting on the steps next door?" As an expression of genuine sympathy for the Irish peasant, one writer tells us not to send money to feed each one of the twelve hundred thousand beggars, but to teach him Yankee industry and economy, and infuse into him some motive for keeping his pig out of his parlor, and for conducting the smoke from his miserable peat fire through a chimney rather than through the door.

Such industry and economy would be practised, if only, in the Irishman's composition, could be found that unity of feeling so strong in the French.

Let the Irish cultivate *esprit de corps*, not to be bullied by priest or magistrate, and it will do more for the acquirement of orderly freedom—even in the opinion of Mr. O'Connell himself—than the outbreak of any crowd influenced by any eloquence from altar or tribune.

Our great national cry is Reform. The Republican cries, "Cast aside your old principles and adopt mine!" but the Democrat shouts the same word with an opposite intention. Moreover, to all members of either party the meaning is not the same. Even one section have not the same political views.

To a foreign observer, the government seems curiously indifferent to the possible danger arising from this lack of unity. Fenianism and Nihilism, grimly threatening other nations, here seem lances hurled at wind-mills. No editors are imprisoned for discussing the propriety of making the United States an aristocracy. Nobody is put to torture for proposing to cut up the United States into several republics. The religious opinions of the people correspond in number to their many-sided political views. There is no established church.

The other day a Roman Catholic gentleman said to a somewhat liberal Protestant, "We believe what was laid down when the church was established; you have no fixed faith. A hundred of you, all Protestants, interpret the same passage of Scripture in a hundred different ways, and you modify your belief as you grow older. You are mounting a ladder that leads to nothing."

Oratory affords expression for the old principles of union which bind a people together. Already Americans are saying, "Oratory is obsolete in the United States." In Congress, where speeches now take the most practical tone, and become, as it were, mere matters of dollars and cents, a flight of oratory is derided. We do not expect such rhetoric, except now and then, as it is manufactured for some Fourth of July oration, when the talented speaker winds himself up to the proper pitch, and demonstrates his proposition—to his own satisfac-

tion—not by argument, but by a series of violent gesticulations.

When oratory, the expression for the lofty sentiments of heroic mutual devotion, passes away, and her throne is seized by empty bombast, does not the decline seem sadly significant? A modern writer says, "There is a belief at such times that the world is, for the first time, really wise, and that one of the first duties of mankind is to stamp with the contempt which they deserve, those inconvenient old principles to which generous spirits have heretofore been held in thralldom." The working of such inconvenient old principles has hardly yet been tested in our own government. Scarcely a century has passed since our constitution was framed, yet we look in vain for outward evidence of the principles of union which made a little band of colonists, with one united effort, throw off the English yoke. The descendants of these men are here, but lost to sight in a mass of foreigners. Here are gathered black and white, brown and red; the Englishman with his prejudices, the German with his prejudices, the Chinese and the African.

" For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

That was the prediction! For the United States that prophecy is fulfilled! The national cry, Reform, does not necessarily imply a breaking away from old forms to result in disorganization, perhaps in disintegration. It is rather a call for the closer knitting together of the people, causing a pronounced mutual dependence—Not a mutual *independence*.

Truly there is little in our government of the formal organic union of *military* organization. Some one says, there are many things a soldier will do in his plain clothes, which he scorns to do in his uniform. There is little in sober black broadcloth to foster such a spirit; yet as loyal a heart beats

under broadcloth as under the grand cross of the legion. That fact let us emphasize. Though there be not formal organic union, there is something far better—deep, spiritual harmony! Need we fear the nation's dismemberment by her political parties; or be alarmed lest her sons shall wade in the blood of religious war, while Roman Catholic and Jew and Protestant, in cathedral, synagogue, and church, drape the altar and wear the badge of mourning for our nation's loss?

Esprit de corps is the sacred fire of public and private hearth, burning brightly in the heart of every American. As the Roman Vestals faithfully cherished the flame, lest calamity should come upon the city; so American cherishes his devotion to American, be he what he may. That sacred flame shall burn eternally. It can *never* be extinguished!

We, members of Philaethea, have something to learn from all this. There is, in this subject, a thought for us. I would have for the aim of our Society—*Esprit de corps*. To Philaethea I would say, "Conform!" I would even say, "Obey!" Let "Yours in the bonds of Philaethea" be a pledge to the most complete subjection of self, to the proudest humility. So may be secured the most perfect symmetry, the most effective unity. The student, become a teacher, looks back and approves the conduct to herself as pupil. Inspired by *esprit de corps*, the student may approve in advance. It is easy to be satisfied with what pleases ourselves. Let us learn to be content with what may be necessary discipline.

Let us follow instruction, "Believing where we cannot prove," beyond the point where it commends itself to reason; and so, for fear of erring in the opposite direction—the natural tendency—subject ourselves to authority. So may

"Faith, to calm obedience allied,
Transport our souls triumphant over ground
Where reason halts; across abysses wide
And deep, which reason cannot span nor sound."

Nowhere on the earth's surface is formal obedience so difficult as here in our own rational United States, unless the ac-

tion is spontaneous. Here, from earliest childhood, we have associated with our parents as equals. The parent says "Do this, because you see why you ought to do it," not, "Do this because I say so." By harsh conduct to his child and wilful disregard of his views, the unsympathetic father defeats his own ends. Often he is met with evasion. Sometimes, perhaps, actual estrangement results. On the other hand, the relations of father and child, based upon mutual regard and respect, are happy. Where before a tithe was demanded, and a *tithe* was scrupulously paid: here, where nothing is claimed, *all* is given. Such is the effect of *esprit de corps*.

Mercenaries, paid to fight for a nation, are the first to run. Contrast with them the Old Guard, "that dies, but never surrenders." Cæsar, the most objective historian, says simply: "The standards being lost, all were in confusion." The Roman eagle to the Roman soldier was no combination of wood and metal. It was an emblem—an emblem of that far-reaching organization which brought the commander shoulder to shoulder with the foot-soldier in the ranks. How strong a proof of its emblematic character and its value as a symbol is found in Cæsar's impartial statement of a truth apparently so obvious!

Let me show you a picture.

It is the day of the Grand Review of the troops after our civil war. The sides of the broadest avenue of our national capital are lined with tiers—elevated to a great height—of brilliantly dressed ladies and gentlemen. In one section of the vast throng may be distinguished the President with his cabinet; but, sitting next him in his prominent position, is the hero of Vicksburg and Richmond—greater to-day than any *civil* dignitary.

Up the bright street at last come the long columns of the military—but a remnant of what marched South so short a time ago; but each has grown so great in reputation that the empty ranks are full. As troop after troop passes by, voices grow hoarse with huzzas. Flowers rain down upon

commander, private, drummer-boy. These are the brave men of Gettysburgh and Andersonville. Eyes grow dim, and shouts of joy become inarticulate sobs at sight of one object. It is not the floating stars and stripes of silk and gold, which awaken so much emotion. Proudly aloft, a gallant color-bearer carries a staff—simply a scarred wooden stick, with one poor remnant of blue fluttering at the top. What does this emblem mean to the excited spectators? *Victory*?—Not victory alone. It means successive, long-continued hours of weary drill; it means forced marches through fever-breeding marsh and under torrid sun; it means confinement in foul and cruel prisons; it means facing the cannon's mouth; it means hunger, starvation, death! But who would mutiny or who revolt? Was the commander forced to say, "On, my children, I will lead you into the most fertile country you have ever seen! Endure this, and you shall share with me the richest spoils." Oh, no! For that ragged emblem means order, obedience, subordination cheerfully given, not exacted. It means that heroism was the natural and spontaneous evidence of a lively, spiritual connection, which made the white man call the black man, Brother, and treat him as his friend.

The energy in the Irishman, now exploded in ebullitions of injured feeling, would redeem all the waste land of his island; as the force of Etna could turn all the mill-wheels of Italy.

The test of each one's capacity is her usefulness. Our ends may not be so vital and universal as those of the Jesuit, but they are well worthy of self-sacrifice. They can be attained in no other way. For French *esprit de corps* we can prove that there is in English an equivalent. Like the Jesuit, we can be obedient. We, too, can be loyal. We, too, can show deep purpose and fixed resolve. Such graces we may attain. That the daughters of our Society may be as corner-stones "polished after the similitude of a palace"—each faithfully rendering the aid that is needed, and affording the support expected, "For Philalethea!"—For VASSAR!

E. C. J., '79.

JOHN JENKINS.

The southern part of Illinois is one vast rolling prairie, almost destitute of trees, and covered with coarse grass. Here and there villages are scattered about like mushrooms, having grown up apparently in a night. Whether a railway, a mining, or a manufacturing interest gives the impetus, the buildings always resemble those at eastern seaside resorts for which discontented city people exchange their comfortable houses during the summer months.

A schoolhouse is the first public building erected after the jail is in good working order. The church is usually the last, but never the first-built edifice of a western town. A query is sometimes raised as to what the result would be if that order should be reversed.

In one of these towns, Metedeconk by name, lived Mr. and Mrs. William Jenkins. Mr. Jenkins was an enterprising grain speculator. He was a "self-made man," as are most speculators, had married late in life, and settled in one of these towns, where he carried on an extensive business in grain. His wife's portrait can be delineated in a very few words: 'she was William Jenkins' wife.'

At the time my story opens they had but one child, a boy of ten months, who was, of course, the delight of his parents' hearts. Mr. Jenkins was pleased because he was a boy; Mrs. Jenkins had rather pined for the old days of courtship, when Mr. Jenkins could not find enough pet names for her, and always remembered to bring her some pretty trifle to remember him by. It seemed so different after they were married. It had begun by his calling her Mrs. Jenkins. One night she could control herself no longer and sobbed out her fear that he did not love her as he once did. Man-like he did not know how to treat a woman when she cried. He did not feel like petting her—that would establish a bad precedent; he did not know enough to let her alone; so he began to reason with her.

She told her how utterly absurd she was to expect him to be a father after he had become a husband. She ought to see that two states did not go together. Of course she ought, but she did not. Finally Mr. Jenkins summed up the whole matter and made it more forcible by means of an illustration. He said he: 'When I am trying to catch a train which I have set my heart upon taking, I often have to run; but when I have caught it and taken my seat on board, I don't keep on running, do I? No, indeed: I just take out a newspaper and begin to read; yet that train is of just the same vital importance to me then as it was when I was running. I should regret if anything should happen. Don't you see, now, how the matter stands? Any one with common-sense must!' Of course she did then. Almost anyone would. Or, if she did not, she acted as if she did, and men are always satisfied with that. Appearances are seldom deceitful to them—if the said appearances are but such as they would desire. So Mrs. Jenkins smothered her feelings, and became a model wife. With the boy came back her love. Or, rather, she now had an object upon which she could lavish all her pent-up affection. A short time ago her marriage seemed a mistake, but now it seemed a happy mistake. John was a fine boy, weighed some fifteen pounds, was never known to cry—without very good reason, seemed to know everything that was said to him, in fact, 'he was the smartest child that had ever been born.' So the nurse said, and she had had vast experience with babies. The nurse was right, he was a fine fellow. With a large head, large frame, strong limbs, he bade fair to be an honor to the Jenkins family.

As he grew, he developed a generous, precocious, brave, and resolute nature. No wonder that he was the pride of his father, the joy of his mother. No one could help liking the little fellow, unless it was some of the children who had succeeded him. John had his faults, though his parents were blind to them. To be sure, his good qualities rather over-

shadowed his bad ones, but they were bad just the same. When he was five years old, he had been sent out to play with his two-year-old sister, who was just able to toddle comfortably, but could not yet talk straight. For a little time, they rolled about on the grass, and gamboled as gleefully as did the lambs in the neighboring pasture. But this could not last a great while, especially since something more interesting had attracted John's attention. What child, or even man, does not prefer to learn from his own experience? Tell a child that, if he puts his tongue upon a cold iron railing, it will stick fast, he invariably tries it, and when the skin of his tongue really sticks to the frosty metal, he feels as if he *knew* all about it. That morning John's mother had told him not to touch the green gooseberries, because they would make him sick. To make sure of the matter she had taken him out to the garden and showed him carefully just which bush bore gooseberries. For a time John had forgotten all about the forbidden fruit, but when a little run with his sister had brought him near the bush, he was impelled by a strong desire to taste for himself. "They might make mamma sick," he thought, "but not me. I'm most a man like papa. Papa said the other day that women did n't know everything, and could n't do just what a man could. She thinks that because they make her sick they will make me sick too. I am going to try it and see." He ate one, but it was so very sour that he was glad to spit it out. They were real nice things to play with, though. With a number clasped tightly in his chubby little fist, he went back to the yard with his sister. The children played for a while in the shady arbor, until baby May fell asleep. Then John lay there on his back shooting gooseberries at nothing in particular, until he was tired. As quietly meditating what he had better do next, a bright idea struck him. "Would not those gooseberries just fit in his nose?" He tried it. They fitted even better than he expected. He could not get them out again. He began to cry. Baby May awoke, and hearing

ohn bellowing about gooseberries up in his nose, and, all the time he was trying to get them out, calling loudly for mamma," she ran to the house as fast as her tiny legs could carry her. When she had found her mother she said, "Tum, mamma, Donny's cying. He's dot dooseberries up his nose, and tant det 'em out." Of course, mamma went to her boy's assistance, but Johnny had poked them up so far that it took me and the doctor to remove the gooseberries. Johnny could not be bribed or threatened into telling how they came there, so baby May bore all the blame. The mother thought that John had fallen asleep, and that May had amused herself by poking gooseberries up his nose. John could bear to have the blame laid upon his sister; but he could not stand it to have his own foolishness exposed.

When he was eight years old, he made his first appearance at the village school. He had been carefully taught at home, so he was ahead of the boys of his own age who had begun to go to school almost as soon as they could walk. He soon became a general favorite. He could play leap-frog, prisoners' base, and almost any other game that could be mentioned. He always had some game or mischievous prank to propose, and seemed to be afraid of nothing. The truth of the matter was that he knew no bodily fear, but he was very much afraid of being caught. And he never did get caught. When the schoolhouse bell disappeared, although he was the ringleader, and all the others were discovered, he was not. He had such a frank-looking face, and such a candid way of answering questions, that no one even thought of plying him as they did the other boys. So, fortunately for him—as the boys thought—he was always asked some question which enabled him to get out without telling a direct lie. In recitation, too, he was never called on when he did not know his lesson. So it was no wonder that his schoolmates thought that "John Jenkins was the luckiest boy in school." Yet he had no enemies. Everybody said he was a fine fellow and everybody ought to know.

He grew to be a young man and was still a general favorite. The girls liked him because he was full of fun, good-looking, well-dressed, and gentlemanly; the boys liked him because he was full of fun, "hail-fellow-well-met" with everybody, and always ready for mischief; the old folks liked him because he was full of fun, and yet obliging and respectful. He was attending "The Academy" now, preparing for college. He was in such demand on every hand, that he had little time for study. All boys, and girls too, like to have their days spiced with danger. If they do not have or take time for study, they must invent some plan for getting along without it. It is the mischievous student who is so full of fun that he forgets his lessons, who usually carries off the palm for "cheek." He lives by his wits, and often lives well, too. He is the pet of his friends and the admiration of his enemies. Such was John. He had begun to live by his wits. The first time that he went into class without his lesson, he felt uncomfortable. He could hardly have felt worse if he had been sitting on pins and needles, or had known that there was a volcano under him which was liable to "send forth fire, smoke, and lava" at any minute. He escaped uninjured, and gained courage for the next time. This sort of life began to have charms for him. There was a kind of wild excitement in sitting there, never knowing what he was to be asked or how he was going to answer. The exhilaration of such a state intoxicated him, sharpened his wits. He grew so accustomed to the situation that he could translate at sight, manufacture the principal parts of a verb to order, talk very learnedly on subjects he had never before thought of, in fact, he was lucky enough to graduate at the head of his class. The poor "digs" who considered "life a grind," looked on in amazement. They felt that something or somebody was wrong, but whether it was John or themselves they could not tell. They could only console themselves with the thought that 'virtue is its own reward.'

John Jenkins.

John next went to Yale and passed his examination. He only passed by the best use of all his wits and some knowledge which he had stored at his finger-ends, so to speak, but it did it matter so long as he did pass? "A miss was as good as a mile" any day. He had always found it so, and probably always would. At any rate that should be his motto. He lived up to his creed. He was always ready for anything, could be up the greater part of six nights in the week and yet look as fresh the next morning—much fresher, in fact, than many of those who spent the night in sleep. With all his wit he never got drunk; with all his "flunks" he never got expelled; with all his scrapes he never was expelled. There was not a deacon in the church who could sit up straighter, or listen more attentively, pick more flaws in the minister's sermons, or find more fault with his logic, than could John; yet he had probably spent the larger part of the previous night drinking and carousing with his boon companions. He always "flunked" judiciously. If the greater part of the class "fizzled" he always "fizzled" too; if they "flunked" he "flunked"; if all went off smoothly with the rest, his wits carried him through. Then he always had such good excuses for his part in any college-scrapes, either "he did not know," "he did not think," or else he made an apology at just the last moment, so that he always got off with a slight reprimand. One thing has not been mentioned, he had a splendid memory, and took care to sit between students who always forgot their lessons. In a metaphysical recitation, for instance, he kept one or the other of his neighbors constantly employed in telling him what the next topic was, so that he was always ready when called on. Finally he graduated at a respectable distance from the foot of his class, and began to consider what he would better do next.

Every college graduate thinks he is intended to be a great man. The more successfully he has shirked, and the less he knows, the more he expects to accomplish. The man

whose mind has eluded the discipline of the college curriculum, is the one who considers himself capable of grappling with more complicated questions of government, society, and conscience than ancient philosophers ever dreamed of. After looking on all sides and weighing the subject well, our hero decided that the editorship of a Review, or a Monthly, or even of a newspaper was the best thing for him. It would give him such a fine chance to tell people what they ought to do, and how they ought to do it. He could not find a suitable vacancy on a Review or a Monthly, but finally succeeded in becoming editor-in-chief of the Brownsville *Argus*, a small weekly newspaper published in a country-town of the same size. The paper was paying very well, it had quite a large subscription list for a county-paper; but John rather snubbed the retiring editor when he attempted to show to what its success was due. So John went to work. He gave the people his views on the political questions of the day instead of laying the facts before them and allowing them to judge for themselves. Of course it was stupid in them not to like the diet; but they did not, and John's subscription list began to diminish. Gradually the matter grew serious. He recognized the fact that, if his advice was to do any good, it must be read. So he tried to bribe people to take the paper. He offered chromos, books, sewing-machines, and everything else he could think of as inducements; but it was useless. He had been East so long that he had forgotten, or maybe he never knew, that the only way you can bribe a western man is through women. John's predecessor had bribed the ladies of the county not to marry a man who would not take and pay for his paper. He had intended to tell John about the arrangement; but John would not listen to him, so he had left the young man to his own destruction. John was at last obliged to shut up the office and go home.

His people received him with open arms. His mother remembered him as the baby whom she had loved with all the

John Jenkins.

wealth of a mother's heart, the father thought of him only as the good, bright boy of whom he was so proud. They knew that he had not made a success of his newspaper venture, but they could not think that it was John's fault. He could not possibly make a mistake. But he had. He did not take the lesson very much to heart, though. So when his father gave him a desk in his counting-room, he accepted it with the same object in view—to keep himself in the good graces of everybody, and yet do as little real work as possible. He succeeded in this comparatively well. Such young men always have admirers upon whom they can depend to do all that they do not want to do. Any clerk in the office was not only ready but desirous to do John's bidding. Thus he got on very comfortably.

When his affairs were all arranged to his liking, he concluded that it would be nice to have a wife. That Miss Mamie Grimes, the belle of the town, was the lady to whom he paid his court. John thought that all girls were essentially alike. He chose this one because she was the prettiest and the wittiest girl in Metedeconk. So she was, and that was just the reason that, though she found John's company very enjoyable for—say an evening, she could not think of enduring it for a life-time. She saw that he was conceited—his successes had made him so, and she saw that there was something radically wrong in his character, or he would have been more successful than he was. She was bright, too bright for John; for she saw that the good-looking, smart young man had little left but his wits upon which to live. He had plainly told her all this in his desire to make her feel how much he honored her by selecting her from the crowd of Metedeconk girls. Mamie did not appreciate the honor as she ought. She knew that he had more brains than any young man of her acquaintance, but they showed signs of over-use. She knew that he had a rich father, but then the wealth of a speculator is rather unstable; she felt that, though she might miss unhappiness if

she married him, yet if she did not marry him she would be a mile from all the unhappiness which he could possibly inflict. So her decision was, much to John's surprise, in the negative. He was somewhat nonplussed at first, but being by this time accustomed to just missing things, he soon called her, sour grapes, and went in pursuit of another girl. Mamie's example had a salutary effect on the girls of the town. No girl likes to consider herself second choice, and western girls are not bought up in accordance with the doctrine that the 'chief end of woman is to get married.' Consequently, John missed getting a wife and lived a bachelor.

Thus it was ever. He did not succeed in anything he undertook. People said it was "John's luck." But it was not. If he had not lived the first half of his life by making misses, he would not have kept it up in the latter half. John began to change—but not for the better. Like the Yankee in Mrs. Jarley's wax works, he had been everywhere, seen everybody, and knew everything. Thus, being a perfect oracle, he could speak so positively that it was dangerous to contradict him. Let a young man of his acquaintance but begin some new work, and in less than half an hour John would make him feel 'that it would have been two cents in John's pocket had he never been born.' He sees nothing of hope, nothing of joy, nothing of brightness in this world, or any other. He thinks that it was fate, and not his creed that brought him so low. To him all is dull, gloomy and cheerless. It makes the chills creep over one to talk with him. A new-made deacon is jolly, an owl is cheerful, and a funeral is a festive occasion compared with croaking John. One almost fears that John will one day find himself sitting in a pond with an extra pair of legs and a green skin, doomed to spend the rest of his days in melancholy croakings, and all because 'a miss is not so good as a mile.'

E. S. L., '85.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

Some sixty-four years ago, in Deerfield, New Hampshire, there was born to Mr. and Mrs. Butler a son. While this boy had no hair to speak of, and his teeth were conspicuous for their absence, his father was so struck by his resemblance to a picture of the venerable Philadelphia sage, that he had him christened Benjamin Franklin. The child continued to rejoice in the whole of this cognomen until the growth of his hair in length and thickness rendered the similarity less phenomenal. Then his name began to diminish gradually until he became known far and wide as Ben Butler.

When he was a little fellow just beginning to attend the district-school, his father called him one day and said: "Benjamin, if you want to succeed in life, you must get an idea of what you want to be and to do, and you must stick to it through thick and thin.

‘ The lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime, ’

but you must remember that these great men were all governed by a determination to be somebody and to do something. So the sooner you make up your mind to something and stick to it, the better for you." Perhaps their ideas of greatness were not the same ; but Ben accepted his father's precept, and proceeded to carry it out according to his own interpretation.

He determined, on the spot, that his life should be as sublime as anybody's,—the “foot prints” that he would leave “on the sands of time” should be large—very large. To do this, he must imitate great men. He concluded to select his model from the pages of antiquity—one of the heroes of the “good old times.” It took a long time to decide in whose footsteps he would better tread; but, finally, a very slight circumstance settled the puzzling question by furnishing him with an example. Mr. Butler owned a young, unbroken colt. Ben thought, “that colt shall be my Bucephalus; I will be his Alexander. My destiny shall be that of a mighty conqueror.” One day when the family were all away, Ben succeeded, after a great deal of trouble, in harnessing the colt, leading him from the stable, and mounting him. He drove his spurs into the pony's flanks. The colt snorted, and Ben described a faultless parabola over the head of his fiery steed. History had been reversed; Bucephalus had conquered his Alexander! But it was not for long. Again the boy mounted; again the colt snorted, but this time Ben “stuck.” Bucephalus reared upon his fore legs, then upon his hind legs, then apparently upon both at once; but the plucky rider grasped his mane in both hands, and clung to him until he gave up in despair and became manageable. Ben's face bore the marks of his first fall for a long time; but what of that? he had conquered!

After a time our hero came to the conclusion that, though the ancients might be excellent models for practice in the art of conquering, yet he must first decide upon his world. It was about this time that he paid a visit to the county fair. There, for the first time, he beheld the Governor of the State. But in what a situation! His portly form was actually gracing the “judges' stand” in the midst of the race-course, which seemed to be the most attractive feature of the fair. Then and there Ben formed the determination which has thus far governed his life. He must, sooner or later, be Governor—not of New Hampshire, his native State—but of Massachusetts.

Yes, of Massachusetts, the brightest star in the whole galaxy of States. Of Massachusetts which contains the 'Hub of the Universe,' with its spokes of enterprise, freedom, wealth, and culture reaching to the limiting tire of the farthest boundary of the civilized world. This should be his goal, and he would reach it, too; for the man who devotes himself earnestly and unreservedly to the accomplishing of an object must succeed. But, when his victory should be won, would he consent to serve as judge at a horse-race? Would he accept free tickets to the circus and the theatre? No; never. Such amusements are well enough for small boys and grown-up boys, but men, and above all men called to discharge the gravest of public duties should view such trifles with contempt. A Governor should find enough variety in his duties and experience to furnish all the spice his life might need. His mission must be to show the people how a Governor should conduct himself. Thus reasoned Ben, and he was not far wrong.

As he grew to young manhood, his father tried hard to drill the orthodox doctrines into him, but he would not be drilled. There was only one of them that seemed at all sensible;—"The final perseverance of the saints." He could not see much sense in that, either, as it stands. Said he: "If a man is a saint now and keeps on being a saint, of course he will be a saint,—any fool could see that. But, just change it a little. Let it read:—if a man tries to be a saint, and keeps on trying, he will inevitably succeed. Now substitute Governor for saint, and you have my creed in a nut-shell." And no one can say that he has not lived up to it. He would not have objected to being both saint and Governor,—few men would,—but some way they would not harmonize. Unless a man has the intellect of a Blaine, or the personal magnetism of a Lincoln, he is compelled to be a sensationalist if he wants to win renown. And whoever plays that role does not want a conscience or a superfluity of morals. So, whether Ben hung a traitor, exploded a powder-boat, or impeached a President, he did it for

effect and kept his eye on the audience all the time. People considered him a first-class pyrotechnic display ; but what did he care ? While they were wondering about his next move, they were, at least, not thinking of any one else ; while they were watching to see how he was going to move, they had no eyes for the other players. What if they did consider him a fool or a villain, so long as they could not conceal their interest in him ? That was all he wanted.

Men are always thinking that they have some dreadful disease or other, and are always ready for every new kind of patent medicine. Ben understood this perfectly and made up his mind to be a political doctor. That is the reason why he was first a Democrat, then a Republican, then a "Green-backer," and finally a Democrat. That green-back nostrum of his would have been just the thing had it not lacked one ingredient. He worked hard over it, compounding and mixing until he found that the Boston drug-stores were out of common-sense, and then he knew that the medicine, though it might work well at first, must ultimately fail. Massachusetts is not to be gulled by anything totally devoid of common-sense. Ben says that is the reason he was elected at last. The Democratic patent medicine contained that desirable ingredient, while the Republican did not. The Republicans view it in a different light. They say that, as a party, they were sick of nostrums intended to remove the disease but keep the cause, so they decided to purge themselves of both at once. Whichever statement is true, the result is that Benjamin F. Butler has run the gauntlet, won the prize, and is Governor-elect of Massachusetts. Now the democrats have a chance to see the effects of their own mixtures. Undoubtedly these will go to the right spot.

The Republican newspapers have been in a great deal of trouble ever since the seventh of November. They go far out of their way to advise the 'Massachusetts purist to turn his face to the wall and die ;' they wonder why the State was not

roofed over before Butler's election so that the news could not get out; they get off lofty expressions about the 'return of chaos,' and all that sort of stuff, and yet they are 'so glad that Massachusetts is not so selfish as usual, but is willing to permit outsiders to relish the joke of seeing Ben Butler in the gubernatorial chair!' It is all nonsense. Does anyone imagine that Massachusetts, the centre of culture and wisdom, did not know what she was about? Does anyone think that she will ever have occasion to be ashamed of her Governor, that far-famed apostle of perseverance? What if some did vote for him 'out of curiosity;' suppose that others 'voted for him because they were fatalists,'—because they saw that 'he must and would be Governor sooner or later;'—let both charges be granted, did not both classes vote for him because he was the man for the time? The times demand a smart man, and Massachusetts has him. If he were not a smart man, the people would either know what he was going to do next, or else not care. Were he not a smart man, no one would consider him a 'fate not to be avoided or averted.' A good many voted for him as a reformer. Why not? Is not the man who gave New Orleans the best sewerage she ever knew just the man to work a reformation in the political drainage system?—The people *have* answered, and posterity shall respond with a loud "Amen!"

In Butler's opinion, the people of America do not know what they want, but they will never be satisfied until they get it. He thinks that they are nearer the goal of their wishes than they imagine, and defines their want as a desire not to be poor. Before they can be satisfied, the poverty of the masses must be obliterated. The maker is, of course, entitled to all he can make. The laboring class is the creator of wealth, and should possess its creation. How this is to be brought about, he does not yet know; but he expects to find out. The taxes have to be reduced. "The way to do that, is," he affirms, "to keep stricter accounts, to put none but honest men in office, to

abolish all commissions, and to stop furnishing kid gloves for legislative committees." The Democrats have begun well by electing to the office of Governor, one who so thoroughly understands the needs of his State, and appreciates his own ability to supply these needs. Let them go on in the good work they have begun. They will probably have to re-elect Butler many times before he can accomplish all his contemplated reforms. But he will not object.

So keep him there, ye pure-minded Democrats, whose whole duty is to guard the honor, the success, the prosperity, and the glory of the commonwealth, and whose desire is to show how the interests of capital can be protected without infringing upon the rights of labor. Your medicine is ready mixed and needs only to be administered. Give the people a dose and rid politics of its impurities. No matter if it takes more than one dose, you have plenty of it, so keep on until you succeed, as you must in the end. Your leader did, you see, and it can not take the united party so long as it did a single man.

But two men ever lived who were entirely agreed upon a definition of orthodoxy—Noah Webster and Joseph Worcester. The rest of the world pretends to be governed by their opinions, but its actions give the lie to its professions. Its ideas on the subject are really as different as possible. How can it be otherwise so long as 'many men have many minds?'

The theory which seems to be generally accepted is that all who believe in the doctrines of Calvin are orthodox, while Unitarians, since they do not believe in the Trinity of the Godhead, and Universalists, because they do believe in a one-sided predestination which dooms everybody to be saved, are worse than heathen. Then, in spite of the fact that it is theory and not practice which is called in question, the Roman Catholic is entered in the same category, without the produc-

tion of so much as a single argument to prove that his tenets are incompatible with Calvinism. Again, even the so-called orthodox churches do not agree. The Baptist denounces the Methodist as unorthodox, because he does not believe that immersion is the only baptism; the Methodist casts opprobrium on the Baptist because he refuses to baptize infants; and the United Presbyterian declines to worship with the Presbyterian, who does not consider it sacrilegious to sing hymns less ancient than the Psalms of David, and persists in using instruments more melodious than the average human voice. What wonder is it that men begin to consider an orthodox denomination a myth? Then, again, no two persons view the same subject in exactly the same light. How many agree upon the meaning of "the Trinity?" Does the phrase "three persons in one" mean three beings united by perichoresis, three "mutual inexistences," three "differences," three "contemplations," three "somewhats," or does it mean nothing? Most of us would take the latter definition!

Does the opinion of the majority constitute orthodoxy? If it does, an Irishman is orthodox while he stays in Ireland, but when he emigrates to America he loses his chance of getting to Heaven. John Chinaman is safe if but his dead body reach the Celestial country; but Pat must return alive to that land of poverty, hunger, and dirt where the majority believe in the infallibility of the Pope, or else he must change his religion with his residence. Doubtless he would choose the less of two evils. So, if one takes the opinion of the majority in any one country as his guide, he must stay there; if he accepts that of the majority of humanity, he will be a Mohammedan; if he follows that of the majority of the people of civilized nations, he must be a Roman Catholic. Is it wonderful that he considers an orthodox man, even, a figment of the imagination? If orthodoxy means right doctrine, if the right doctrine is that which leads to Heaven and must, consequently, be held by all Christians; if belief in it wholly and exclusively be essential to

salvation, Calvinism is not orthodoxy, although a Calvinist may be orthodox.

What, then, is orthodoxy? Starting with the premise that orthodoxy is the road to Paradise and so to God, it is necessary to believe that there is a Paradise, and that there is a God, and that the Bible and nature are the inspired revelations of His will to man,—the method of inspiration makes no difference,—the man who accepts these facts and tries to live in accordance with his own honest interpretation of God's will as revealed in the Scriptures and in Nature, must be orthodox—his belief must be orthodoxy.

“But,” it is objected, “this theology will admit within the pale of orthodoxy many who are now excluded—even Henry Ward Beecher.” Granted, and why not? You cannot shut him out of Heaven, and until he is shut out, you have no right to call him unorthodox, unless you are willing to admit that orthodoxy is not necessarily the road to Paradise. “But you include Romanists, too?” Certainly; those who believe in the revelation of God and live in accordance with it must be included, and it is hard to leave out those who, through ignorance do not discriminate between obedience to God and obedience to the Priest. “Then, you would do away with sectarianism?” Of course; if there is any good reason why all Christians should not stand upon this firm ground, a band united against their powerful enemy, it is yet to be heard. Lack of faith in God and His Word will deprive a man of eternal Life; want of faith in nothing else will do this: therefore, let all men believe in God and interpret the Bible, each for himself. Then let the Christian church devote the time and strength now spent in wrangling, to bearing one another's burdens and so lessen the world's woe. It would be far better to spend more time in saving souls than in explaining, interpreting, analyzing, and revising creeds. At present, the main object of the orthodox churches seems to be, to overlay and cover up the foundation of their faith with huge piles of curious learning, history,

and art. They take no note of the fact, that they are so adorning the columns of the structure with sculptured frieze and gilded cornice as to cast over the chief corner-stone a dark shadow. The time is coming when this must cease to be. The possession of a string of dogmatic propositions may be the desire of the lazy dreamer, but not of the thinker. Men are thinking for themselves and spurn a ready-made creed. An honest man prefers the peace of Heaven to that of Eden, and counts it no disgrace to be a "doubting Thomas" with respect to that which is not fully proved.

"The dear little ranch! Don't let's go, girls. I can't say good-bye to it." I uttered the words with a fellow-feeling for Eve's, "Must I leave thee, Paradise?"

Nell jerked her head impatiently, as though to shake back the tears that brimmed in her eyes, and I, with the instinct which makes one always go from what he loves with eyes behind him, turned in my saddle for a last long look at our "Eagle's Nest." There it lay in the August twilight, the home where we girls, Helen, Fannie, and I had spent our summer—the prettiest ranch in Birch Creek Valley. Seven one-storied log buildings, the majority of them turf-roofed, were scattered around in that picturesque disorder and extravagance of space which characterizes the country where, for square miles upon square miles, nothing but the ground-squirrel would dispute man's occupancy. Seven buildings of various gradations of elegance, from the hen-house up to the ranch proper with its bow-window and piazza and its unexampled adornment of ten small cottonwood trees in a row in front. True, the house was of logs; but the logs were good smooth ones, and any lack of paint or imposing height was more than compensated for by the bow-window and roofed piazza! Out in front was a stretch of green grass, coarse and unkept to be

sure, but still green grass, not that dried up Montana bunch-grass which is certainly ugly enough to possess all its lauded merit. And the grass led down to more greenness in the shape of low willows fringing the little winding creek. Perhaps ten small trees, a patch of meadow, and some willow bushes may not appeal to the Easterner as a lavish supply of verdure: but let him ride over the treeless, yellow miles which surrounded our "Eagle's Nest," and he would realize the extent of our debt to nature and irrigation. Off in the distance were the snow-streaked Rockies, which had looked at us during the broiling July days with such an exasperating air of perpetual coolness. And still further away, with peaks dimly outlined against the horizon, were the Crazies, irregular, weird, uncanny,—“and all the land was dim with dreams”—always changing, always with a mystic light upon them, the “Passing of Arthur” in earth and rock.

“Come, Yellowstone! Get up, Taffy-splasher!” Mr. Harrington called to his horses. We rode to the first of the three gates in the straggling rail fences with which Mr. Harrington, after the manner of the Montana ranchmen, protected various portions of his land, then Nell said to her brother:

“I guess I’ll go down to Laney’s for the mail, Tom. You and Fannie drive on to the camp, and I’ll catch up. Clara, do you want to come with me?”

“Yes, if Flakie can keep up,” I answered.

“Hit her, goosie,” called out the frankness of friendship from the wagon.

“I shan’t do it. Come, Flakie; get up, bonnie;” but neither my persuasive tones, nor a series of gentle taps with the whip, could induce my little cayuse—who, be it distinctly understood, could go when she agreed with me that the occasion demanded it—to strike the headlong pace adopted by Nell’s ramping Nettie.

“Go on!” I shouted after her, at last. “I’ll meet you somewhere on the way back.” And away she dashed, the

pony occasionally venting her exuberant vitality by sidewise waltzing over the prairie, and Nell keeping her seat with that fearless grace which made her seem Nettie's twin-soul in human form.

We had passed through the last of the gates, when Nell shot out of sight, and Mr. Harrington and Fannie turned off in the direction of our first camping-place, leaving Flakie and me alone together. Flakie was just the pony for a solitary ride on the Montana prairies. One's consciousness that, in case of emergency, she could lay back her ears and make her ten miles an hour, relieved her rider from any anxiety concerning prospective attacks of bears or cattle, while her usual sleepy gait was just suited to a prolonged contemplation of neighboring objects, and the uninterrupted flow of one's own thoughts. "Thinking," though, seems almost too active a turn to apply to these mental operations. Rather do those great, rolling, treeless, houseless prairies, with the far-off Rockies for boundaries, stretching away in magnificent trust that Nature has room for their emptiness, penetrate your soul, and enlarge and tranquillize it. You forget to wonder how you look; you do not think it necessary even to investigate the state of your feelings; hurry and worry belong to another world; troubles dwindle; life looks very simple.

In such a mood, we jogged quietly along, Flakie and I, until we came to rather a deep stream, which Flakie objected to fording, and which, after various ineffectual arguments with her, I had concluded that it was not necessary to cross, when I saw Nell appear in the distance leading Nettie.

"What's the matter?" I shouted, when she was within hearing distance. "Did she throw you?"

"No: she suddenly fell down and rolled over. No, I'm not hurt," she said in answer to my questioning look, "I got off before she rolled on me. Whoa, Nettie! Hush. I think she caught her foot in a rut. There, Nettie, s-h—. I can't discover that she's hurt anywhere."

"Aren't you afraid to ride her through that stream? If I can get Flakie across, we'll ride double."

Nell gave one look at my pony, which, when saddled, was said by those who did not regard her with the eye of affection to resemble nothing so much as an enormous red-roan pillow tied in two in the middle, and then, without deigning to thank me for my kind offer, mounted her own little bay.

"Clara, your blankets are slipping. They'll be off in a few minutes." Nell gave me this pleasing information just as we had crossed one of the fords of the tortuous little Smith River, and were about to strike out into the prairies beyond, where a large herd of cattle were grazing.

"What'll we do about it?" I asked rather weakly.

"You'll have to get off and let me saddle her over again."

Now, I have no feminine terror of mice; I am not afraid even of spiders or caterpillars or short snakes. But a cow! not to mention a whole herd of cattle! and the fact that I wore a red waist, and that there was not a tree or a fence for miles! But never would I confess to a fear which Nell apparently did not share; so down I slid, and my intrepid friend proceeded to divest Flakie of her trappings.

They were all lying on the ground, and Nell was just preparing to refold the blankets, when the quiet grazers became inspired with a desire to investigate us more closely. My fatal red waist! I crouched close to the ground, reaching up one trembling hand to hold the blankets which Nell was rapidly putting on, while nearer and nearer came the dreadful beasts, looking at us with great, inquisitive, brown eyes.

"There, Clara, quick! Get on!" Nell cried, as she gave the "sinch" a hasty buckle, and sprang for Nettie's back.

"Get on!" Yes: that was all very easy to say; but quite another thing to do on a bare, rockless prairie, when one's organs of locomotion measured no more linear inches than did mine. However, I achieved the feat, by dint of much scrambling, only to discover that I had forgotten to catch the bridle-rein, and

that Flakie was proceeding to put her foot through it. Still nearer came those dreadful horns. I looked helplessly at Nell. At some Byronic periods in my existence I had flattered myself that I was weary of life ; but, for various reasons, I changed my mind now.

But Nell was a young woman of expedients. "I'll drive them off, Clara. Then you get down and fix it." And away she charged, wildly waving her arms and shouting at the retreating enemy.

We had forded the creek at an unfamiliar place, and our late adventure had not tended to clarify our ideas concerning direction, consequently we did not find the trail very readily, and it was quite dark before we reached the camp. The fire was throwing a weird, witch-like radiance over the tents and wagons and moving figures, and the very abandon of gypsy-life seized us, as we dismounted from our horses, and proceeded to investigate the preparations for supper. Sundry vessels, pendent from the hooks of the iron tripod over the fire, were steaming and bubbling in a most appetizing manner, and over them bent Oscar, with uplifted fork and critical eye. Oscar was—well, what was Oscar? Cook, "help," protégé of the family, Yankee, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. You needed but one glance at his keen, restless, wide-awake eyes, his lank, alert figure, to label him "New Englander" at once.

"What have you there, Oscar?" Fannie asked, as she saw him put some hot coals upon what appeared to be a covered iron kettle.

"That's my bread. Best bread made. Bet you don't get no better at Vassar. You see, Fannie, I heats this iron oven red hot, puts some coals under it, and pops on this cover. Ain't that pretty now?" surveying fondly the round, flat loaf as he took it out, and tapped it to see whether it was done.

"Girls, don't you want to come in and see what kind of a place we ranchmen live in?" called Mr. Harrington from the door of the log hut near which we had encamped.

"Hold on, Tom! Ain't you ashamed to ask in the ladies before the gas is lighted," answered Oscar. "Wait a minute, girls, till I turn on the chandelier," and he skipped away to the wagon and produced a tallow candle stuck in the neck of an old bottle.

"Ten of us lived here, girls, that hard winter of '80, when so many of the sheep died."

We looked around us. A single medium-sized room, walled and floored with logs and lighted with one infinitesimal window, a cooking-stove, a table built up against the wall, a cupboard, a shelf with a clock on it, and two manger-like structures evidently considered in the light of beds—this was the severe simplicity which met our eyes.

"Did *you* live here, Tom?" asked Fannie in rather shaky tones, as she gave her brother a tremendous hug.

"There! there! I didn't mind it. I had to look out for my herders, you know. You don't mind such things so much in this country."

"This country!" There it was again. Ever since we had come to Montana, we had heard men, women, and children speak of it as "this country," in a half apologetic tone, as though they wished to disclaim its acquaintance. Poor Montana! my heart really began to warm toward it—it seemed so like some happy-go-lucky little street gamin whom people kick and cuff and make run errands, and find so bright and useful that they grow fond of him, but with whom they are too "respectable" to own acquaintance, and who, to the end, never belongs to anybody.

Our ride the next morning was through a typical variety of Montana scenery. For twelve miles we did not catch sight of a single bit of green grass, or a single tree nearer than the foot-hills of the Rockies; nothing could we see but stretch after stretch of baked-looking soil covered with equally baked-looking grass and clumps of sage-brush, resembling, in the distance, huge potato-patches. We camped at noon in the

midst of a desert diversified by a stream of clear, pure water. That may seem a paradox ; but it is only one of the eccentricities of the country : a brook, "crick" in Montana vernacular, does not necessarily imply any other effect upon the landscape than the cutting of a channel through the soil.

In the afternoon we rode through more sage-brush ; green grass and trees had begun to seem things of another world, wild, poetic fancies existing only in dreams, when, toward night, we came upon Cottonwood Creek.

"Oh, if this isn't delightfully civilized !" sighed Fannie with an air of intense satisfaction. And I could have hugged those trees. They looked like elms, and we had not seen an elm since June. They wreathed their branches over the little creek and tangled the sunlight in their leaves, until only a few stray beams found their way to a flickering rest on the water ; they threw a kindly shade over the grass at their feet, which waved its thanks in luxuriant greenness. There were little trees and big trees and bushes and quantities of grass ; nature seemed to have forgotten that it was Montana, and to have dropped down here a bit of a New England Valley.

So overpowering was the effect of the unusual sight, that Mr. Harrington, Oscar, and Cliff, stretched lazily on the grass, all gave themselves up to the contemplation of the scene, and forgot to "hobble," or otherwise fetter our fifteen horses, utterly oblivious of the fact that our noble steeds might have a predilection for home, until it was nearly bedtime. Then Cliff—genus, boy ; variety, thin, wiry, nimble ; propensities an insatiable desire to scale the sides of precipices, and to ride break-neck horses ; occupation, keeping track of the quadrupeds of the party—was suddenly awakened to a sense of his responsibilities by Mr. Harrington's : "Cliff, where are the horses ?" He was off like the wind ; captured what he affectionately called his own "old crowbait," and began the hunt.

"Stop the horses as they come in," called Mr. Harrington over the hill about half an hour later. In they dashed, and we

took our first lesson in what was afterwards an every-day operation. With fiercely waving out-stretched arms, we girls, Mr. Harrington, and Oscar, placed ourselves in the path of the truants, while Cliff skirmished around the outskirts of the corral until we gradually hemmed them in between the wagons.

“Experience, girls!” cried Fannie, “isn’t it fun!”

The next afternoon we began the ascent of Bridger’s Pass. All day long the mountains had been before us, and we had scanned them with curious eyes. How could we get over them? Where was there an opening? A bit of road arched with cottonwoods; a short, sharp descent with a rushing stream at its foot—then we looked up and saw our road. Up and up, did it climb into the sky? We began to think so as we toiled up hill after hill, only to see another stretching beyond. There was no lack of trees now. They flecked the road with dancing shadows; on both sides they stretched away into interminable depths of shade; they transformed the heights above and around us into curves of solid verdure; they grew everywhere with a prodigality that was glorious after our sagebush wastes. We camped that night in the Rockies. Around us, wherever we looked, towered mountains, up to heights where they lifted uncovered heads into regions of perpetual snow. “We are in the Rockies,” we said, over and over to ourselves and to one another. It seemed the only expression for the overwhelming sense of our own littleness and nature’s greatness.

We began the descent Sunday morning. That was more “experience.” Now the brake was ground against the wheels until they could not revolve, but were dragged motionless down the hills; now the wagon tipped until it seemed that a hair’s breadth more would send us rolling down the mountain side; now we plunged down the steep banks of the streams that rushed across the road; now we rode quietly along over level stretches and found time to recover our breath, and drink

in the beauty around us. The golden sunshine, the bits of flower-sprinkled grass, the yellow-green lichens, and the swaying pines—what a sermon they preached us! We gave ourselves up to the pure bliss of living with an abandon that left no place for anything but content. It was good to have been born; it was good to live; it was the best thing in the world to be on our way to the Yellowstone. We had no self, we were incorporated into a glad creation. But in the afternoon we reached Bozeman. Bozeman is a flourishing village with decided pretensions to the amenities of life, and no sooner had we sniffed its air than our sweet self-unconsciousness vanished like the early dew. Mr. Harrington and I cast furtive glances at each other with a mutual sense that we were both very dirty, and our clothes and equipage far from elegant. Nell vigorously applied her whip to Flakie, for whom she had exchanged Nettie; Fannie gave Harry a sharp cut; Oscar drove the provision wagon furiously; and Cliff made wild dashes to collect the loose horses. But the dust stayed on; Flakie would not be started out of a walk; even Harry refused to hurry; no kind mist hid from view the rattling kettles and projecting bedding of Oscar's wagon; and the loose horses improved the opportunity to disperse in all directions as soon as we reached the main street.

We discovered that civilization was improving neither our spirits nor our tempers, and we fled from it as fast as circumstances would permit.

Editors' Table.

De temporibus et moribus—concerning tempers and manners and the precise relations which exist between them, we wish to ask a few questions, which, perhaps, the editor who looks after them, will be kind enough to answer at her leisure. Is there any permissible connection between them? Reasoning from authority, we should say not. No code of ethics with which we are familiar says, "Do unto others as they have just done unto you," or permits one to emulate the hermit or the turtle because things have gone wrong, and he feels disinclined to "give to him that asketh" advice or amusement. Nor has any manual of etiquette ever reversed Emerson's dictum, "The gentleman is quiet, the lady is serene." But empirical evidence shows an almost invariable, if unnecessary sequence, between a ruffled spirit and a lack of social grace. A curt answer or a biting sarcasm among us almost always points backward to a delayed letter, an inopportune caller or a snub in office hour. Moral principle *may* seal our lips. It will rarely do more. It will rarely keep us from carrying about a pervading atmosphere of discontent and worry which is about as pleasant for our associates as a London fog. Courtesy should tide us over our moods. Why does it so often fail in the best born and bred? Our own private theory is that it is because of a genuine but much misplaced humility, which leads us to fancy ourselves social factors of so little value that the sum of human happiness will add up just the same wheth-

or our signs are plus or minus. Do let us cultivate conceit to the extent of being unobtrusive!

"Will you take this hat, then, Madam?" "Well, I don't know. I think it's becoming, don't you? And it comes down over my ears, too. My husband always wants me to keep my ears covered up in winter. I'm so subject to neuralgia, you know. And I do suffer so with it! I don't think it looks very well to bundle up one's ears; but comfort before looks, is my motto. Yes: I don't know but I will take it." We overheard this dialogue in a crowded milliner's establishment not long ago, and it struck us as typical of the way in which many women transact business. (Not that the tendency is confined to the one sex. Far from it! But we have had better opportunities to observe its workings among those of our own kind.) Ask a woman a question which can be answered by "yes," or "no," and she consumes fifteen minutes with her reply. Let her come to you for information, and she gives you the greater part of your past history and future hopes before she gets to the point of her inquiry. Now this is a charming little idiosyncrasy: its effect is so soothing upon the nerves and temper of her interlocutor. It is, moreover, a delightful psychological study, especially when you are in a hurry, to trace the workings of the female mind as it meanders unrestrainedly from topic to topic. You feel that time is no consideration when you are thus affording your companion an opportunity to cultivate her social propensities. You even congratulate yourself on the mental discipline which you are acquiring, as you endeavor to discover the point at which she is aiming. A simple and direct answer to your question would be so un-
rhetorically straightforward, so unsocially curt, and would, moreover, consume so little of that time with a superabundance of which Americans are, proverbially, burdened. The

one fault which we have to find with the higher education of woman is, that we see in it a decided tendency to cultivate accuracy of speech in her—an evil which some of our students evidently realize and are guarding against by the laudable practice of evolving and expanding in class-room recitations. We commend the practice to all Vassarites as a sure antidote to the cultivation of undesirable habits of straightforwardness and brevity in business transactions.

Just now, while the college is so exercised on the subjects of charity and kindness, seems a fitting time for the MISCELLANY to utter a wail it has long contemplated—subject: "The Children at Our Gates." One professor after another has fled with his family before our face, and taken refuge in town. "I don't think," pathetically remarks one of them, "the students realize how much candy a child *can* eat, if twenty young ladies each give it a little." Is there not evidence in our midst, that the continual dropping of kisses, whether or no it will wear away a stone, will, at least, remould the flexible cartilage of a child's nose? It is not so very long since the students were publicly forbidden to kiss the professors' children, because not only the tempers but the features of said infants were endangered. What shall we say of the more serious danger to the intellects of the children who frequent our grounds? Let each student ask herself what would be the probable state of her mind after she had three hundred times in twelve hours stared dumbly in response to the facetious query, "Sled, where are you going with that little boy?" and answered, "Yes, ma'am" to the question "Do you like to slide down hill?"

"Well may the children fly before you ;
They are weary ere they run."

The boy who sells candy lies rather beyond our jurisdiction, but we humbly venture to think that even he may be tired of

being asked to give away his candy, or take his pay in buttons.

To the small part of the United States represented by Vassar College the censure of Herbert Spencer that Americans live in too much of a hurry is preeminently applicable. Setting aside all other considerations, we must, all of us, feel the evil that arises from our fevered chase, in the shallowness of nature which it engenders. We rush from one duty or pleasure to another without taking a moment's time for quiet thought; and we pay the penalty by a dwarfed and stunted growth. Not that we do not analyze and dissect ourselves enough; it is the bane of our life here that we probe at ourselves to the verge of maddening self-consciousness. But we do not give sufficient time to the contemplation of what stands to us for the highest good. Let a man do his work ever so faithfully, the fact is undeniable that he cannot be the broadest, deepest, most comprehensive nature, unless he works with an ideal of character and achievement before him, and lets the ideal sink deep into his heart. We are calmer, stronger, we are indefinitely broader, for every hour's quiet reflection upon our ideal—whether we name it God, or whatever we call it. A life, as well as a stream, can rise no higher than its source.

HOME MATTERS.

Dr. Ritter, true to his custom, sent us home for our Christmas vacation with the music of a fine concert ringing in our ears. We were glad of the opportunity he gave us for becoming acquainted with some of Boston's fine musicians, not that we have by any means tired of our old friends; but being inmates of Vassar, we would be cosmopolitan.

The concert opened with Beethoven's Grand Trio in B flat major, and it surely was never more beautifully rendered in our chapel. Dr. Maas's accompaniment was perfection; never in any way prominent or attracting attention to itself, it yet harmonized and united the other parts, making one grand whole. The trio was the gem of the evening. No other selection approached it in grandeur of meaning or depth of sentiment.

Mr. Wulf Fries's rendering of Lachner's Andante and Popper's Gavotte, we greatly enjoyed. He plays with finish and style; but in the Andante, where feeling and expression are called for, we felt a lack. We were not moved out of ourselves as Bergner sometimes moves us. The Gavotte was peculiar, and was played with an abandon and brilliancy that compelled favorable criticism.

Dr. Maas, in the six numbers of his selection, certainly gave us variety, and the fact that every number was most enjoyably rendered speaks well for his versatility of style. Chopin's Polonaise in A flat major, opus 53, was wonderfully played. Dr. Maas's execution is very clear, and he unites, in an unusual manner, great power with extreme delicacy. We were glad to hear two numbers from Dr. Ritter's suite so well played. Of the other selections lack of space forbids special mention.

Signor Campanari and his violin completely won the audience. His playing is, perhaps, hardly finished yet, in fact it was almost ragged in spots, but there was in it genuine depth of musical feeling.

The last Trio, by Gade, closed for us a most delightful evening. In fact, the general opinion of the college seems to be that it is a long time since we have listened to a concert that was so thoroughly enjoyable throughout as this one of December 15th.

Home Matters.

Now often, in these first days of the New Year, one hears the question, "Did you stay in College during vacation?" and when an affirmative nod is given, another question, spoken in a pity-tone, follows: "Did you have a nice time?" an incredulous expression meets the statement that the stay-at-homes enjoyed themselves vastly.

Christmas was the opening day of our college festivities. The dinner fairly made the tables groan under their burden. A dainty little feast served in Room I, at 6 p. m., was followed by a merry evening in the parlors. Then the days passed in a pleasant dream of lounging, reading and resting until Friday evening, when a children's party was given by Miss Goodell to celebrate the birthday of two students supposed to be twelve girls of seven years. All the invited appeared in youth-costumes and seemed to have laid aside their identity with their long dresses; for several veritable children who were present looked with grave astonishment upon their pranks. On

New Year's day came the counterpart of the enjoyable Christmas dinner together with a notice that callers would be received in the evening in the Lady Principal's parlor. The first guests sent in caused the receivers some astonishment; but they soon appreciated the situation, when Oscar Wilde and Dr. Hirsch appeared, followed by such distinguished men as Secretary Lincoln, Jay Gould, and numerous renowned Army and Navy Officers. Nor was the vacation entirely without interest; for one afternoon was spent by most of us, in exploring the Water, Gas, and Glass Works of Poughkeepsie, under the guidance of Mr. Van Vliet. The heartiest thanks are due to Mr. Goodsell and the teachers who remained in College for their thoughtful consideration of our holiday enjoyment, and their successful efforts to secure it.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Christmas vacation began Wednesday noon, Dec. 20.

The committee for Founder's Day has been appointed. Miss Cushing is Chairman.

Prof. Cooley delivered the inaugural address of the Scientific Section of the Vassar Brothers Institute, Dec. 13., subject—Science of the Present Century.

Dr. Caldwell and Miss Goodsell each presented the Philalethean Society with a most generous Christmas remembrance, in the form of a cheque for fifty dollars. The thoughtful kindness which prompted the gifts at a time when the Society stands so much in need of new stage furnishings, and the hearty expressions of good will to Philalethea which accompanied them, were thoroughly appreciated by the Society, as was shown by the prolonged and most enthusiastic applause with which they were greeted.

Prof. Backus addressed T. and M., Dec. 16, on Civil Service Reform.

Mr. Leutz, instructor in the German Department of Harvard, visited the College during the past month.

About thirty-five students remained at the College during the Christmas vacation.

A very pleasant Christmas service was held in the Chapel Dec 17, in which the following musical selections—"Von Himmel hoch," Adams' "Christmas Song," "Adeste Fideles," and Gounod's "O, Sing to God"—alternated with appropriate Scripture readings by Dr. Caldwell. Miss Jacobs' exquisite rendering of the "Christmas Song" was a most fitting preparation for the Christmastide.

Miss Raymond visited Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island, Dec. 23, and saw distributed the Christmas offerings sent to the hospital by the Society for Religious Inquiry.

Miss Helen Banfield, of '79, is temporarily filling Miss Hake's situation during the absence of the latter.

Sir Richard Temple, who recently visited the College, has presented to the library his work on "India in 1880."

A reception was given to Prof. Mitchell in Boston, Dec. 30, by the Woman's Club of that city.

Miss DeWitt supplies the vacancy in the musical department left by Miss McIlvaine and temporarily filled by Miss Jacobs.

Several desirable changes in the buildings have been made during vacation. The studio has been completed and is now in use. The accommodations for the Natural History students have been improved and enlarged by throwing the packing-room into the one formerly used by them, and by cutting a door through into what was last year Dr. Ritter's office, but what is now to be devoted to the use of Prof. Dwight's department. The change was a much needed one, and was hailed with delight by all interested. The seats in the Lecture Room have been turned so as to face towards the south, and a door has been cut between the room and Miss Goodsell's office. Hereafter students are to wait for their turn during office hours in the Lecture Room instead of the hall. Those of us who have nearly put out our eyes in the vain endeavor to study as we sat, the impatient twentieth, in the line outside the Lady Principal's door will doubly appreciate the thoughtfulness which has changed our quarters.

Chapel exercises were excused Sunday morning, Jan. 7, and the students allowed to attend service in town.

The Week of Prayer was observed at the College by daily prayer meetings, held in the Lecture Room, at 9:15 P. M.

PERSONALS.

'74.

Married, Dec. 21, 1882, Miss C. E. Johnson, of '74, to Mr. Duncan Dunbar Parmly, of New York City.

'75.

Married, Dec 21, 1882, at Saugerties, N. Y., Miss M. C. Sheffield, formerly of '75, to Mr. C. F. Cantine, of Kingston, N. Y.

'78.

Miss Sarah L. Day and Mrs. Harriet Ranson-Milinowski, of '78, are studying at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Married, Nov. 22, 1882, at Cortland, N. Y., Miss M. I. Nelson, of '78, to Charles Tillinghast, M. D.

'81.

Married, Dec. 25, 1882, at Dexter, Maine, Miss Elizabeth Garman Shaw, of '81, to Mr. Charles Thaxter Shaw.

The following students have visited the College during the past month: Misses Weed and Skeel, of '73, Miss Hamlin, of '74, Mrs. Swift-Atwater, of '77, Miss Wing, of '78, Miss Baird, of '79, Miss Fitzhugh, of '81, Miss L. R. Pratt, formerly of '80, Misses Atwater and Angell, formerly of '83, Miss Berard, Miss Coles, and Miss Hunt.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

We believe that *chaff* is not the cereal (or serial) product which has heretofore been expected to improve with age ; but has been reserved for the University of Pennsylvania to astonish the scientific and literary world in this respect. The Christmas number of *Chaff* is very much better than any which has previously appeared. The issuing of a distinctively Christmas number is, in itself, a novelty in college journalism, and a pleasant one. "A Cornish Christmas Eve," is apparently a sketch after Dickens, with a moral too healthy and hearty to be obnoxious. "Sic Transit," will appeal to Vassar girls with friends in Senior Astronomy.

"She is simply too provoking.
Though I love her past all joking,
She will talk of nothing earthly
Till this dreadful transit pass."

We always lay down the *Women's Journal* with something to anger. No woman who cares to know what women are doing in the world, can afford not to glance through its departments "Concerning Women," and "Notes and News," but as a literary product, it is certainly not creditable to the editorial and occasional contributors," whose names are conspicuous in its advertisements. The paper offers a wide mission field to our charitably inclined literary aspirants.

The *Bates Student* is nothing if not in earnest, and must, therefore, always command respect and attention, which is perhaps more than can be said of some of the more brilliant college papers. The first editorial regards the much vexed question of what a College journal should be in a new light: "It should be a joint production of Faculty and Students." From the editorial on co-education, we conclude that the *Bates Student* masculine does not "accept the situation," which, under existing circumstances, would seem to be the most grace-

ful thing to do, and the most advantageous for all concerned. Several pages are devoted to an "Alumni History" and correspondence. It seems rather hard that they should have used their privilege to sit upon the undergraduates. Imagine having one's "Sophomoric Essay" thus despatched: " 'Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.' This paper is an exceedingly felicitous illustration of the poet Laureate's striking line." The literary portion of the *Student* presents quite a variety of topics which are uniformly well treated.

Its Christmas poems are the prettiest part of *St. Nicholas'* holiday number, and the daintiest of them all, (as it is certainly the most noticeable) is a Christmas carol for the children by the Rev. M. J. Savage. This development probably presents Mr. Savage to our readers in quite a new light, though he was apparently unable to avoid the dubious suggestions of his own peculiar theology,—

"Shepherds watched their flocks, and then
In their waking or their dreaming,
Angels sang, 'Good will to men.'"

In the *Century's* new serial, "The Led-Horse Claim," Mary Hallock Foote is proving herself doubly an artist. Mr. James' "Point of View" seems to us in his best style. We much prefer his magazine sketches to his novels. Photography is undoubtedly a valuable art, but who wants a single photograph of the entire Yosemite?

The January *Atlantic* leads off with the first part of a dramatic poem by H. W. Longfellow. Dr. Holmes gives an "After Breakfast Talk," and Bjornson's novels are very happily reviewed.



INTER-COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Delegates to the convention called for the purpose of forming an Inter-Collegiate Press Association assembled in Hamilton Hall, Columbia College, at 10 A. M., December 27th. The convention was called to order by Mr. Bangs of Columbia, who stated briefly the object of the convention. Mr. Holmes of the Williams *Athenæum*, was then elected Chairman pro tem., and Mr. Bridgman of the Amherst *Student*, Secretary. After the reading of an interesting letter of counsel and encouragement from the Vassar *Miscellany*, the committee on credentials reported that there were present twenty-five delegates, representing thirteen papers and nine colleges. During the day other delegates arrived, and the completed list included:

The Amherst *Student*, O. S. Adams, H. A. Bridgman, W. T. Field, A. D. Noyes, and E. S. Parsons; *The Brunonian*, E. O. Silver, A. Barker; *Acta Columbiana*, J. K. Bangs, A. Anderson, J. W. Dowling, Jr.; *Advocate*, R. G. Butler; *Crimson*, F. W. Moulton, A. M. Butler; *Herald*, G. H. Heilbron; *Princetonian*, J. A. Hodge, Otto Crouse; *Argonaut*, C. D. Willard; *Chronicle*, L. S. Berry; *University Magazine*, F. E. Smiley, C. O. Beasley, L. M. Bullitt; *Athenæum*, S. V. V. Holmes, G. A. Copeland; *Argo*, H. S. Underwood, Willis Reed; *Cornell Review*, H. L. Aldrich; *University Quarterly*, A. T. Sperry; the *Vassar Miscellany* was represented by proxy.

Nine of the papers represented had sent delegates empowered to act for their papers in every particular, and the delegates of these papers at the opening of the afternoon session ratified that portion of the constitution establishing the association and determining the officers and mode of election. After this action the convention extended to uninstructed delegates the right of discussion. The association then proceeded to the election of officers, which resulted in the choice of J. K. Bangs of the *Acta Columbiana*, as president, and the Harvard *Herald*

as secretary and treasurer, which position, according to the terms of the constitution, was to be filled by a paper and not by an individual. A committee of three was appointed to bring in nominations for vice-president. The committee presented the name of W. E. Parker of the *Amherst Student*, who was elected by acclamation. The convention then adjourned until 10 A. M. Thursday.

The morning session of December 28th, was devoted to a discussion of the constitution as presented by Mr. Holmes, chairman of the constitutional committee. The constitution, as finally adopted and ratified by the *Harvard Herald*, *Brunonian*, *Michigan Chronicle*, *Michigan Argonaut*, *Acta Columbiana*, *Amherst Student*, *University Magazine*, *Williams Argo*, and *Williams Athenæum*, sets forth the objects and aims of the association, and provides for the establishment of a corresponding secretary at each of the colleges represented. It also provides for an annual meeting of the association for the purpose of transacting business and discussing matters of general interest connected with college journalism. In addition to this informal discussion a few literary parts to be prepared in advance, will be read.

A board of reference, composed of three members, is to receive all applications for admission to the association, and submit such applications with a recommendation to the members.

After the adoption of the constitution the convention assigned the following literary parts for the next meeting: The oration, *Acta Columbiana*; poem, *Williams Argo*; history of college journalism, *Amherst Student*; a paper upon some subject to be hereafter decided upon, *Vassar Miscellany*. The election of members of the board of reference resulted in the choice of the *Acta Columbiana*, *Brunonian*, and *Williams Athenæum*. It was then moved and carried unanimously that, in view of the interest shown by the *Harvard Advocate* and *Crimson* and the *Princetonian* in sending delegates to the convention, a special invitation to join the association be extended to these

papers, and that to such other papers as the committee of reference should decide upon an official notification of the formation of the association should be sent.

The convention, after listening to some interesting and instructive remarks from various gentlemen upon matters connected with college journalism, adjourned.

The next meeting of the association will be held at Cambridge, between December 21st and December 28th, 1883.

The proceedings of the convention closed with a dinner, at which speeches were indulged in by representatives of the different papers, all of whom promised their hearty co-operation to advance the interests of the Inter-Collegiate Press Association.—*Harvard Herald*.



We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges :

Academician, Adelphean, Acta Columbiana, Amherst Student, Argo, Argus, Ariel, Athenaeum, Atlantic Monthly, Bates Student, Berkeleyan, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Century, Chronicle, Colby Echo, College Journal, College Rambler, College Student, Collegiate, Columbia Spectator, Conradiensis, Cornell Era, Cornell Review, Cornell Sun, Crimson, Dartmouth, Dickinsonian, Dutchess Farmer, Exonian, Good Times, Hamilton Lit., Hamilton College Monthly, Harvard Advocate, Harvard Herald, Harvard Lampoon, Horae Scholasticae, Illini, Lafayette College Journal, Lantern, Lehigh Burr, Madisonensis, Michigan Argonaut, Nassau Lit., Northwestern, Notre Dame Scholastic, Occident, Princeton Tiger, Princetonian, Progress, Res Academicæ, Spectator, Syracusan, St. Nicholas, Tech., Trinity Tablet, Undergraduate, University Herald, University Magazine, Willistonian, Wheelman, Woman's Journal, Yale Lit., Yale Courant, Yale News, Yale Record.

The Nassar Miscellany.

Editors from '83.		Editors from '84.	
C. L. BOSTWICK,	MARTHA SHARPE,	M. F. L. HUSSEY,	JUSTINA H. MERRICK.
S. F. SWIFT.			
Business Editor: ANNA H. LATHROP.			

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THE APPEAL OF THE MOTHER CHURCH TO MIND AND HEART.

Ours is essentially an age of round-trips and return tickets. This characteristic is not confined to social life, it creeps into religious thought even, and, perhaps, partially accounts for the large return of divided, sectarian Protestants to the ancient, united Mother Church whence they came out some centuries ago. Some have gone by fast express to the feet of the Supreme Pontiff, with no stops except for holy water, others stand hesitating on the platform of extreme Ritualism, undecided whether it will pay to join the excursion or not.

The importance of the present Catholic reaction is a question of much debate; to some it is foolishness, to others a stumbling-block. That there is a reaction none deny; as to its

logical consequences all disagree. One party, trusting little in the strength of its own convictions, fears an incursion of proselytizing bands of Catholics into Protestant territory. Another, with the arrogance of dissent, fears no danger except for weak, emotional souls whose withdrawal is no loss to the church they leave and little addition to the one they join. So the current of secession widens and deepens without exciting the interest of the many, except when some intellect whose power is universally acknowledged and whose defection is a severe shock, is carried down into the safe and tranquil harbor of Catholicism. In view of the fact that some such men, morally earnest and intellectually strong, have sought and apparently found peace in the Catholic Church, the student of human nature is powerfully moved to attempt to discover what the inducements are which she offers and why they are so cogent.

No doubt the general character of the century makes it peculiarly susceptible to the more superficial charms of the Catholic Church. Our times remind one of the various phases of a girl's affectation. When she is a child she apes the airs and graces of her grown-up sisters; but when she has herself entered the paradise of young-ladyhood and found its joys but apples of Sodom, she longs to return to the simplicity of childhood; and so she tucks up her skirts and lets down her hair and, if she dared, would like to roll a hoop in the street. The modern world, having tested and tasted, analyzed and criticised everything in heaven above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, pines to return to its former innocence or—ignorance. It did not rest till science proved beyond a doubt that its doll was stuffed with sawdust, yet now it would fain half close its eyes, place its puppet in a becoming shadow and, working up a frenzy of credulity, beguile itself into believing that the rosy hue of life plays over the waxen cheeks. Having invented every possible instrument to correct and intensify the sight it naturally possesses, and having looked at the

world and not found it good, it deliberately elects to finish this **s**keptical and scientific epoch by "going it blind." Yet such **g**eneral influences as a feeling of satiety and despair are not **s**ufficient to account for the depth of the power of a religious **m**ovement which has nothing of the hysterical nature of an **o**rdinary Protestant revival. One feels that there must be **s**omething more which has an abiding influence on mind as well as heart.

The Roman Catholic Church claims to meet the wants of both, **f**or her observances are based on a body of dogma which is both **i**ntelligible and consistent. Since it is absolutely impossible to **c**arry on everyday life without a thousand acts of faith,—for it **i**s now proved by modern scholars, that "seeing is believing," should read "believing is seeing,"—since trust is absolutely **i**ndispensable in the material world, is it logical to deny the **C**hurch the benefit of a rational assumption? She does not **p**lead, she argues with the most wonderful logic in the world. She appeals also to metaphysics; she has made a thorough **a**nd careful analysis of the mind of man and compounded her **r**eligion from a prescription as full of common sense as **L**ocke himself could wish. She frankly declares that her dogma is based on the weaknesses of mankind, and is designed to **c**ompensate for his deficiencies. Everyone agrees that he is a **f**eeling rather than a reasoning animal, and the Church rests **h**er appeal on his innate morality and conscience, declaring **t**hat, if one but believes in her, the responsibility of the rest of **h**is thoughts and deeds will be shifted to her shoulders. Dogma is the vital and sustaining part of theology; but not every **m**an can be a divinity student, and, indeed, life itself is not long enough for individual investigation. Therefore the Church **c**onverts herself into an establishment for furnishing religious nutriment in a cheap and convenient form. It is the office of the Church to discover truths, and of the individual to put himself into an attitude of belief. As one of her most eloquent advocates says, "Light is a quality of matter as truth is of

Christianity, but the light is not recognized by the blind, and there are those who do not recognize truth, from the fault, not of truth, but of themselves. I cannot convert men by means of assumptions which they refuse to grant, and without assumptions no one can prove anything about anything." Having granted the fundamental assumption, an easy enough matter, the way is straight and easy; for, belief is a matter of will, not of intellect. As an argument from example, the Church cites her almost interminable roll of martyrs and missionaries inspired by the vital energy which she breathed into them. She shows that action depends on faith; for, as she reproachfully says, in advanced Protestant communions, where all is left to individual conscience and private interpretation, not one can be found who is willing to die for an idea.

She defends the autocratic stand which she has taken by pointing to the growth of her dogmas and their suitability to all classes. From small beginnings her organization grew as man grew, adapting itself to each function as it developed. Her catholic embrace takes in a sensitive, conscientious Newman, as well as a jovial, happy-go-lucky Irishman.

Above all, she claims to be the only complete revelation given to man. Beyond the partial inspiration of the Scriptures, she claims direct inspiration through the Apostolic Succession. She embodies the supplement to the Mosaic dispensation; for she reverently and proudly adopted the true faith when it was despised and rejected by the chosen race to whom it was first intrusted, and, since Christ said that he founded His church on Peter, she can trace her historic genealogy without a break.

But this is not all. She does not soar into the regions of abstract theology, leaving struggling humanity to gaze after her with admiring eyes but hungry hearts. Her powers of persuasion are not entirely dependent on her dogma. She not only satisfies the mind, she comforts the heart and provides work for the hands. "At once a teaching and a worship," she soothes the woes of man and is indulgent to his wishes. Thus

she influences his complex and myriad-sided will. Her wide range of administration gives scope to his widely differing powers. The libraries of European monasteries were the reservoirs into which many devout souls poured their lives and talents, patiently teaching themselves lessons of self-control and renunciation, as they carefully wrought each grinning head and mystic scroll about the golden words of breviary and missal. When radical, protesting Luther exorcised his demon, he snatched an ink-bottle for his weapon, and an unsightly blotch remains to commemorate his victory. The patient monks, contending daily with the Evil One, left the spired cathedrals and solemn cloisters as monuments to their devotion and self-sacrifice,

“ Silently they wrought in sad sincerity,
Themselves from God they could not free.”

The man of crafty schemes and deep ambitions finds in the Church an adequate field for his genius. His peculiar province is to study the natures of men and make use of their characteristic foibles and weaknesses for the advancement of his holy religion. The most adequate expression of the church militant, through many decades, was to be found in the Society of Jesus. Organized at a time when the feudal system had been abolished, and all who had lately been servile were free and independent, but totally without self-restraint and government, followers of Loyola were the first to supply the educational need of the time. They taught subordination in order that men might intelligently exchange fealty to brute force for allegiance to higher principles. The majority had been the Baron's men, they now became the Lord's men and plenty of training was needed to make them pass muster. Through the whole warp and woof of their administration ran the golden thread of their motto, “*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.*”

The beautifying haze of antiquity hangs over the ancient Church of Rome. What other church can claim the cathedrals

and monasteries, the legends and chronicles, which have ever made her so picturesque and attractive? For years she has been indeed the Mother of Sorrows, the refuge of the sick and afflicted, for such she has no prying questions, no one-sided tests; to her, distress is ever sufficient warrant for befriending the distressed. She only begs that after she has healed their bodies she may also seek to save their souls. In olden times her Abbey gates were the Mecca of unfortunates, and now her gray robed nuns go their ways unmolested through country lane and city street, ever ready to succor the wounded and defeated in the struggle for life. Her liturgy, her vespers, her music and singing, inspire the most indifferent scoffer worshiping at her shrines. One knows not how or why his heart is moved to the prayer, which, if ejaculatory and vaguely directed is yet an evidence of the awakening of the religious instinct latent in all. Moreover, the Catholic Church does not care for her membership as a unit, she is interested in each individual fraction, however vulgar. Her adaptibility makes them all live up to their maximum of efficiency. She offers tangible, attainable happiness to the despairing, a motive to the uninterested, a means to an end for the ambitious.

Our own century shows us a case in which she satisfied the urgent conscience of a man of brilliant scholarship, and deep religious feelings. John Henry Newman was by nature a religious man, slightly tinged with mysticism even in his youth. His was a reverential spirit, he loved the church to which he belonged in his early life, but the growing strength of his conviction forced him to abandon her, however reluctantly. He was conscientious and enthusiastic. One side of Roman Catholic theology appealed to his imagination, the other convinced his understanding. As he became more and more conscious of the defects of the Church of England and more fully persuaded of the perfection of Roman Catholicism, he courageously published his beliefs in no faltering terms. Though old friends looked askance at him, and it was no ordinary wrench

to leave his church, he was forced to the step at last and found welcome, sympathy, and appreciation in the Catholic fold.

But Mallock! What shall we say of Mallock; the perfected flower of modern culture, a speculative, even—prying philosopher. Apparently Mallock's first conscious perception was of the looseness of a screw somewhere in the universal framework. Which it was, where it was, and how it might be tightened, have been the study of his life. Mallock is even more conscientious than Newman; but he lacks the generous enthusiasm which would raise him above the considerations of logic and allow him to rest in a faith not less firm because based on an assumption. Newman's enthusiasm is replaced in Mallock by cold despair; yet if anything can be done to alleviate the woes of the age at large, or if any remedy may be found to dull its sensitiveness, he would advise its use. He describes himself as an outsider in politics and in religion, but he does not rest secure in irresponsible isolation; he looks out on the times and the chilling gloom which seems to enshroud most thoughtful minds, renders the warmth of Catholicism a grateful relief to him. As a person who is in great distress does not hesitate to prescribe a narcotic for himself, Mallock seems tempted to recommend Catholicism as an antidote to skepticism.

All this and more the Catholic Church urges in her own behalf, pointing to Newman and Mallock as incontestable proofs of her power to arrest the corrosive doubts of the age. But are these proofs as certain as she would have us believe? Is Newman's conversion a fair test? Is it not barely possible that a mind so sensitive to religious truths as to be able to conceive of "beliefs so sacred and so delicate that they will not wash without shrinking or losing color," might have had a natural bias towards an artfully woven fabric of authority and ecclesiastical tradition? A man who can delude himself with beliefs that will not wash and arguments that will not fit any mood or figure might easily mistake the twinkling of Romish tapers for the divine sunlight, and be indignant with those

who saw differently. Here and there in his writings, too, there crop out expressions which make us suspect that egotism, pique, and a thirst for power may have been more active agents in his conversion than is popularly supposed. If we had nothing else, his picture would cause us to doubt whether the Catholic Church fully realized his ideal.

As for Mallock, Catholicism can evidently be nothing but a makeshift for him, and makeshifts can never be aught but—makeshifts. No man of candor, self-respect or conscience can really satisfy his feelings without convincing his mind. The Catholic Church appeals exclusively to the weak side of man; she makes the most of the individual for her own sake, but she will not allow him to make the most of himself, for himself. And is not this the solution of the problem? As long as men must act as well as answer catechism, as long as it is acknowledged that masses for the soul are of secondary importance to the possible ruin of character—so long must the most urgent appeal of the Roman Catholic Church be drowned by her involuntary confession of her powerlessness to save weak, erring mortality, from the weakest and worst that is in itself.

M. S. '83.

BOHEMIANS AND THEIR WAYS.

“ They were fifteen valiant men,
Black, but very bonny ;
And they lost their lives for one,
The Earl of Cassilis' Rane.”

But their sons and daughters are scattered over all the world. To-day, the conventional and the orthodox, decorously pursuing the even tenor of their ways, are jostled and shocked by the descendants of a people who, in years gone by, became a law unto themselves; who scouted the criticism of the multitude, who swept custom to the winds, who defied social canons, shook off moral restrictions, and, in fact, lived by committing depredations upon polite society.

We discard the Derby and adopt the Gainsborough, we doff the **P**rincesse and don the Watteau pleats of modern aestheticism ; we descend from the pedestals on which French gallantry had placed us, and go "galumphing" around on a broad, low, **C**ommon sense basis. In Art, in Literature, in manners, and **m**orals, as in fashions of dress, we adopt what others adopt, we criticise what others criticise, we obey the laws which others obey. But as we thus ejaculate the "Papa, propriety, prunes, and prisms" of respectable society, our "platitudinous piping" will be interrupted sooner or later by a wild note of the "Romany lal."

It is not true that "Bohemians are only possible at Paris," for in the depths of New England I have met them, barbarians in the midst of a land flowing with the milk and honey of polite intercourse. Such a one was "Uncle" Francis,—a gentle, sweet-tempered old man who had cultivated the golden habit of silence to such an extent, that a conversation with him was like playing the game of "Twenty Questions." Whatever information you might wish to obtain, you could only extract by means of questions so adjusted as to admit of his invariable "yes" or "no" as the circumstances of the case required. He lived in the midst of a hard-working, hard-headed, narrow-minded New England community, who regarded him with varying degrees of amusement and impatience. His sister, who was as garrulous as he was uncommunicative, had for years scolded, petted, "washed and mended" him, the while taking care also of house and garden, always with the apologetic remark, "Mother never did want Francis to work." "Francis" resembled his mother in this respect, and, summer and winter, sat reposefully before his rough table, which was piled high with papers and Reviews, lost in some scientific problem or puzzling over his musty Trigonometries. He had the typical vices and some of the typical virtues of his order. He was too thoroughly a self-seeker to give a thought to the comfort of others ; and he lacked the brilliancy, dash, and fascination of the true Bohemian character.

But genuine Bohemians are more often restless individuals, suddenly appearing, no one knows whence, and as suddenly vanishing, no one knows whither. They seem to have no particular reason for coming, and, sooner or later, they drift away again in the same unreasonable fashion. While yet a child, I found reason to lament this peculiarity. Think of suddenly losing a play-fellow, who, tossing heavy black curls out of blacker eyes, could tell the most entrancing "true stories," beginning, "I've told you that mamma was born in a hamlet on the Himalayas," or "When we left Bogota all the people came to bid us good-bye, and we were all weeping, Papa, Mamma, Marie, and I. Then "Marie" would launch into fervid descriptions of courtyards and villas, of Spanish ladies and eternal summers. An air of mystery and restlessness and intangibility surrounded the strange family group. No one knew why they came to our quiet village, and though they tarried there for a year, no one knew why they left. When Marie was sixteen she wrote me a letter. They were then in Italy, still flitting from place to place. In the conclusion she said, "I am to be married very soon. He is thirty years old and he calls me 'his little darling.' "

In an orthodox church in a certain New England city, the congregation are thrilled Sunday after Sunday by a voice as fresh and sweet and unwearied as if it belonged to a young choir-boy in a snow-white stole instead of a slovenly red-faced, black-haired man, about whose origin the decorous worshipers are careful not to inquire. "Jesus, lover of my soul," the outlaw sings, "Let me to Thy bosom fly"; the church grows still, the preacher's cheek flushes, and when the song is done he breaks the solemn hush with words he never could have spoken but for the touching voice of the Bohemian. And only the choir and the organist know that the singer's frayed and tattered coat is reeking with the fumes of last night's potations, only they detect the unsteadiness of the hands which hold the sacred music.

The Bohemian is naturally artistic. One wanders through an exquisitely decorated house in New York and learns with a shock that all this graceful disposition of furniture and drapery and effective arrangement of color did not emanate from the brain of either master or mistress, but is the product of a vagabond's brain, the work of a vagabond's hands.

But most fascinating of all are our literary Bohemians; the Poes and the Theodore Hooks, the Fitz-Hugh Ludlows and the Goldsmiths, men who write the cleverest, gayest sketches in the meanest garrets; choice spirits who have owned the common tie of shabby clothes, poor food, gay dispositions, and brilliant talents.

But Bohemians exist in the midst of society as well as on its outskirts. We are continually startled from our composure by those who are among us, but not of us; who, in their religious opinions, their social manners, their ethical standards, are as unlike the majority, as if they had spent their lives roaming over the Moravian mountains, jingling the Tambourine and Castanet. They are the people who see through shams, who hate polite fictions, who can never be trained to walk altogether in the beaten ways. They are born with clearer eyes, more restless feet, more active brains. They are brilliant and fearless, and while society holds up its hands in holy horror at their vagaries, it knows in its heart that, without them, life would be robbed of half its flavor.

AT A TEMPERANCE CAMP MEETING.

“Wal now, the last time I had a real good visit with you, was the night we sat up with old Mis’ Craik.”

As these cheerfully significant words caught my attention, I turned, and saw a little behind me a stout, cheerful, healthy-looking middle-aged woman, evidently a farmer's wife, array-

ed in a checked gingham, and straw bonnet, talking volubly with another woman whom, I concluded, both from her appearance and the scrap of conversation which I had overheard, to be what the country people call a "sick nurse." This latter was tall and spare, and clad in ancient black habiliments of woe, which, I instantly guessed, had been long since assumed in honor of a departed spouse. With a lugubrious smile, which drew down the corners of her mouth in a way to give her a ludicrous resemblance to a poll parrot, the widow gave some answer, but in so low a tone that I failed to catch a word. I was just moving nearer with the deliberate intention of overhearing all I could, when the first speaker again exclaimed, in her loud, hearty voice:

"Wal now, Mis' Jenkins, it's too bad, but there's Jonathan lookin' 'round for me, and I 'spose I've got to go. We're goin' to have a tent up here to-morrow, and then you must come 'round and see us."

"Yes," I mentally interpolated, "it is too bad, altogether too bad! My first, and possibly my last chance of studying the American Sairy Gamp lost, all on account of Jonathan."

The scene was a temperance camp meeting, whither I had been lured by my good mother, not, I regret to say, by her interest in the cause, but by a truly James like desire of studying my fellow-men. And here had study No. 1, all unconscious, walked out from under the object glass. However, I was as yet only in the region of those who dwell in tents. I had not entered the sacred enclosure where the meeting proper would soon begin. The surroundings, in themselves, were somewhat novel to me, though I had seen camp-meetings before. Situated in a beautiful grove, on the shore of a small lake, with white tents dotted here and there among the trees, it still bore not the slightest resemblance to the stereotyped gypsy encampment; for the harmony of the landscape had been quite spoiled by the erection of a tight board fence, some ten or twelve feet high, which formed the perimeter of a large circle. In this an

opening had been cut, wide enough to admit one person at a time, and, as it was still a little early for the meeting, this entrance was solitary, save for the one individual who had mounted guard beside it, to see that no misguided wretch slipped in without presenting his ticket or his twenty-five cents. As I approached the man, the thought flashed across my mind, "Where have I seen this strangely familiar face?" For a moment I puzzled in vain, then suddenly the title page of Harper's Weekly rose before my mental vision, and I bethought me of the once omnipresent features of Boss Tweed. Yes: he it was to whom the gate-keeper bore such a startling resemblance. The large eyes, the huge aquiline nose, the general owlsh cast of countenance, all were there. I hurriedly deposited my ticket with the pseudo swindler, and entered the enclosure. On the right was an elevated platform for the speakers, boarded up, and roofed over, and furnished with comfortable chairs. All around the sides were raised seats, reminding me of those youthful days when the circus possessed an all-satisfying charm; while the centre, opposite to the platform, was filled with rows of seats, consisting of long boards resting on decidedly shaky blocks. Here and there were seated solitary individuals, carefully looking out for No. 1; they had apparently come early for the express purpose of securing those few seats to which Nature, in the shape of great tree-trunks, had kindly furnished backs. I found a place in front, near the entrance, where I could watch the people come in, but my mother refused to share it with me, and modestly chose hers further back. Left alone to my meditations, I settled myself as comfortably as possible with the aid of my shawl, and looked about me. On a tree near me was a large sign bearing the following advertisement: "Juvenile Temperance Manual, Alcohol and Hygiene."

Tempting title to catch the wandering eye of the weary juvenile! A little further on, pasted against the fence was something a little more attractive:

“New Temperance Tales.
Fife and Drum Times.
The Demon of Rum Conquered.
The Quaker’s Rule.
How a Father was Saved.
What a Child can do.
Drinking Jack.”

I confess that my wicked heart went out toward “Drinking Jack.” Had I more than my share of original sin, that I should prefer the roistering, merry, thoughtless, dare-devil, whom the title suggested, to the good little boy who doubtless saved his father from a drunkard’s grave, or the solemn old Quaker who never touched a drop; or any of the rest of the serious company of canters? And if I, who was certainly old enough to know better, and had been brought up with tolerable strictness in a family who believed in total abstinence, showed such perverted (?) tastes, would not the average boy of ten or twelve certainly agree with me? Then and there I decided that Juvenile Temperance Literature would be a good field for reform.

But just then the people began to come in, and put an end to my moralizing. A constant stream poured in through the narrow opening, for the meeting was about to begin. Several ministers, the speaker of the day, and the choir with song-books in their hands, went upon the platform. Soon I noted two or three old ladies also sitting on the platform. I wondered a little, since they could not belong to the choir, but thought nothing further till presently I observed a few more ascending the stairs. One after another they filed up, and deposited themselves in the comfortable chairs, until by far the greater part of the platform was covered with these “Mothers of Israel,” as the presiding officer shortly called them. No pantomime could have been funnier than their various expressions as they ascended the stand. Some of them wore a sort of deprecating apologetic air, conscious that they were doing

what was not strictly generous. Others stalked boldly on with uplifted heads, as if they would exalt the privilege of old age. Still others would settle themselves with an air of sneaking triumph, a sort of shame-faced satisfaction that, however others might be placed, they were luxuriously provided for. By this time the enclosure was nearly full, and it was indeed a motley crowd that had assembled. At one side, seated on the ground, were a group of young people, whom I took to be a camping party from the other side of the lake; two young gentlemen in the conventional blue flannel suits with Knickerbockers, and three young ladies in the conventional (?) Jersey and striped skirts. They, like me, had evidently come to see something that was funny, or could be made to seem so. At the moment, one of the young gentlemen was making what he evidently considered a witty remark at the expense of another party which had just entered. A youth, or rustic Adonis, in an embroidered shirt front, who was supporting on either arm a buxom damsel as much over-dressed as some persons might consider her fashionable Jersey-wearing sisters to be under-dressed. This last group, with infinite difficulty essayed to mount the raised seats; only with many little shrieks, and a great deal of assistance from the young man, did these charming counterparts of the celebrated Miss Squeers succeed in reaching the topmost row, where they remained placidly giggling throughout the entire discourse, seeming to thoroughly enjoy a pleasing mixture of conversation and peanuts.

Weary of their inanities I was looking around me for something more interesting, when suddenly I noticed a face which seemed to me the most powerful I had ever seen. It was that of an old man, very old indeed, as one could infer from his bent figure, and slightly palsied limbs; and it held me with a sort of fascination. The wide mouth, smooth shaven chin, and broad jaw, firm-set still, in spite of his great age, expressed indomitable firmness and determination; but it was in his eyes that the power lay. Dark and deep-set beneath the heaviest

of grizzled eyebrows, they still shone with a fire which might mean only the will and energy of one born to lead his fellows, or that higher kind of genius which reveals itself only in words or music. It was the face of a Robespierre grown old, a Dean Swift, or a Liszt. Under other circumstances, with different conditions, what might he not have done, what become! But lo, even as I gazed, suddenly my idol fell shattered at my feet. Unnoticed by me, the afternoon session had opened. The owl-like Tweed, who proved to be one of the managers-in-chief of the institution, had ascended the platform, and was at that instant perpetrating a most odious joke. "My friends," said he, in an undeniably nasal drawl, "My friends, the boys," a tolerably well-trained quartette, "will now give you a rousing good song which will, I think, be new to you, as it was to me the first time I heard it." At these words, the grand old man whom my fancy had conceived as ever engaged in deepest thought, gravest meditation, burst into a most undeniably delighted chuckle, and remained quite convulsed for some moments, his poor old frame shaken from head to foot with servile laughter.

Disgusted beyond measure, I was about to give up my researches. For me there evidently existed only the commonplace. I would listen to the speaker, and try to learn something there which would interest me. The first address was delivered by a gentleman who, I soon decided, must have adopted temperance lecturing as a vocation for the same reason that younger sons of English families enter the Church. Assuredly he had "no call" to lecture. Just then a slight commotion in the back part of the enclosure attracted my wandering attention, and I turned to share the excitement. An infant, whose shrieks were at that instant rivalling those of the evil spirits in Dante's *Inferno*, was being carried out. The mother was obliged to force her way past some forty or fifty people, carry the howling torture the entire length of the enclosure, and finally take it out through the door by the

platform, in full view of the entire audience. The presence of an infant, even a quiet one, in a public assembly, is something I have always found it hard to tolerate; so, instead of emotions of pity, contempt, disgust, indignation against the luckless seeker of the truth filled my heart. Suddenly I saw all these feelings faithfully reflected in the face of another. This other was a little girl, whom I had not noticed before, a child some ten or twelve years old, who sat facing me on the edge of the platform. She was cheaply dressed, yet her garments had an air of style about them which made me think she might belong to one of those poor city families who sometimes come to the lake for a day's enjoyment of fresh air. Her hair was a bright golden color, shading her forehead with many little soft rings, and hanging down behind in a tangled mass of curls. Beneath heavily-arched eyebrows, and long curling black lashes, her great dark eyes looked out with wonderful effect. Her complexion was as clearly tinted as a rose-petal, and each feature was perfect in its way. As she sat there, in offended dignity, her pretty lip slightly curled, she looked like an ideally beautiful picture of an insulted princess. So startling was the contrast between her eyes and hair, that my first thought was, "She is a child actress from some theatre, and her face is 'made up;'" but a second glance showed me that I was wrong. It was only that nature had been more than kind. I looked at her, and then I looked again, and then I gazed. It seemed to me I could never tire of so much loveliness. Presently, in through the entrance, came another older girl. I knew at once that she was my beauty's sister; the features, the eyes, even the mingling of piquancy and haughtiness in expression were the same, only the hair, curly too, was a shining black. She stole softly up to my Princess Charming, whispered something in her ear, and then they went out together. To my shame I confess that after that meeting was over I strolled about among the tents, and deliberately peeped into every one, in the hope that I might find those children

once more. But they had disappeared, and I never saw them again.

Now the Tweed is introducing another speaker, a lady. "I have the pleasure of presenting to you to-day Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa. She is a lawyer, and her husband is a lawyer also. If you were to go to the city where she lives, and walk down the street where her office is situated, you would doubtless meet a sign which would read 'J. Ellen Foster and Husband, Counselors-at-Law.' Is not that so, Mrs. Foster?" For an instant a shade of what might have been called vexation, passed over her face, but instantly, with an air that seemed to say, "You are not worth minding," she answered in a clear, perfectly modulated voice, "The firm stands as Foster and Foster." Then she proceeded to consider the question of constitutional prohibition. Such clearness, accuracy, and method, I have never heard surpassed. She spoke without a particle of embarrassment, and with a thorough knowledge and understanding of the subject. When she came to tell how constitutional prohibition was gained in Iowa, she grew quite eloquent. On the day of the election, while the men were at the polls casting their votes, the women had met in the churches and prayed. "Think of it, friends," said she, "While the man who drives my carriage, the man who knows no more of the good of nations, no, not even of what is for his own good, than the horses he drives, went to do his part in bringing good or evil on a whole nation, *I* couldn't vote. I stayed away with the idiots and children, but they could not prevent my praying, and I did pray." At those words, at the idea of that grand woman, intelligent, earnest, powerful, being classed with idiots and children, the audience were visibly moved. Old though the sentiment, it came upon them with overpowering freshness at that moment. A subdued murmur of appreciation swelled throughout the audience. Several men known to be rabid opponents of woman's rights were distinctly heard to say, "Too bad," "Great pity," "All a mistake,"

etc., etc. She spoke a few moments longer, and then, without any further attempts at wit, Brother Tweed, in rather a subdued way, brought the exercises to a close.

As I returned to my home that evening, I was haunted by a vague sort of regret. I wished I was interested in matters of public importance,—in the temperance question for instance. I thought I might be, if I could hear Mrs. Foster every day. I was sorry I had not gone on purpose to listen and learn, and yet,—yes, I did wish I could have seen my little princess once more.

L. P., '83.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

GIRTON COLLEGE, Cambridge, Eng.

We cordially welcome to the columns of our "Review," the letter sent us from Vassar College, and we hope that it will be only the first in a series of inter-collegiate letters which will form a connecting link between women students in England and America.

In this, the first of the letters which dates from Girton, we hope we shall be acting in accordance with the wishes of the editors and readers of the "Vassar Miscellany," if we give a somewhat general account of our college life and work. The College Building is situated about a mile and a half from the town of Cambridge, and consists of two long wings at right angles to each other, built in three stories, and divided into sets of rooms for the Mistress, three resident lecturers, (all former students), and 55 students. In addition to these there are 7 Lecture-Rooms, one of which is used as a Library; a Dining Hall, and a Reading Room. In the Dining Hall, all the meals, (except afternoon and evening "teas," which are sent round to the students' rooms), are served: but the 6 o'clock dinner is the only one at which all the students are supposed to sit down together. Here, too, take place the College Debates, the Choral Society's Practices and Concerts, the performances of the Dramatic Society, and the weekly dances. In the Reading Room the students provide for themselves the papers and magazines which the majority at the beginning of each term decide to take in.

Each student has two rooms, a bed-room and a study, on the bottom and middle corridors, divided from each other by folding doors, on the top, by curtains. The College authorities provide bare necessities in the way of furniture, but these are generally supplemented or superseded according to the taste or ability to do so of the individual occupants. Our College life extends over three terms in the year, averaging eight weeks each. In this, with the exception of attendance at lectures, which is compulsory, perfect independence is allowed, and within the College the students are bound by no rules or regulations whatever but those recognized by mutual agreement among themselves,—such as the observance of quiet in the corridors during certain hours—and enforced by public opinion. Each student reigns supreme in her own rooms, and there are no restrictions as to the hours when she may receive the visits of those of her college acquaintance whom she may wish to invite to them. As the College course of Study extends over 3 or 4 years, the students fall naturally into first year, second year, third or fourth year groups; but the only difference to be noticed between the status or privileges of the various “years,” is that the third and fourth “years,” on account of their longer residences in the College, and consequent knowledge of its traditions and ways, are perhaps looked to to take the initiative in any matter of general importance to the students. We have no Association or organization of the Students as a body. Questions of special interest which require discussion are brought before a general meeting summoned by the Senior Student, (the student of the 4th year who took the highest place at the Entrance Examination) and presided over by her. Votes are taken by show of hands, and the decision of the majority is accepted.

The “Fire Brigade,” formed for active service in case of a small fire, includes nearly the whole of the students; the Choral Society, the Dramatic Society, the Debating Society, and Lawn Tennis Clubs, are all long established and well supported,

while the study of literature is promoted by the periodical reading of Shakespeare's plays and the works of other great poets and prose-writers, and by the "Browning Society," lately formed for the study of the works of Robert Browning. The Societies are all governed by rules accepted by the members, and are presided over by officers elected by ballot, terminally, or for longer periods. Of our work in relation to the University of Cambridge there is but little space left to speak, and in this letter, therefore, we will only say that it is laid down on the exact lines of that required from undergraduates of the University of Cambridge. A preliminary examination in Latin, Greek, and Mathematics must be taken by all who desire to proceed to Honour or "Tripos" work. When this has been accomplished—generally by the end of the first term, the choice lies before each student of devoting herself for the rest of her time to Classics, Mathematics, Natural Science, Moral Science, History, or Theology.

Lectures on these are given either in the College, or in Cambridge, and regular attendance on the various courses is, as has been said, required from all the students.

To Vassar, with its 300 students, our number must seem strangely small to lay claim to the title of "College," but the demand for admission, even now, exceeds the accommodation offered, and the great stimulus lately given to Women's University Education by the opening to them of the Cambridge Honour Degree Examination and class-lists must lead before long either to the multiplication within the University Precincts of Colleges formally recognized, as are Girton and Newnham, by the University, or to the very considerable extension of Girton and Newnham themselves.

FLORENCE M. A. GADSDEN.

January, 1883.

Forty years ago Kennebunk felt itself painfully in the position of a hen who has just hatched out a duckling. Kenne-

bunk had produced my father, a man with an idea, and then waited breathless to see to what objective form he would reduce it. "A foundry" was its name, as Kennebunk knew; but names, like appearances, are deceitful, and for all the village knew, "a foundry" might be some kind of a devouring angel. Indeed, that seemed rather plausible; for whatever notion Kennebunk had on the subject was connected with molten iron and raging flames, typifying, it might be, the wrath of heaven about to descend on a degenerate population. Accordingly, wonder grew apace, but so did the idea, and before the former had quite taken Kennebunk off its feet, the latter had firmly settled down on its foundation—no avenging angel, but a fountain of blessing to all the outlying country. Farmers were no longer obliged to go twenty miles to buy the iron for their plows, but had them "cast" at the foundry; farmers' wives no longer worried over time-worn stoves, for the foundry could rejuvenate fifty of them at one heat.

My father's idea was born long before I, his youngest child, saw the light, and so closely has it always been associated with him in my mind, that I think my heart divides its affection between the two. Yet I find it difficult to explain why it is so. The grim old building is certainly not beautiful, although, as a child, I found a delight in its glancing shadows, which the brightest sunshine in another place failed to give. It was my play-house, work-shop, castle, and school room. The workmen in it were usually boys whom my father had known in their cradles and trusted accordingly, and I felt a certain fellowship with them which I have never felt for anybody else. I held them my champions and knights, as they certainly were my partisans in all childish quarrels. In its capacity of play-house, the foundry was inexhaustible. Particularly do I remember the long hours which I spent in emulating the skill of the moulders. They had wooden flasks, hammers, bellows, and bags of pasting-sand. For the former I substituted "cast boxes"—cylindrical iron shapes, capable of reducing sand to

many enticing forms—the latter I borrowed of the men. To anybody who knows the somewhat intricate process of moulding, I may have seemed to lack appliances, but the imagination of a child is a resource beyond any tool-box, and the delight of a successful result compensated, in my case, for much deprivation in the way of means. Do you know the art? Of course the moulder must adapt himself to the particular piece of work which he is doing, but the general plan is the same. First the loose shoveling in of sand on the pattern turned upsidedown in the flask; the firm settling of the pattern itself, that it may not be easily displaced, and the final use of the rammer to force the sand into every part of the flask, and every crevice of the pattern. Then comes a moment of wild excitement; even the experienced moulder is anxious, and as for me, I used to stand with bated breath until the next process was safely completed. This involved turning the flask, tipping back its cover, and removing the enclosed pattern; but these are measures attended by great danger, from the fact that the sand may have been rammed too hard, or, exasperating thought, in the attempt to secure firmness, not hard enough, and the the whole top will fall out, or in, to the destruction of the moulder, and the entire demolition of the moulder's temper. This operation, as I say, was a crisis in my life, the more so, that upon its failure or success depended, for me, important practical results. In the case of the former, the workman preserved his affability, and I my chances of borrowing all his tools; in the latter event, he was likely to lose his self-possession, and I dared only retire to a corner and sit on a flask until such a length of time had elapsed as experience had taught me was sufficient to restore order in the chaos of sand, and equanimity to the soul of the distracted artificers.

But if I should become learned in all the mysteries of Isis, I feel convinced that I should never take that intense satisfaction in their explanation which I felt in the revelation of the secrets of the iron manufacture to my less fortunate play-

mates. I patronized them to an extent which only extreme intellectual curiosity on their part could have rendered bearable. I talked of "heats," "casting-days," "good runs," and other technical expressions, in a way calculated to tear the soul of a small urchin who didn't know what they meant, and wouldn't gratify me by asking.

As I look back upon those days of careless happiness, I am the more surprised at my mother's good nature in allowing me to enjoy them as I did, since a half-hour in the foundry usually necessitated at least an equal space of time devoted to the most vigorous scrubbing of my own person. Perhaps my reader is at that low point of knowledge, where he is ignorant of the fact that foundry-sand is turned, by heating, from a vivid yellow, to the "Ethiop's shade," and that the slightest contact with it is followed by instant transformation to the same interesting color. Indeed, one of my more carnal delights was to entice children who came to visit me in white pinafore, to the moulding-room, and then watch the horror of the mamma when her white-robed cherub reappeared with much literal resemblance to an imp of darkness.

When I visit the foundry now, I am unable to account for the feeling of mystery with which it was haunted in my childhood, with all its familiarity for me. It seems a plain enough place, except that the shadow of my childhood hovers in it, and makes shady corners for my fancy to play in. But then its literal shadows savored of enchanted gloom; its dark heaps of sand took on shapes quite unknown to other eyes. There was a cupola in the top of the moulding-room, and a little trap-door opening up into it, for ventilation. At least this was the explanation which was given to me, and one which I, in turn, transferred to my disciples in foundry lore. My belief in it, however, was another matter, and I think I considered myself, like a priest of ancient Egypt, bound to expound a popular doctrine to the rabble, while I, the initiated, alone knew the true mystery. For a mystery the cupola and its trap-door

was, even to my imagination. I had speculated on the possibility that the door might open into heaven, and the cupola itself be only a vestibule thereof. But having once seen a sooty workman climb into it (for the ostensible purpose of fixing the lock) and return unpurified, as to externals, at least, I gave up the theory, yielding myself permanently to the delight of wonder.

As a school-room, I used to fancy the foundry advantageous, but I have since come to doubt its efficacy in that direction, for it was there that I liked best to learn my spelling lessons; there, I fear, that I fixed the habit of allowing my imagination to mingle with orthogoraphy in a way which makes this mortal life one long burden to me, and bases my desire for heaven on the abiding hope that there will be neither spelling nor criticism of spelling there.

Casting-day was a time of somewhat awful pleasure, for, accustomed as I had become to the sight, I was never able to look upon hot liquid iron from any point of view, but that of respectful distance. The morning dawn was ushered in by the sound of clanking iron, for the kindling-wood of furnaces is of a rough kind, and the men must be early at work to prepare the furnace itself for a fiery ordeal—a task involving much exciting pounding and smashing about among the iron and coal piles. Later, however, came the real events, when the men were all pressed into the service, and stood about bare-armed, grasping their ladles and waiting for the moment when the man at the mouth of the furnace should thrust in his rod, and let out the imprisoned iron, iron no longer black and inert, but liquid, fiery, running fiercely to meet the expectant ladle. After this was reached I never felt safe until the seething stuff had disappeared mysteriously in the flasks, there to cool itself in useful shapes of plow-castings, stove-irons, etc. The pinching of these same useful shapes, after they had hardened in the sand, a task most disagreeable to tired men, was most interesting to me. Twilight had usually fallen then,

and the foundry was darkened by its shadow, as well as by the cloud of steam which drifted up from the beds of sand, now emptied from the flasks, and flooded by pails of water, lest the heat escaping from them should prove dangerous. The men, their faces transformed by steam and blackening dust, their shouts to each other sounding through the gathering gloom, and the white steam curling upward over all—the whole scene has a place in my memory like that held by great battles, I fancy, in a mind of a passive but interested looker-on.

Occasionally I go to the foundry now, but I do not stay long. The spirits and the men who made me the happiest child I ever saw, are gone. The spirits were the bright fancies that belonged, not to me, but to the years “when I still heard the murmur of the outer infinite,” and the men—they were fancies too; for which of them knew in himself a champion or knight?

To express it in a nut-shell, “The House of a Merchant Prince” is a novel consisting of picturesque description, racy conversation, and a pervasive magnetic cleverness that holds one irresistibly to the end. It is the first book of its kind to deal with New York fashionable life; and the glittering dissipation, superficial culture, and artificial sentiment of this modern Gotham are set forth with uncompromising exactness.

Mr. Bishop does not pretend to assume the rôle of social reformer; he evidently prefers not to figure as a literary cat-o’-nine-tails; but the simple portrayal of things as they are is often more effective than a series of philippics.

The book does not depend on change of incident to sustain its interest. It is cast in the cold, unromantic light of a busy metropolis; no picture galleries or ocean voyages or Roman Campagna are brought in as an enticing background against which the characters may pose when they feel unable to be interesting in themselves. The book is a tacit proof of the fact

that it is not necessary to go hopping over the Atlantic for ideas. Mr. Bishop presents many types of national character, and an exclusively American flavor tinges the whole. Rodman Harvy, the Merchant Prince, is the "I am my own ancestor" American. His wife is a weak woman of luxurious tastes, whose creed is a belief in the insignia of rank, and whose conversation platitudes. Angelica is a high-spirited, clever girl, who can tell a story with credit, and who knows how to dress with an exquisite grace attainable by no one else. We can see her as she walks down the avenue attended by two masculine admirers; little triangles of light show between her elbows adjusted á la the latest fashionable pose; a bunch of brilliant yellow flowers the graceful point of distinction in her toilet. The family of Sprowle has analyzed its blue blood until the exact amount of the aristocratic ingredient is known and appreciated to its fullest extent. Its scion is not an intellectual prodigy; he calls his mother "mamma," and is entirely without tact in conversation. But this ancient and blue-blooded family feels the pinch of *res angusta*; so Sprowle, the immaculate, condescends to ally himself with Angelica, the wealthy plebeian. But Angelica tires of the sluggish Blue-blood, and jilts him for a young Orestes, by name Kingbolt. He treats her as if she were a princess, and she is satisfied; but the family of Sprowle declares war to the knife. The injured dignity of Sprowle, the magnificent, is avenged by the successful development of a plot against the character of the Merchant Prince. He is assailed on the eve of his election to the Senate; the shock causes paralysis, and Rodman Harvy, at the summit of his ambitious career, is sacrificed for a family quarrel. Is there no romance in the nineteenth century? Here is an illustration at our very threshold.

But the principal interest of the book centers in the characters of Ottilie and "the inevitable young man," Russel Bainbridge. Ottilie is a Vassar graduate of the type that does not sigh for worlds to conquer after leaving college. She is not in the slightest "strong minded" or blue; she is pretty,

but not by any means the conventional society young lady ; she is sophisticated—for she knows how to tie her bonnet strings with an air ; but then she can, on occasion, also talk Herbert Spencer. When she is alone she does not weary of herself ; for she has the power of being interested in simple pleasures—a state of mind unknown to her cousin Angelica. The two girls are throughout striking contrasts. Both are clever, but the cleverness of one depends on circumstances ; of the other, on original mental strength. At fifty Angelica will have developed into narrow-mindedness, Ottilie into influential self-reliance. Russel Bainbridge is a man whom we would like to meet outside the covers of a book—philosopher, man of experience, not yet within the nimbus of thirty, brilliant and good-looking. It may be that Mr. Bishop was particularly *en rapport* with the delineation of the young man's character ; it may be that the author finds it an easy task to scatter the sparks of brilliant conversation ; at any rate, every time Bainbridge speaks there is a veritable pyrotechnic display. He has pithy ideas on every subject ; that is his charm ; his knowledge of the world and of human nature is thoroughly digested, while a keen sense of humor saves him from being pedantic. When Bainbridge and Ottilie converse together the effect is as dazzling as the contact of two carbon points. Bainbridge says “a man can't be always on a mental picnic,” but he is the exception to this generalization.

Bainbridge and Ottilie fitted each others' tastes as the halves of the traditional split sixpence ; theirs was an ideal married life where the respect and love of each was mutual. Ottilie possessed as much intellectual strength as Bainbridge ; he recognized this, but not in the patronizing, Tennysonian way of “as moonlight is to sunlight, so is woman unto man.”

We wish that Mr. Bishop would write another story of local life. We like his brilliant analogies, his spicy descriptions of people and things, his purely American point of view, and his fresh style, which combines reflection and imagination in perfect equipoise.

Editors' Table.

Vassar College is poor! We wish that the realization of the fact might sink into the heart of the public, and bring forth fruit in liberal bequest. A popular delusion prevails that we are magnificently endowed—the reason, we have been told, why so pitiably few have seen fit to replenish our empty coffers; but never was there a greater mistake. The fact has lately been brought to our notice with more than usual prominence by the crying need for a skilled assistant in Prof. Cooley's department. The new laboratory, with its increased facilities, has rendered Chemistry popular to an extent which, under the present arrangement, threatens to be the death of the Professor. Those of us who know Prof. Cooley know, too, that he would drop at his post rather than fail one iota in the duties required of him,—no matter how arduous those duties might be; and the fact that they are arduous to the verge of imposition must be plain upon the most superficial thought, even without the evidence afforded by his visibly declining health. We cannot afford to lose such a man as Prof. Cooley from the faculty of Vassar College, and we most earnestly wish that whoever have it in their power to provide him with suitable help would bestir themselves before it is too late. If any advocate of the higher education of women has any superfluous money to dispose of, he surely could not devote it to a better cause than the endowment of an assistantship of Chemistry in Vassar College.

The poverty of our College is the the cause of so many evils that we feel sometimes like devoting our lives to professional beggary on her account. It is our poverty that burdens us with students who have no more right here than a baby in a calculus class. It is our poverty that keeps down the standard of scholarship, by forcing us, we think, to admit children who have not passed all their preliminaries. And it is our poverty that keeps alive the Preparatory Department, and causes Vassar College to remain always on the boundary line between a girls' boarding school and a college—with a decided leaning towards the boarding school. We publish in this number of the *Miscellany* a letter from Girton, which makes us fairly green with envy; it shows us so clearly what our beloved alma mater might be, were she not crushed down by a weight of aliens, what all her loyal daughters long to see her—an institution for the education of *women*, where the students should be treated, in all respects as women, and where, if a girl proves herself unworthy the trust, her presence should be dispensed with. And our poverty is, as we hope, the one obstacle in the way of this attainment. Is there no lover of humanity who will remove it?

We have no manual of college etiquette, and, if we had, it would, perhaps, but add one more leaf to our full memorabilia. But the unwritten codes are those which popular favor makes too emphatic to need expression, and ours of Vassar is peculiarly binding, since the compactness of our social life makes observation and criticism inevitable.

A chance conviction led us to editorial meditation on this part of college life, which is, perhaps, rather too slightly passed over in a consideration of the factors which complete our "higher education." We have always thought the absence of hazing to be a happy, as well as necessary consequence

of the exclusively feminine college, and we felt a great deal of unpleasant surprise when it was suggested to us that here, as elsewhere, "necessity is the mother of invention"; that, at Vassar, necessity has bred a new form of the old nuisance. It is very mild, and applies only to individuals, not classes. Circumstances forbid "cane rushes," and, we have never, so far as we know, subjected inexperienced Freshmen to any sort of physical torture. We simply let girls alone. Ostracism? Oh, no; that would be ill-bred, but why more so than the tacit exclusion of certain students from the hundred pleasures which relieve our quiet lives from monotony? Something may be said, very truly, as to the justice of a girl's position, which depends on herself, as well as on her neighbors; but it is quite as true that "something may be said" about the justice of everything unpleasant in every kind of experience. General principles are convenient umbrellas, but, unfortunately in this particular, they shelter only those who are in the happier case already. If social etiquette is to be based on principles of strict justice, we fear many of us are badly off; but, since toleration is held to be a virtue of civilized life, why not mix it with a little kindness and personal exertion, which shall exclude all justice from the charge of hazing in Vassar life?

The staring whiteness of the walls in our rooms has never seemed so painfully ugly as now when the pleasing tint in the studio has shown us that white is not, as one might have supposed, the only color suited for mural adornment. Probably, when white was first used for the interior decoration of the College, the builder and occupants were mutually delighted with the seeming embodiment of purity and spotlessness. But this manner of representing these desirable characteristics is no longer sought. We much prefer to have something less tantalizingly spotless to gaze upon, that contrast may induce the

proper mental state. Aside from any feeling of dislike which we may have for the walls in their present condition, failing as they do in their capacity of effective picture backgrounds, and revealing nail holes all too plainly, we feel justified in urging a change for the sake of the eyes they are injuring. Every one knows that to gaze continually upon a white surface is sure to weaken even the strongest optics; what then must be the effect, when, during all our waking hours, we can find no rest from the dazzling whiteness! Just imagine, too, the effect that darkly tinted walls would have upon our tempers. How could one be ill-natured or quick to take offense when surrounded by aesthetically proper shades? Of necessity, a serene, unruffled calm would fill our souls and lessen the provocations, always so plenty, to indulgence in fits of temper. A knowledge of the cost of tinting the walls is a subject on which we confess total ignorance; but, whatever it may be, for the sake of our aesthetic tastes, our eyes and our calmness of mind, let the usual application which the walls receive this summer be anything but pure white.

The melancholy days are come when Seniors fly from friend to friend, endeavoring to persuade themselves that their habitual expression is neither the "calm, intellectual" scowl whereon the Poughkeepsie photographer dotes, nor the "pleased, happy" grin dear to the heart of Ludovici. But the saddest days of all are yet before us. The tortures of the photographer's head-rest are only twenty seconds long. For weeks, the graduating class will wish they could paint on expressions warranted to wash. Woe unto the Senior who dares to grow pale, near the time when the honor lists come out! She is ill from apprehension. Woe unto the girl who forgets herself so far as to be unusually gay just before! She is so sure, that she is perfectly happy. That is a daring Senior who ventures to

say that she doesn't so very much mind Latin Prose. Indubitably, she expects the salutatory. We question whether it is safe to lend crackers to a hungry neighbour. Popularity has so much to do with the valedictory! After the list is once out, matters are yet worse. Does a girl who was not among the favored ten smile? It is forced merriment. Does she look sad? She is suffering the pangs of envy. No language is too strong to reprehend the unfortunate who forgets to congratulate all her luckier class-mates. But the frankest, freest rejoicing with them will be sure to draw, from some corner, praise a shade harder to endure than blame. "How well she bears it!" Whether the whole wretched time is harder to get through for the conquering few who must feel that their triumph is won at their dearest friends' cost, or for the defeated many, is a problem which we trust '83 may never be in a position to solve.

We think the students who have second lunch have a right to protest against the time of the Doctor's excusing hour. If one goes at the beginning of lunch she is forced to wait so long that the meal is nearly over and all the "baked potatoes" are gone; if she goes to lunch first, she is obliged to fly before she has finished and then probably sees the Doctor's form, with the excusing book under her arm, retreating down the corridor. It seems as though the difficulty might be remedied by having the excusing hour taken out of both lunch periods.

Why will people go to the Library to study, and look disgusted when they find several conversazioni going on there? Why, just last night, we saw an indignant Senior cast a look of scorn on the volatile Preps who were trying to spice the dry bones of Rhetoric with a bottle of English mustard. (Said Senior uncon-

sciously scooped up the Anglo Saxon reference books and departed.) We used to be exhorted to cultivate the art of conversation, and surely there is no place so conducive to its culture as the Library. Its contents are so suggestive; the very atmosphere compels to speech; like a book, its chief good is not the thoughts it contains, but the thoughts it suggests. Jokes never seems so funny any where else as they do in the Library; companions are never half so companionable and sociable; the pictures and busts might pass unnoticed any where else, but there they force the attention of the least interested; and what can be more charming than to have a sympathetic friend to whom to confide one's opinion? Truly it is a sad sight to see anyone churlishly wish to curb the free criticism, spontaneous gayety, and unrestrained gymnastics of the happy mortals who sport and frolic there.

HOME MATTERS.

Although in the results of alteration, the undesirable is always mingled with the desirable—we are happy in possession of our new Society Hall. Shades of our ancestors! A new stage, new scenery (*in prospectum*), new gas-fixtures! How can we stand so much good-fortune all at once? It would be impossible, did not some slight discomforts enable us to maintain our equilibrium. The room has to serve the double purpose of Theatre and Gymnasium, and there is no dressing-room within 100 feet. But in spite of these inconveniences, the first Phil play has been given; and, to the honor of the committee be it said, the audience perceived only the benefits of the change. The more commodious stage permitted the scenes to be shifted with greater ease and less confusion, while the softened rays of light from the new gas-jets made the exhumed scenery look marvellously fresh and new.

In *The Lady of Lyons*, Bulwer has portrayed the everyday struggle between Pride and Love; and, although we may smile

at the improbabilities, the wild scheme, the chimerical expedients, and the bombast of the melo-drama ; yet this struggle will always command sympathetic attention when shown by a Pauline who is beautiful, artistic, and earnest. A better than Miss Foos, the College cannot boast. She carried her audience with her from the languid affectation of the opening scene, through the deep tenderness mingled with righteous and natural indignation in the ordeal with Melnotte, to the pathos and forlorn misery of the daughter about to sacrifice herself upon the altar of filial affection.

Yet Miss Foos was but one bright feature of the evening. Seldom does a *debutante*, in the role of a character abnormally picturesque with romantic vagaries and passion, win the sympathies of her auditors (especially Vassar auditors) ; but, Miss Markham, by her rendition of Melnotte, certainly achieved this difficult feat. We sincerely hope that it will not be her last appearance.

Miss Hopson, as Beauseant, and Miss Shattuck, as Glavis, were inimitable. Uncomplimentary though it may sound, the cool, deliberate, designing villain spoke in Miss Hopson's every tone and gesture ; and Miss Shattuck seemed born an awkward, mean, cowardly Epicure.

For the rest of the cast, Miss Jenckes, as Colonel Damas, Miss Mabury as Monsieur and Miss Ewing as Madame Deschappelles were admirable ; Miss Gardner made a charming little widow ; Gaspard, although a minor character, was exceedingly well-taken by Miss Spafford ; of Miss Patterson, in the role of Landlord, and Miss Smith, in that of his daughter, let the laughter and applause of the audience speak.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe visited the College January 26th and 28th. She was the guest of Prof. Mitchell, and "received" the Professors, Teachers, and a few favored Seniors at the Obser-

vatory. Saturday evening, she delivered in the Chapel a pleasant lecture upon Longfellow and Emerson. "Personal Reminiscences" of great men are always interesting. Mrs. Howe could not have chosen a more entertaining subject. Her voice also was clear and agreeable. As the lecture was delivered in New York and fully reported in the daily papers, a detailed account of it seems unnecessary. We thoroughly enjoyed Mrs. Howe's short stay among us, and only wish that it could have been prolonged.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Dr. Lyman Abbott addressed the Society for Religious Inquiry, January 14.

Miss Patterson has been appointed Chairman of the Junior Party Committee.

Miss Goodsell invited the Seniors to one of her pleasant, informal gatherings, between dinner and chapel, January 17. She proposes that, the next time we "take a cup of coffee" with her, we shall discuss how money can be most wisely bestowed in charity, and the best methods of prison reform.

The day of prayer was observed at the College by prayer-meetings in the morning and evening, and by a full service in the chapel at 11 A. M. Dr. King, of Albany, delivered the address.

Miss Bernard has been appointed chairman for the third Phil. play.

Prof. in Mental Philosophy :—"Miss X., you may tell us how the theory that intuitive truths are discerned by the *light of nature* originated."

Miss X., confidently :—"From Plato's interpretation of a passage in the gospel of John."

Mr. Dean has fenced himself in from the students by a glass barricade around his desk.

Miss Brace has returned to College.

Miss Potter, teacher of English Literature in Rockford Seminary, Rockford, Illinois, visited the College during the past month, with the especial view of studying the method of instruction in the English Department.

Dr. Allen delivered the last of her series of lectures, January 9,—Subject:—"The Hair." We sincerely hope that it may be only the last of the series, and not the last for the year. Practical lectures in Physiology and Hygiene are certainly a much needed institution in Vassar College.

Dr. William Wilkinson preached in the chapel Sunday morning, January 21.

Chemistry has been omitted from the Freshman course this semester.

Miss Lucy Tappan has supplied Miss Hakes' place in the Latin Department.

Miss Goodsell has subscribed for the Sunday School Times, to be placed in the Senior parlor.

Dr. Caldwell addressed the Literary Section of the Vassar Brothers' Institute, February 6, on "Modern Historians."

The election for the present semester are as follows:

Junior Class: Miss Barker, President; Miss Chapman, Vice-President; Miss Freeman, Secretary; Miss Acer, Treasurer.

Sophomore class: Miss Stevens, President; Miss Ricker, Vice-President; Miss Smiley, Secretary; Miss Lester, Treasurer.

Freshman class: Miss Fox, President; Miss Jenckes, Vice-President; Miss Downes, Secretary; Miss Wickham, Treasurer.

Chapter Alpha: Miss Sherwood, President; Miss Gardner, Vice-President; Miss Hiscock, Secretary; Miss Clinton, Treasurer.

Chapter Beta: Miss Hopson, President; Miss Mabury, Vice-President; Miss Gardner, Secretary; Miss Barker, Treasurer.

Chapter Delta: Miss Wheatley, President; Miss Evans, Vice-President; Miss Bryant, Secretary and Treasurer.

T. and M. Club: Miss Yost, Manager; Miss Wheatley, Secretary and Treasurer.

Qui Vive Club: Miss Acer, President; Miss Spafford, Vice-President; Miss Miller, Secretary and Treasurer.

Services will be held in the Lecture Room during Lent, on every day except Thursdays; on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 9:15 P. M.; on Sundays, at 5 P. M.

First Senior, meditatively, looking at a pine tree: "I wonder why some class doesn't choose a pine for its class tree?"

Second Senior: "It is strange. They make such good matches."

Prof. Backus lectured before the Poughkeepsie Lyceum, Feb. 9,—Subject, "The Age of Invention and Discovery."

Several members of the Society for Religious Inquiry attended a social meeting of the Poughkeepsie Young Women's Christian Association, at the house of its President in town.

Sophomore Trig ceremonies, Feb. 10.

Dr. Ritter delivered a lecture in the chapel, Feb. 9, on the Three Schools of Organ Music.

Mr. Archer gave an organ recital in the chapel Saturday afternoon, Feb. 10.

Extract from Lit. note-book of Sophomore "certificated" on punctuation: "Pope says a little learning is a dangerous thing. Prof B does not agree with him for fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

On Feb. 5, the Senior class presented a petition to the Faculty, requesting them to abolish the present method of awarding honors, based upon the marking system. The petition was subsequently ratified by all the under classes. The Faculty have not yet acted upon the matter.

PERSONALS.

'75.

Died, Jan. 4, 1883, at Chillicothe, Ohio, Miss Elizabeth D. Savage, of '75.

'78.

Miss M. M. Abbott, of '78, is teaching a large Normal class in Waterbury, Conn.

'80.

Miss Madge Healy, of '80, is studying at the College of France, Paris.

Miss Lucy Tappan, of '80, is teaching in the Latin Department at the College.

'82.

Miss Brittan, of '82, sailed for the Bermudas, Feb. 8.

Miss L. B. Stanton, of '82, has returned to the College to continue her studies in Music and French.

Married, Feb. 8, 1883, at Cleveland, Ohio, Miss Ella B. Varnes, of '82, to Mr. E. O. Schwägerl.

'83.

Miss Mary L. Daniels, formerly of '83, is teaching at Miss E. S. Colligan's private school, at St. Paul, Minn.

'85.

Died, Feb. 3, 1883, at Poughkeepsie, Miss Emma Shepherd, of '85.

To her classmates, in whose affections she had gained a warm place by her many endearing qualities, and to her family and friends, we extend our heartfelt sympathy in their affliction.

Married, Jan. 23, 1883, at LaCrosse, Wis., Miss Agnes B. Healy to Mr. Alfred H. Anderson.

The following students have visited the College during the past month: Miss F. Cushing, of '74, Miss E. Shepherd, of '76, Mrs. Mary Thaw Thompson, of '77, Miss M. Bryan, of '81, Mrs. Ella Varnes-Schwägerl, of '82, Misses Meeker and Moshier, formerly of '83, Miss Nicks, Miss Winne, and Miss L. Thompson.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The *Indiana Student* is a sensible, well-conducted periodical, refreshingly devoid of slang and attempted brilliancy. The article entitled "Autumn in Virginia Woods," shows the touch of a hand capable of doing more than ordinary work when older and more practiced. Its bits of descriptions are very pretty—so good that we wish the author had learned not to

mar his pictures by obtrusive moral reflections. "Zoological Science in Shakespeare's Times" gives evidence of research, but is, we venture to suggest, hardly the style of essay suited to a college publication. The editorial department is thoroughly good. It does not exhibit a striking variety in the themes treated, but it shows thought and good sense. The editorial on rapid transit through education was especially bright. The magazine contains a valuable list of the scientific papers of Prof. Jordan. We would respectfully inform our Indiana friends that Vassar's holiday has not been changed from Saturday to Monday.

Decidedly the best of the daily papers which we receive is the *Yale News*. The form of publication is convenient, and we are not disturbed by staring advertisements on the first page. Of late there have been unpleasantly frequent typographical errors, but we presume this fault will soon be corrected. The paper evidently strives to be a genuine college journal, giving fair consideration to all matters of general college interest. Its editorials are, as a rule, straightforward, well written articles, showing none of the too prevalent desire to be editorially funny.

We have tried faithfully, day after day, to find something worth reading in the *Cornell Daily Sun*, and have had our endeavors unrewarded. We presume the paper is very interesting to members of its own college, but articles on subjects so closely related to one college alone can have no interest for outsiders.

We thought that the *Harvard Lampoon's* graphic representation of the I. P. A. was about as good as anything of the sort could be ; but we must acknowledge that the *Athenæum's* goes one ahead of it. The artist will please accept our thanks for so gallantly extricating us, among other unfortunates (?),

from the oppressed condition in which the *Lampoon* so unkindly left us. The rest of the *Athenæum* is—well, we wish that the Williams students would give us, in their journals, some productions which should be a fair index of the literary work of the college. Their power to write trash so fluently must, we think, argue an ability for something more substantial. The editorial on the social relations of collegiates to their fellows we heartily endorse.

One does not need to be a child again to enjoy *St. Nicholas*. It succeeds in that difficult undertaking of combining instruction with amusement. The consummate art with which the *moral* is incorporated in the tales, and, “half suspected, animates the whole,” has always excited our intensest admiration. Sophie Swett’s “A Queer Valentine,” is the most interesting of the stories, and the illustrated jingle of “Three funny old fellows,” the mast unique and ingenious of the pictures.

The twentieth of the month means a new *Century*, and a grand rush, expectant excitement, and the disappointment of unquenched curiosity for those who are under “one administration.” That most harassing tale is still “dragging its slow length along,” the heroine still drinking tea with inward soul—tortures and making eyes with a breaking heart. The plot has gone branching off, apropos of nothing, till it is about as consecutive as a worm-fence. The last installment on the Zunis is an interesting paper. Howells begins a new story in his usual style. He gets no farther in this number than a description of the woman’s dress ; we hope he will give us her reason next time, though, from the present outlook, one would say she was entirely devoid of the article. The “Jewish Problem” is an enthusiastic defence of the moral and social character of the abused Israelites. “Artists’ Models” lets one behind the curtain of artistic life in New York. Bric a Brac is not so good as usual. The imitation of popular novelists is the best thing,

but we think the *Lampoon's* recipes for the concoction of a "baking" book were much better.

The *Atlantic* is always filled with the salt of the literary world ; the February number is solid and instructive, and presents the phenomenon of being the magazine of the month without either a serial or a short story. Richard Grant White's article on "Stage Rosalinds" explains the "unco' feelings" we have always had in seeing "As You Like It," on the stage. The "Morality of Thackeray and George Eliot" is a stupid article, harping on the stale criticism that Thackeray makes one sad, and George Eliot depressed. "The Story of Joseph Lesurques" is the story of the life of the hero of "The Courier of Lyons." It is a tragic tale of mistaken identity.

I. P. A.

In our new department we present to our readers this month, a synopsis of the essay-systems of three leading colleges. Our Williams correspondent writes: "We cannot say that we of Williams are in possession of an essay system. During Sophomore year one essay a term is expected from each man. Junior Year, 1st term, one essay ; 2nd term, one oration ; 3rd term, one essay. Senior Year, essays for first two terms. No rhetorical work is required of Freshmen."

At Amherst, two essays of more than 1200 words, on any subject preferred, must be handed in during the fall term of the Junior year. Only one of these is to be corrected and re-written. After this, essay-work is entirely optional, except with students of Eng. Lit. The favorite subjects seem to be remote historial epochs and heavy literary criticisms.

These reports leave us well content, but Harvard's ! Six themes yearly are required of Sophomores and Juniors. These are corrected and re-written. In addition, four argumentative

essays or "forensics" yearly are to be written by Juniors and Seniors. These are corrected merely as regards the arguments and not re-written. Their practical use will be clearly seen. Finally, (and this it is which we envy) students who have obtained 90 per cent. in Sophomore themes are at liberty to elect "English V.," an advanced course in theme-writing. Such students present essays fortnightly, and their work is circulated among their own number for correction and suggestion. Harvard, perhaps, will really set up such a "school for novelists" as has heretofore only existed in James Payn's brain.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The "Secret Despatch," published by John W. Lovell & Co., 14 and 16 Vesey St., New York, is a story of life in Russia under Catharine II. It is founded on a conspiracy to depose the Empress and raise Ivan, the prisoner of Schlussemburg, to the throne. As might be expected, it teems with treachery, torture, and intrigues. We took it with a judicious amount of cake and pickles just before retiring, and found it quite sufficient to produce a lively nightmare. We heartily commend the compound to all our readers who are desirous of a similar experience. For sale by Flagler.

"The Gul" published by the Junior Class of Williams College. The above partakes of the characteristic features of most of the annuals published by the leading colleges. We notice rather fewer of the usual "grinds," while the whole book is of remarkably good tone.

"Progress and Poverty": from John W. Lovell Company, 14 and 16 Vesey St., New York. An intelligent thinker on subjects of political economy has given us the benefit of his convictions. The book is forcibly written and intensely radical. It has been the recipient of many flattering notices by leading journals, of which it is, no doubt, worthy.

Popular edition of "The Leavenworth Case" and two "Art Handbooks" from G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.



We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges :

Academician, Acta Columbiana, Adelphian, Amherst Student, Argo, Ariel, Atheniaëum, Bates' Student, Beacon, Berkeleyan, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Carletonia, Chronicle, Chi-Delta Crescent, College Argus, College Mercury, College Olio, College Rambler, College Transcript, Colby Echo, College Journal, Columbia Spectator, Concordiensis, Cornell Era, Cornell Sun, Cornell Review, Dartmouth, Dickinsonian, Dutchess Farmer, Exonian, Good Times, Harvard Advocate, Harvard Crimson, Harvard Herald, Harvard Lampoon, Hamilton College Monthly, Hamiltonian, Haverfordian, Hellmuth World, Horae Scholasticae, Hamilton Lit., Illini, Indiana Student, Kansas Review, Lafayette College Journal, Lantern, Lasell Leaves, Lehigh Burr, Madisonensis, Michigan Argonaut, Nassau Lit., Notre Dames, Scholastic, Northwestern, Occident, Penn. College Monthly, Philadelphia Evening Press, Polytechnic, Princetonian, Princeton Tiger, Progress, Queen's College Journal, Res Academicae, Reveille, Rochester Campus, Rockford Seminary Magazine, Round Table, Rutger's Targum, Student's Journal, Syracusean, Tech, Trinity Tablet, Undergraduate, University Magazine, University Portfolio, Wheelman, Willistonian, Woman's Journal, Yale Courant, Yale News, Yale Lit., Yale Record.

REPORT OF ALUMNÆ MEETING.

Minutes of the Eighth Annual Meeting of the Vassar Alumnæ Association of New York and vicinity, held February 3, 1883, at Delmonico's, New York.

The meeting was called to order at 12:40 P. M. by the President, Miss Norris, of '70.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted. Miss Hamlin, Chairman of the Executive Committee, proposed that a change be made in the manner of choosing the officers of the Association, and that they, as well as the members of the Committee, be voted for by tickets instead of separately, as on former occasions.

Miss Hamlin added that the Committee advised that the officers be elected for two years, instead of one, as heretofore ; but that the Executive Committee would not wish to serve two years.

She stated that no report about the Alumnæ was to be read ; only those who had done something special were to be mentioned.

Miss Hiscock moved that Miss Hamlin's propositions be adopted.

They were adopted.

The President then read the following ticket :

For President, Miss A. F. Goodsell, of '69.

Vice-President, Miss Grant, of '77.

Secretary, Miss Thurston, of '80.

Treasurer, Miss J. A. Meeker, of '81.

On motion, they were elected.

Miss Jordan moved that Miss Hamlin be re-elected as Chairman of Ex. Committee. Carried.

The President then read the ticket containing the names of the other six members of the Committee.

Miss Hiscock moved that it be adopted.

The motion was carried.

The Ex. Committee as elected was, therefore :

Chairman, Miss Hamlin, '74.

2nd Member, Miss Palmer, '79.

3rd " Mrs. D. D. Parmly, '74.

4th " Miss A. Johnson, '77.

5th " Miss Helen Brown, '78.

6th " Miss Darling, '81.

7th " Miss Taylor, '82.

The business meeting was then adjourned.

Lunch was soon served.

After the table was cleared, the President, Miss Norris, in brief remarks spoke of her desire to invite influential ladies in New York to attend meetings of the Association, partly, that they might judge for themselves whether or not the Alumnae are "prudes"; of her conviction that money is the basis upon which any great educational superstructure must be built; of her regret that the College has not yet produced what "the world calls great women," and of her hope that such may yet appear, even from among the "fossilized graduates."

She presented to the Association, in retiring, the Principal of the College, as their President-elect.

Miss Goodsell expressed her appreciation of the honor conferred by her election, and introduced Dr. Caldwell. He stated that, though the College was provided for liberally at its beginning, it had outgrown its inheritance. It has lately come into possession of \$130,000 the bequest of Mr. Matthew Vassar, Jr. Of this sum \$35,000 is for the aid of poor students, and not directly for that of the institution, except as it is

helped by the presence of such students. The building has been made more commodious and healthful than formerly. The facilities for study and laboratory practice in the departments of Chemistry and Physics and of Natural History have been much enlarged.

The Department of Music, and indeed the whole College has received a great gift in the new organ, and the Department of Art is now in possession of a large studio, the room formerly occupied by the Philalethean Society.

The Faculty consider the Preparatory Department a heavy burden to the College, and have appointed a Committee to investigate its relations to the College. Money is required to make it possible to abolish it. If the Committee think it feasible they will urge this step upon the Trustees.

The President closed his remarks by referring to the 550 daughters whom the College has sent out, as its best treasure. Without their confidence and affection it must be poor indeed.

Miss Hamlin then expressed the wish of the Executive Committee to bring the College and Alumnae into closer sympathy and intercourse at the meetings of the Association. She regretted the absence of Prof. Cooley, who, she had hoped, would be present and speak of the great change in his department. She stated that Mr. and Mrs. Dean and Mrs. Bishop, who, besides Mrs. Dean, is the only woman who has given money, or money's worth to the College, had been invited to be present but had sent regrets.

The President then called upon Miss Hiscock for a report of the Woman's Intercollegiate Association.

Miss Hiscock stated that graduates of eight institutions, Boston University, Boston School of Technology, Michigan and Cornell Universities, and Wellesley, Oberlin, Smith and Vassar Colleges, have formed this Association. Its present membership is 254, of this number 104 are Alumnae of Vassar. The aim of the Association was set forth in a recent report of its Secretary which was read by the speaker.

A number of questions had been prepared for discussion. The first was :

"What improvements have been made in the internal arrangement of the College?" Replied to by Miss Stockwell, of '81. Miss Goodsell made further statement in reference to the rooms and privileges of the students, the abolition of "Silent Time," &c.

Question 2nd : "Is social life at the College encouraged, and how?"

Miss Hamlin, '74, and Miss Maltbie, '75, expressed their affirmative view of the subject.

Question 3rd : "Is the course of study narrow—narrower than at Smith?"

Dr. Caldwell, in reply, said that he had never been at Smith, but he believed that, while the classical course there might be more extended than at Vassar, the Scientific Departments had on such facilities to offer.

Prof. Dwight spoke enthusiastically of the Natural History Museum, and especially the collection of Birds. Dr. Caldwell said there are now no Post-graduate Courses. Steps have been taken toward forming them, and when Alumnae apply for opportunities for study not furnished in connection with undergraduate classes, they will be given them.

Question 4th : "How do the College authorities advise the Alumnae to work for their Alma Mater?"

Miss Coffin, '70, and Miss Glover, '71, spoke in reference to the Alumnae's being represented on the Board of Trustees. Miss Ely, '68, said that a petition to this effect had been sent to the Board some years ago, which had not yet been heard from.

Dr. Caldwell said that, during his four years connection with the Board, he had never heard the subject mentioned at their meetings. He could see no objection to the Alumnae's being represented there, by one of their own number or some person whom they should choose.

Prof. Backus gave it as his belief that the Alumnae could gain nothing for the College by urging such a representation upon the Trustees. He thought a Board of Visitors appointed by the Alumnae Association would be welcomed at the College, and that the results of their observations presented to the Trustees would have their consideration.

He was certain that the greatest service the Alumnae could do the College was to "kill the Preparatory Department." Three or four other questions were read but not discussed.

Miss Maltbie moved a vote of thanks to Miss Hamlin for her indefatigable efforts in preparing for this meeting of the Association. Carried.

The members then dispersed.

A. DINSMORE, '72.,
Secretary.



The Nassat Miscellany.

Editors from '83.		Editors from '84.	
C. L. BOSTWICK,	MARTHA SHARPE,	M. F. L. HUSSEY,	JUSTINA H. MERRICK.
S. F. SWIFT.			
Business Editor: ANNA H. LATHROP.			

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SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN ART.

Moral questions will always be, to a certain degree, questions of History and Geography, of varying importance in the third century or the nineteenth, in England or Italy. An old-time Quaker might condemn all Art as beyond the pale of morality, while to many of its modern disciples I fear it is not only morality but also religions. Have we, after all, any right to apply the ethical yard-stick to the production of Art? The light which beats upon Genius is fiercer than even that which shines upon a throne. The artist can not elude his moral obligations since his works are not exclusively his own but the expression of the cultivation of his time. Art and morality are to some degree commensurable. Of course a wholesale attempt to classify poetry and pictures by any moral

quality would result in hopeless confusion. Art is not a species of morality, nor morality, in any sense, an Art; but let us remember that, if we separate them entirely, we shall have to throw out from one or the other the works of Dante and Milton and a long list of famous Madonnas. If not related, they have become so inextricably confused that we shall do well not to try to disentangle them. "Art is long," but it is divided into some very short sections. *Æstheticism* was one of the most fleeting and superficial of these fashions in Art. Its exponent, the sunflower, is even now declining, and the name of Oscar Wilde will soon join "Pinafore" and "My Grandfather's Clock" in the hereafter allotted to worn-out jokes and defunct slang. Let us speak no ill of the departed. A power which dethroned the upholsterers and covered green rep parlor furniture with cat-tails in Kensington stitch is not to be despised. *Æstheticism* was a reformer in a humble way, the sunflower was not in vain, and the lily rests from her labors and her works do follow her.

From the ashes of this burned out mania has arisen a school of Art longer-lived, and a shade less ridiculous. Beauty, truth, and originality are its creed, and to this simple profession of faith it has adhered tolerably well. It has reform for its object no less than the phase of Art which preceded it, but it is more thorough and systematic. It has invaded interior decorations, denouncing plaster ceilings as "stale, flat," and combustible, and has elevated the rafters of the parlor, and the yellow platters of the kitchen to an ornamental role, in accordance with one of its pet principles, that what is useful is beautiful. The prophet of this outgrowth of *æstheticism* is not Oscar Wilde but Rossetti; the new school asserts that it was not to be taken in by an artistic acrobat standing on his head for the public penny, but that it turned to a man, who, whatever else he was, was sincere in his love and appreciation of Art.

This new fashion in Art is comprehensive. It presides over more ground than the whole nine muses, and embraces with a

tenderness whose equality is truly touching, Old English, Early Italian, Japanese, and even despised nineteenth century Art. It promised us a higher culture through its pictures, its Literature, its parlor lectures, and its classes in every branch of Art. Though its fruits have been many [and in some respects excellent, we cannot obey the scriptural injunction to judge it thereby; for the world seems, after all, no more cultivated, and we are driven to doubt, not its good intentions, but its ability to attain the standard it has itself established.

We now fall back upon the moral standard which we have asserted our right to use, and apply it to the creations of Swinburne and Rossetti, and judge their poetry by the Ten Commandments, and their paintings and bric-a-brac by the Law and the Prophets. We find no great abuses against which to start a crusade, but many small ones against which to guard, —so many that we are ready to cry with Solomon “Take us the foxes, the little foxes, for they spoil our vines.”

One of the first dangers of modern art-culture arises from its morbidness. Each particular poet and painter seems to feel upon his head the sins of the whole race, and thereupon breaks forth in a wail of utter woe. It seems that the art of attaining sublime heights has been lost, and only in the most profound depths can modern inspiration be found. Penance, though profitable as a spiritual exercise, is not a healthful kind of artistic recreation, and though a constant reproduction of life's bright side becomes unimpressive, still its atmosphere is not so stifling as this settled melancholy. The best works of the old poets were full of ringing melody, and their darkest pictures showed somewhere a ray of cheerful light. Dante, it is true, gave us *Inferno*, but afterwards described *Paradise* in the brightest colors. Milton pictured the greatest tragedy the world has ever seen without crowding into it as much melancholy and despair as Swinburne put into “A Watch in the Night.” If, with every degree of culture we attain, there comes a feeling of anger against the last, this is no culture

at all but only a superficial Art craze. We long for a feast-day amid so much artistic sackcloth and ashes.

Then there is the old, and very common danger of too much of a good thing. There is no half-way worship of this artistic Juggernaut. It requires a neck-or-nothing obedience, which we cannot give except at the expense of something else. It will not share a heart or a house, but is the 'little leaven which leaveneth the whole lump.' I have seen one brass fire-place extend its influence until every room in the house looked like a bric-a-brac bazar, or a new edition of Old Curiosity Shop.

The fact that a thing is artistic is not an all-sufficient recommendation. When we place a picture on our walls or a poem on our shelves because a touch of genius or a flowing rhythm makes it attractive, when, if stripped of these, we would hardly think it worthy of our ash barrel, we have practically denied the existence of any moral standard of right and wrong, and may break the whole Ten Commandments if we do it artistically.

During the past few years Art culture has been applied to several novel uses and has suffered the usual punishment for keeping bad company. American would-be aristocracy found that money alone was a poor foundation, so began to use Art as an assistance in climbing the social ladder. Like charity, it has covered a multitude of sins, and the occasions are not few where a very little artistic love has done duty for a vast amount of learning and cultivation. It is easier than to be learned, pleasanter than to be eccentric, and less tedious than to be literary, while it is quite as good a ticket to social distinction as either of them : hence its popularity.

To another class, this invasion of the realm of Art was God-send. The fast young woman was tired of horses, and Ulsters were not becoming, after all. So she took down the ribbon-tied cigarettes from her mirror-frame, and replaced them by the more ornamental but less suggestive peacock feather, and laying aside her rattan and riding-whip, she in-

vested in a palette, a paint box, and a set of Ruskin which she never read. Her French novel gives place to the poetry of the new school, and her crowning glory appears in an "English bang" and a "Langtry knot," and in the fullness of her heart, she declares that Art culture is quite as good an amusement as her former ones, and vastly more safe and becoming.

Finally, there is a very prosaic and unartistic sin arising from all the "harmonious half-tones" of subdued color in parlor decoration, from this melodious, but incomprehensible poetry, and from the rather hazy "impressions" of many modern artists, namely that they are responsible for as many lies as any trout brook in Maine. Few people understand, much less appreciate; but all this has to be admired, so they learn a list of adjectives which are safely unmeaning, and start out as amateur critics. It is no wonder, then, that the Art they admire so promiscuously is condemned as superficial when it is praised by such admirers, and for so ignoble a purpose.

Modern Art will continue to be called superficial, and will be not altogether undeserving the name, while its adherents admit but two artistic principles—the loaves and the fishes. It will find fewer followers, but more sincere ones who will seek it for its own sake when it ceases the vain attempt to be popular. Its moral dangers will be removed with its unworthy disciples, and the artistic millennium will have dawned when it claims no longer to be law and end unto itself, but owns its connection with morality to be vital and binding.

C. G. L., '86.

THE STORY OF MARIA DE CASTRO.

A tiny, dark, foreign-looking little creature, with sparkling, coal-black eyes, and a mass of waving black hair, falling unbraided almost to her knees,—that was the way Maria looked the first time I saw her, as I came into school one morning,

after an absence of two or three weeks. Such a forlorn little object as she was, sitting alone on one of the despised front benches ; and yet, in spite of the coarse texture, and clumsy make of her exceedingly well-worn woolen dress, there was an air of delicacy and refinement about her that no one could fail to notice.

“ Who is that funny little yellow girl, with the lovely hair ? ” I immediately inquired of my circle of intimate friends.

“ Don’t you know ? ” said they, “ Why that’s Mary Lindsay, the little Brazilian.”

“ Who is she, and where did she come from ? ” I questioned. “ Seems to me Lindsay is a curious name for a Brazilian.”

Each one volunteered to give all the information she possessed, so in a few minutes I learned all that they could tell me about the Lindsay family. They had arrived, about two weeks before, from nobody knew where ; and had settled down in a miserable little house on the edge of the town, which had, for some time, been considered unfit for occupation. The most of the information concerning them had come through a maiden lady who lived next door, and to whom the advent of the new-comers, who were not only strangers but foreigners as well, had been a God-send in the way of gossip. Mr. Lindsay was a Scotchman, a poor, lazy, good-for-nothing loafer ; while Mrs. Lindsay was a Brazilian, and said to be a very charming person, at least, in looks ; for, as she did not speak English, no one had been able to converse with her. There was a little boy, Ralph, who was just his father in miniature,—light hair, freckles, gray eyes, and all ; and, last but not least, there was Mary, who was said not to be their daughter, but a niece of Mrs. Lindsay. Why she had left Brazil no one knew. Some said she was an orphan whom they had adopted ; others, that she had come as a companion for her aunt, who did not like to go so far from home and friends without any one of her own people for company. At all events, nobody cared much who she was, and the advent of the Lindsays was

soon forgotten by every one except us school children, who, for weeks, never tired of getting Mary to tell us about Brazil, hearing her "talk Spanish," and admiring her beautiful long hair. Occasionally reports were circulated that Mr. Lindsay was very unkind to his wife; that he did not give her enough to wear; and that she suffered terribly in our cold climate. Then the benevolent ladies of the place would shake their heads; expatiate on the sad fortune of a lady, seemingly so refined and cultivated, and bound to such an idle scamp as her husband; then they would make up a box of warm clothing for the Lindsay family, and finally the latter would again sink back into oblivion. In time Mary, too, got to be an old story among us young people. We knew as much as she did about Brazil, and were tired of Spanish; so our little Scheherezade had to lay aside that pleasant character, and lapse into insignificance.

So three or four years went by, and the arrival in New York of no less a person than his royal highness, Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, brought Mary before our minds once more. The startling announcement was made that, alone and unaided, she was going to New York to visit the Empress, and, oh, most delightful fact of all to the romantic mind! the necessary funds were to be procured by nothing less than the sacrifice of that pride of her heart, her hair! Yes; it was true, poor Mary appeared at school one morning quite "shaven and shorn." The beautiful luxuriant tresses, had, by the inexorable hand of circumstance, been converted into a handful of dirty greenbacks. She was not really half so pretty as before, yet in our eyes the cropped head possessed a charm greater even than in the first days of our admiration, for it was the head of a heroine. For the few days that elapsed before her departure Mary was caressed, made much of, in fact fairly fêted, and when it was learned that she was going to beg the Empress to let her return to Brazil in her suite, our enthusiasm knew no bounds. At length she departed, and we were anxiously expecting to

hear that she had been made first maid of honor, or chief lady in waiting, when one morning, about a week after she left home, Mary appeared in school, looking and acting quite as usual. Of course we instantly fell upon her, and besieged her with questions, and we soon learned all she had to tell. She had experienced no trouble either in getting to New York, or in obtaining an audience with her majesty. Her aunt, she said, had told her just what she must do, and how she must act (here we exchanged whispers aside to the effect that we had always known her family was of high rank), and so everything had been perfectly easy for her.

The Empress had been very kind, and had let her stay with her at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. When we asked the reason of her coming back, and why she did not go home to Brazil with the Empress, she told us that the generous sovereign had given her twenty-five dollars, and the advice to stay where she was and get an education, so that possibly she might some time go back to Brazil as a teacher. Our faith in royalty was shaken. We resolved, of a truth, never again to put our trust in princes.

The excitement incident to Mary's return soon died down, and again the Lindsay family lapsed into oblivion. This time it took nothing less than death himself to bring them before the notice of their fellow-townsmen. The villagers woke up one morning to the announcement that Mrs. Lindsay had died the night before, and that just before her death she had confided her whole history to a kind lady who took care of her. The poor creature had been struggling against the climate for years, and now quick consumption had put an end to the contest.

People remembered, when it was too late, that the Lindsay family had been sadly neglected; nothing had been done for them for months; and the general regret was not lessened, when this sad story of an unhappy life became known. It seemed that Mrs. Lindsay's father had been a wealthy Brazil-

ian gentleman who lived on the island of St. Catherine's. Here she had passed her life happily among the flowers and orange groves, without a thought or care to trouble her, until, at the age of fourteen, she was married to a middle-aged Brazilian gentleman of high rank. He had lived only about four years, leaving her at eighteen, a widow, with one little girl.

Now, among his other possessions, her father was the proprietor of a large exporting house, where he employed, as interpreter a young Scotchman named Lindsay. This same Lindsay, though seemingly a faithful, honest fellow, was, in reality, an adventurer of the deepest dye. For several years he had been knocking about the world, sometimes as a sailor before the mast, sometimes living, nobody knows how, first in one country, then in another, till by a stroke of fortune he got into this excellent situation. But settled employment of any kind was distasteful to him, and he was already making plans for departure, when in the ware-house, one day, he accidentally met the widowed daughter of his employer. His vagrant fancy was captivated by Isabelle's pretty face, and then the idea came to him that it would be a fine stroke of policy to marry this girl, enter into partnership with her father, and, in short, settle himself comfortably for life. Whatever he resolved to do he generally accomplished, and, in this case, the difficulty of the scheme only made it the more fascinating. He first set himself to gain the particular notice and approbation of her father. He readily accomplished this; and the old gentleman, who had no suspicion of the deceit which was being practised upon him, was very ready to extend a friendly hand to the young foreigner who was so accommodating and obliging, and took such an interest in his work. Before long Lindsay had manœuvred so successfully that he began to receive invitations to his employer's house; and as soon as he had gained that privilege, all was easy for him. Being a young man, and good looking, with a dash of adventure about him, he found little trouble in captivating the hith-

erto untouched heart of Isabelle ; and in a few weeks she would have been ready to go with him anywhere. He told her that he was the son of a wealthy Scotch nobleman, and had left home to seek his fortune, because he would not marry the lady whom his father had chosen for him. He easily succeeded in imposing upon the innocent girl, who had no thought of wrong ; but with her father the task was harder. To make a friend of the young foreigner was one thing, to make him a son-in-law, quite another. However, at length, Don Carols yielded against his better judgment, and gave his consent to their union, prompted thereto by Isabelle's declaration that, with it or without it, she should marry anyway. So they had a fine wedding, and Isabelle received an abundance of money and jewels and beautiful dresses ; and for a few months they lived like the happy pair in a fairy tale. Then the Bohemian nature of the redoubtable Lindsay began to assert itself, and he felt that he could stay in Brazil no longer. His first idea was to go quietly away taking all the funds he could get, and saying nothing to anybody, for he knew that Isabelle's father would never consent to her leaving their country. But he still had a lingering fondness for Isabelle ; he did not exactly like to leave her forever, so he told her that he had received a telegram informing him of the severe illness of his father in Scotland, and that he must leave at once ; must, indeed, take the steamer that left in two hours' time. If she wanted to accompany him, she must pack up her jewels and silver, and any other valuables she possessed, and get ready instantly. As for her little girl, little Maria de Castro, she would better stay with her grandfather until they came back. But to this Isabelle would not consent. She would never part with Maria ; so finally he agreed to let her go, on the one condition that Isabelle should never let it be known that Maria was her child, and that she should never be called by her own rightful name of de Castro. What his object was in making this stipulation, Isabelle did not know then, nor did she ever find out. Wheth-

er he had some plan by which he expected to extort money from Maria's relatives for his own use, or what his idea was, will always remain a mystery. At any rate, Isabelle consented, only too glad to take her child at any cost, and so, without saying farewell to father or friends, with scarcely time to dress herself properly, she gathered her belongings together and they started. And from that time, what they suffered! The poor dying woman could only tell how they went from place to place, without ever staying long anywhere; how it was not until after Mr. Lindsay had spent all her money, and sold every valuable she possessed, even to the shawl she wore, that she learned all his treachery. Even then he would not allow her to return to her friends, or to communicate with them in any way. For a time they had lived in London, where Mr. Lindsay had managed to procure some employment in a miserable from-hand-to-mouth sort of way. And the poor lady's powers of description failed her, when she tried to tell how she had suffered in the cold and fog and rain; and how she had longed with a heart-sick despair for her own bright, sunny, beautiful St. Catherine's. Finally they had emigrated to the United States, and, after living in various towns between Maine and California, had settled down in Hartland. But Maria! it was the thought of her that troubled the dying woman's last moments! What would become of her when her mother was dead? She could not continue to live with Mr. Lindsay who had always hated her, "and then," said poor Isabelle, "she is not where she belongs. A de Castro living like this!" and she glanced around the dismal, half-furnished room. Her only hope was that some of Maria's relatives in Brazil might still be living, and that she could go home to them. "Even if they could not have forgiven me for going away as I did, surely they will not visit my wrong-doing on my innocent child," she said. And so she died, praying with her last breath that they would write! write! write! to Brazil.

Of course, in a benevolent community like ours, there was no trouble in finding plenty of friends for Maria de Castro, (for we at once threw aside the old Mary Lindsay with contempt) and so she went to live with a kind old lady who offered her a home until she should hear from her friends. Maria felt some sorrow at leaving her little half-brother, Ralph, but then, she said, his father had always been as kind to him, as he was unkind to her, so that she was not afraid of his being ill-treated; and as they would, at least for a time, continue to live where they had, she would still be able to see him. Maria and her friend now wrote letter after letter to all the places where Mrs. Lindsay had said she had relatives living, but all to no avail; they heard nothing in reply. There was the possibility, since it was so long since Isabelle left home, that her friends might have moved to some other part of the country, so they wrote more letters to be forwarded, they advertised, they did everything they could, and then prepared to wait patiently. So many months passed away, and Maria had about given up the hope of ever learning anything of her distant kindred; yet she had so endeared herself to Mrs. Cady, her kind protectress, by her sweet temper and charming, confiding little ways, that that good lady would have been more sorry than glad for her own sake to have received a letter. Imagine then her surprise when she awoke one morning to find Maria gone, absolutely gone. Gone with her trunk, her clothes, her books, everything that she possessed, and not a word to tell why or wherefore. At first many people thought of foul play, but it was absurd to think that she could have been carried off, and all her things with her, without her own consent and connivance. Her friends searched everywhere, they telegraphed in every direction; finally they put detectives on the track, and were rewarded by the discovery that Maria, in company with a young Brazilian gentleman, had taken passage in a vessel bound for Rio. That was all. Why she should have chosen to steal away in the night as she did,

was a mystery. No one had sufficient claim upon her to have prevented her going when and where she pleased, without taking the trouble to do it clandestinely. As to her companion, it was found that he was some one with whom she had become acquainted in New York, on her memorable visit to the Empress, and with whom she had been secretly corresponding ever since. The good Mrs. Cady was distressed to discover, after her departure, that certain valuable laces and trinkets of her own were missing also. She found to her intense surprise that the artless little Maria had carried on a system of deceit ever since she had been in the house. One after another, matters kept coming to light in which the kind soul had been made a victim of the most heartless imposition. "Well," said that lady, "there was Spanish blood in her veins, and who ever heard of a Spaniard who was not treacherous? I do not know now whether to believe one word her mother said. I am inclined to think that Mr. George Lindsay has been maligned."

So time passed on, and Maria's name was all but forgotten, when one day there arrived an important looking letter, addressed to her in the care of Mrs. Cady, and postmarked from a small inland town in Brazil. Mrs. Cady opened it, saw that the signature bore the name of Maria's uncle, her father's brother, with a ponderous title attached; saw that it contained one of those significant looking documents which may represent a good deal of money; and saw that it was written in English. She thought she would read it, then she thought she would'nt, again she hesitated, and then she handed the letter over to Ralph Lindsay unread. What the contents were neither he nor his father ever revealed, and as they shortly after left town, that was the last that was ever heard of poor, pretty, treacherous little Maria de Castro.

L. P., '83.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

O———, March 11, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

You say I have never given you a description of our new home, although we have lived here more than a year; and perhaps it will interest you, for I remember that many things, at first, seemed strange to me, and its peculiar features and life were like a piece of a new world.

The town is large, in parts very well built, but covering a great extent of territory, as most western towns do. There is no regularity in its plan, which abounds in what the natives called "flat-iron corners;" these prove a source of almost endless confusion to me; the deviation of a foot or two on the sidewalks, at a central point, being liable to land one down all manner of wrong streets; and the sight of five or more streets joining forces and issuing as two, being somewhat novel to me.

The peculiar character of the place does not make itself apparent until the "logs come down." As you are not engaged in the lumber business, that may not convey any very definite idea to your mind. But the phrase, in its first meaning, is to be taken literally. O———., as you probably know, is a lumber-town, and its chief business is the converting of pine logs into merchantable lumber. In the pine forests farther north, the trees are felled during the winter, drawn over the snow by oxen

to a frozen stream, and there left. Each log bears its owners "mark;" some characteristic cut of an ax through its bark that serves as sign manual (and often times the only one he can give), of its proprietor. When Spring comes, and the ice melts, these logs are carried down stream by the swollen current. At a chosen place, usually where several tributaries join the main stream, a "boom" is formed. The stream is bridged across, and all logs detained by that barrier, are sorted and made into rafts, by the very simple expedient of fastening together four of the longest ones in such a manner that they form the sides of a hollow square within which others are imprisoned. When each man has picked out and "rafted" his particular logs, the barriers are removed and the rafts continue their journey down stream. This is the event referred to in the saying, and as the logs are generally sold as soon as they reach civilization, the phrase comes to be synonymous for "good times" and full pockets. Then the new dresses are bought, summer trips planned, and the gala days begin. Then, too, the town receives a considerable increase in population from the returned "lumber men." These are of various classes, but all agree in being unlike any other people. There are the choppers and similar laborers; strong, brawny men, whose faces have known no razor since their disappearance in the fall; whose feet are clad in large, high, heelless boots, made of sheepskin, with the wool in the inside, and forming a curly fringe around the top and up the seam; unaccustomed to the shelter of a town, and to the warm sides of a street, they often throw off all overgarments, always dispense with such superfluities as collars, supplying their places by gay handkerchiefs tied around their throats, and not infrequently adding, by way of adornment, bright colored scarfs about their waists. They gaze upon everyone as a long-lost and but recently-found friend; being sublimely unconscious that their gaze may be an annoyance. Nor is it such to the habitues of the town; long custom having rendered them indifferent. What becomes of these men during

the warm weather has always been somewhat of a mystery to me ; for after a few weeks they disappear from view, and the town, having emptied their full pockets, relapses into its ordinary condition.

The town has another peculiarity which altogether eludes the glance of the new comer. It has no foundation, that is, none to speak of: as it does not fall in, it probably rests upon something, but very little *earth* is to be found, and that little is imported. Once seized by the desire for out door improvement, that annual attendant upon Spring weather, I grasped a rake and began my labors by an attempt to clean up the space between the sidewalk and the road, which was utterly destitute of grass and covered with chips. The children of the neighborhood gathered to witness the unusual performance and I plied my rake with a lofty disdain of my neighbors' unkept premises and a desire to impress upon the younger generation the "godliness of cleanliness." My task seemed likely to prove a longer one than I had expected, for each movement of the rake discovered fresh chips beneath, and I was beginning to repent me of my undertaking, when one small boy of the opposite row piped out, "Say, Miss, what 'yer doin'?" "Cleaning up," in a tone calculated to repress further comment: "Say, Miss, yer better not do much o' that, fur if yer do yer'll come to water!" and then the party disappeared in a wild game of leap-frog, howling at my discomfiture. It was all too true. O——. is a snare and a delusion: nothing but a swamp filled up with sawdust, "slabs" and refuse lumber generally. The aspiring citizen buys a piece of the original swamp, props his house up on pike staffs, fills in with sawdust to the proper height, having due regard to "settling," puts a few loads of imported earth on the top, sods it and rejoices in his "lawn," where he can sit beneath his own vine and fig tree (represented by a morning glory and lilac bush) in apparent disregard of the unstable nature of his possessions. Moreover the prime distinction between the wealthy and aristocratic homes and those that are not so, is this point of filling up.

I must not forget to tell you of the “fire days,” for no account of this place would be complete without that. As the mercury falls low in winter so does it rise high in summer, and the united efforts of the fierce sunbeams and strong wind of this open and unbroken country, render this town as dry as tinder; after a week or more without rain “fire days” are expected; days when the atmosphere is lurid, when the wind is like the breath of a furnace, when the grass is parched, the trees, with their dry leaves, call in vain for water, and the very sun is red and blood-thirsty. Then does the wisdom of the city fathers become most apparent; then does the peculiar foundation of O——, and the consideration that its business men feel for the property of others show forth most clearly; for all the saw mills are built in a row to the windward of the town, each surrounded by its “yard” of sawdust and tinder, all are driven by engines run at high pressure, many of which are without “spark catchers.” The wind seizes these sparks, whirls them aloft, bears them beyond the limits of the yard where they started, and drops them, still blazing, on a neighbor’s premises. These “sparks” are not what the uninitiated know by that name, but burning brands often two feet long, torn through the fire and up the smoke stack by the terrible force of the draft. A blaze thus started stops only when there is nothing more to burn. In the path of the wind, now grown to a hurricane, nothing can resist; iron melts, and brick and stone crumble to powder. Far away, families see the danger coming and flee, with such valuables as their frightened and nervous hands can grasp; flee for their lives, and well they may, for the fire is at the mercy of the wind, liable to turn and surround them at any moment. The *ground* burns, carrying the fire, sometimes beneath the thin covering of earth and grass to buildings which might otherwise escape, and will smoulder for months after the more rapid combustion above ground has ceased. Custom renders all things bearable, and the “old inhabitant” lives in a state of constant preparation;

her best clothes are carefully tied in sheets ready to be thrown out of the window at any moment; her carpets are but slightly tacked down so that a vigorous pull at the corner will raise a whole side, her silver and papers are always at hand, and she never leaves her home on "fire days."

Such is O——. Do I like the place? Yes, and no: many things I admire, but find very few pleasant. Its social customs are like its population,—mixed. It is hospitable, and thoroughly united from one end to the other; its inhabitants are devoted to it, and hurl down such wrath and scorn upon the head of any one who ventures to differ from them that it is, perhaps, the part of wisdom to keep silence concerning its purely personal "institutions," and bring both letter and description to a close, merely wishing that you might visit us and see for yourself some of its characters and their peculiarities.

Yours sincerely.

No "good words" to-night, my darling,
 Some day, God may give me speech,
 After I have learned, by living,
 All a woman's life can teach.

But—no words for you, my darling!
 Can I voice those sunset skies?
 Can I sing the faint rose shadow
 Which within this lily lies?

Every flower by the roadside
 Gives its message straight from heaven.
 They *are* thoughts! I may not even
 Word the wordless to me given!

Thus I said, my darling, sadly,
 While I walked and thought of you
 Out among the flowers and locusts
 After sunset, in the dew.

And I found no words of music
Soft as tired bees humming there—
Found no words as pearly, dainty,
As the pale rose balsams fair.

So I turned from flowers and twilight,
To the homely lamp-light's ray.
I could only love you—love you
Every hour of every day.

But I found one woman heartened
By my arm about her thrown.
I can love you by not letting
Others lonely walk alone !

I can love you—speak you, darling,
When I, murmuring “Since you live”
Speak the word or make the offering
Which I else would never give.

So, my love will cease to hurt me
With the speechlessness which burns,
While I'll believe each deed done for you
To your heart in peace returns.

THE WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman who ever received the diploma of a Medical School, began the study of medicine in 1845, and graduated in 1848 from a college then existing at Geneva, N. Y. She became a student in that institution under protest and after fruitless applications elsewhere, and so great was the prejudice at that time against women entering the profession, that, as soon as she had obtained her diploma, the college immediately closed its doors to them. This prejudice and opposition did not, however, deter several other women, eminently fitted for medical work, from seeking instruction,

and they succeeded in opening the doors of a College at Cleveland, Ohio, from which, in due time, they obtained the coveted diplomas. So many and so great were, however, the obstacles placed in their way by the men, who up to that time had monopolized the practice of medicine as a means of livelihood, that it seemed absolutely necessary to establish a school expressly for women; and, accordingly, March 11, 1850, a charter was obtained from the Legislature of Pennsylvania for the first Woman's Medical College in the world. The school was opened in Philadelphia in the fall of that year with a full corps of instructors, selected from among respectable and regular practitioners of medicine. From that day forward, the College has ever endeavored to furnish to its students first-class instruction, and to keep up with the advancing growth of Medical Science.

In its first year the new college was attended by forty students, earnest women, who worked all the harder because they were deprived of clinical advantages in any of the hospitals in that great city, which is so full of charitable institutions, and which was, at that time, the one renowned centre of medical education. Thus shut out from all the great institutions, this band of indomitable women obtained their experience in the recognition and treatment of disease as best they could, in the lanes and by-ways of the city, and in the homes of the poor, since their college was then too poor to establish a hospital of its own. The first class graduated in 1852, and among the number was Dr. Ann Preston, who, ever after, till her death in 1872, gave her whole strength to the practice of her profession and the advancement of the medical education of women. Through her efforts money had been pledged by 1861, to establish a Hospital, wherein clinical instruction might be insured to the students of the infant college so dear to her heart; and which might furnish a place where suffering women could receive attention from those of their own sex. Although the college had then been in existence for nearly

ten years, the classes had met in an old seminary on Arch street, in the very heart of the city, but when the Hospital was opened, certain of its rooms were set apart for their use as college lecture-rooms, etc. Thither they moved and remained until 1875, when one more step forward was taken, and a new and commodious edifice erected on the adjoining lot. This, the present building of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, can accommodate 250 students. On the second floor of this building are two lecture rooms, each with rising seats for 250 students. On the same floor, communicating with the last lecture-room are the anatomical and pathological museum, and the store room for surgical appliances. An elevator runs between it and the commodious, well lighted and ventilated dissecting room on the third floor. This lecture-room is especially fitted for the lectures on anatomy, surgery, practice, obstetrics, and diseases of women. The west lecture-room is in communication with the chemical and physiological laboratories on the same floor, and, by an elevator, with the pharmaceutical laboratory on the first floor. It is admirably fitted for chemistry, materia medica, and physiology. The lecture schedule is so arranged that, as far as possible, neither lecture-room is used two hours in succession, thus allowing ample time for change of air, and any necessary preparation for the coming lecture. On the first floor is a long cloak room, with locked closets, for the use of the students. There are also other rooms, used as reception room, reading room, faculty room, &c., which can all be thrown into one during social gatherings at the college. The whole building is well-lighted and cheery. The students do not reside in the building, but find board in the neighborhood, and come there for instruction alone. The "Woman's Hospital," in the same block, is very convenient for those who have a spare hour to work in its drug room, or to observe diseases and learn how to treat them in the large daily clinics. There are special wards in the hospital for medical, surgical,

and obstetrical cases, and bedside instruction is given at appropriate times. About two years ago a fine new Maternity was erected for the obstetrical cases. On its third floor is also a ward for diseases of children. A new Clinic Hall adjoining the old Hospital has just been completed, which has an amphitheatre and raised seats, for the delivery of clinical lectures and the performance of surgical operations in the presence of the students. Surrounding the amphitheatre are various small rooms for treatment of eye diseases, etc. In one or more of these, Clinics are held every day. The other clinical advantages now open to students in Philadelphia are also excellent. "Pennsylvania Hospital," "Blockley Almshouse," the "Orthopœdic Hospital," "Will's Eye Hospital," the daily clinics at the "Eye and Ear Dispensary," 13th and Chestnut, the "Dispensary and Hospital for Skin Diseases," Locust below 10th, and a number of other places give them a hearty welcome. They can also obtain very good instruction on the specialties of every branch, from those who make it a business to give private lessons in that way. In fact, the amount of clinical and other instruction they can obtain is only limited by the time they have to spare outside of the regular lectures. The college is on a good financial basis and partly endowed, so that no student need fear the mortification of holding a diploma from a defunct institution. This year the class numbered 125; and in past years, many excellent, representative, and noble women, have gone out from its doors to carry skill in the healing art all over the world. Thus, by dint of steady effort, and thorough and skilful medical work, have women risen in the estimation of their professional brethren, and compelled recognition as members of the medical profession, worthy to be met in consultation. Almost everywhere in America they have been elected members of Medical Societies, America having taken the lead of all the nations of the earth in the medical education of women.

M. E. A.

One ought to be able to set forth clearly the cause for which one pleads, but unfortunately the great charm,—and therefore one of the great advantages,—of a desultory education, is indescribable. For those who have once tried this irregular, Bohemian life of the mind, there is in it an irresistible something which continually causes them to think with longing of the old ways even after their feet are set in the narrower paths which, perhaps, after all—who knows?—lead no higher. But even granting that they *may* lead higher, we find that we cannot limit them, and presently our systematic education resolves itself into an existence only suited to an ideal being, whereas the desultory education is, on the other hand, the ideal existence for the average mortal. In striving after the regular education of the present day we are going fast to our own destruction, because we do not understand the limits of our mental constitution. We are no longer content to say, “what man has done, man can do.” Our ambition is not satisfied to reach the standard of previous accomplishment; it attempts to out-reach possibility. We say, “man can do what man might have done.” This is a beautiful theoretical illustration of the perfection which the human mind requires before it can rest; but the practical application is eminently unhygienic, and we find, often too late, that our nature, being human, is not large enough to fill the life we have planned. This gives rise, in many sensitive souls, to a constant sense of self-poverty and denial, to the sadness which comes from a continual yearning after the wholly unattainable, to a *mal du ciel*, which is rather pretty and pathetic, but quite unwholesome as long as one’s abode must be earth.

There is no satisfactory compromise between entire devotion to the one or the other ideal of education. Surrender to the comparative ease of the desultory or the labor of the systematic education must be absolute, else one loses both the fine delights of the one, and the feeling of tension which is the chief pleasure of the other. I fancy that Proserpine never

thoroughly enjoyed either earth or Hades after she once began to alternate them, and, letting the sea-nymphs and daffodils of sunny Sicily represent the desultory, and the blue, diamond-lit underworld, the regular education, the comparison is not unfitting. One atmosphere is healthful, natural, and free, and one unwholesome, rather lurid and too rare for free breath. Why should we be slower to make changes in our manner of higher education, than in anything else? Do even its best results show it so perfect that it is wisest kept untouched?

In most matters the system which follows nature is now acknowledged the best. Our own nature surely may be relied on to teach us the best way to accomplish our set task in this world, *i. e.*; to discover the true manner of our individual life, and to live it. It is our right to demand that our preparation be in the line of the work which lies before us; since our life-work must lie in the line of our respective natures, we dare look hopefully forward to the time when every girl will be her own College—when the desultory education will prevail.

Editors' Table.

We take it for granted that the readers of the MISCELLANY share the retiring board's own repugnance to valedictories ; accordingly, with heartiest congratulations and good wishes, we usher our successors upon the stage, and, reserving our tears for a private shedding, retire behind the scenes without either bewailing our sins or extolling our merits.

We think that our last editorial ink can be no better expended than in giving to those interested an accurate account of the recent agitation in the college concerning the "honor" question. As we stated in the last MISCELLANY, the class of '83, on Feb. 5, addressed to the Faculty a petition, subsequently ratified by all the under classes, asking for the abolition of the present method of awarding honors, based upon the marking system. The reasons given were, briefly, as follows :

First, the nervous strain induced in some students during their entire college course, by the omnipresent dread of not gaining a commencement honor, is productive of both physical and intellectual evils.

Secondly, unavoidably, under the present system, really excellent students are, from circumstances beyond their control, sometimes prevented from gaining a commencement appointment. Inasmuch as the failure to obtain such an appointment is, by the majority of outsiders, thought to argue lack of ability, the student's chances of obtaining desirable work after graduation are thereby lessened.

Thirdly, the present system often leads to work done merely for class-room recitation, and thus interferes with those scholarly habits which it is the aim of the college to promote.

Fourthly, the spirit of emulation induced by the system interferes with the highest intellectual and moral development of the students.

The Faculty appointed a committee to investigate the matter, and, on Feb. 26, returned answer to the class that, hereafter, commencement appointments would be made upon the basis of "general scholarship, literary ability, and conduct during the course in college." The class, after a week's deliberation, addressed a second paper to the Faculty, in which they stated that, 'since they did not believe it right that they should accept commencement appointments which thus distinguished certain of their number as 'honor girls,' they respectfully asked that, in the case of '83 at least, "no honor list should in any way be announced, and that commencement exercises, as conducted by the students, should be omitted." They also indicated that their own wish in the matter would be that the literary entertainment should be furnished by the *alumnæ*.

In answer to this, Dr. Caldwell met the class and read them the following :

"The Faculty, having given the requisite consideration to the petition of the Senior class, that at the commencement none of its members be appointed to speak, but that the duty be assigned to *alumnæ*,

It is voted : That the Faculty see no satisfactory reason for selecting speakers except from such as are candidates for a degree ; and that, in making selection, as all the candidates cannot speak, in their opinion the most practicable method of appointment is according to the principles stated in their action of Feb. 26, namely : that appointments be given according to the student's record of general scholarship, her literary ability, and her conduct during her college course."

We wish it distinctly understood by all interested that the action of the class has been prompted by no spirit of rebellion ; that they have simply expressed to the Faculty what were

their honest convictions of right, and that the Faculty have, with all good feeling, given to their petitions a careful consideration. The class is, of course, bitterly disappointed at the result.

In our last issue we gave vent to our feelings in an editorial urging the benevolently disposed to bestow upon us some money for the procuring of an assistant in the department of Chemistry. We have since been informed that our begging was entirely superfluous; and we hasten to dispossess the minds of our readers of any false impression which we may, unintentionally have given them. We are glad to state, on Dr. Caldwell's authority, that it is from no lack of funds that suitable help has not been furnished the Professor of Chemistry; that "he has all the help he asks for, and if he is overworked, it is not at all because the college is poor;" that "there has been no time when the college would not have provided for him any assistant or assistance he might desire"; that the President and the Professor have been "conferring on the subject for two years; at least," but that there is a "difference between *desiring* to have a thing and *getting* it." We are most happy to thus assure our readers that the request for an assistant has only to be made in order to be granted, and we trust that the needed help will be sought for before valuable strength is any more severely taxed.

There is a species of selfishness in the world which those indulging in it would doubtless be surprised to hear characterized by the name. It is the selfishness of the unselfish—of people who are continually sacrificing themselves for the happiness of others. They realize keenly the delight of serving one whom they love, and their selfishness lies in the fact that they

will not grant to another the pleasure of similar service to themselves. Probably most of us know such people. They fairly overwhelm us with delicate acts of kindness ; but when we would, in even the humblest way, aid them, their desire to save us all trouble and inconvenience leads them to repel the proffered service. Undoubtedly they do it from the kindest of motives ; but, if they will think of the matter seriously, they must acknowledge that it is but superficial kindness. Of course it is pleasanter for them to give than to receive ; but they ought to remember that they have no monopoly of the pleasure, and that it would really be a more unselfish act on their part to share the delight occasionally with their friends. The most delicate consideration for the feelings of others, the truest unselfishness, is that which, while it gives unlimitedly, accepts with an equal unreservedness.

There is one great fault in our new theatre, and that is the people outside of it. The yells, screams, pushing, and shoving indulged in during the time before the doors open are disgraceful. The jam on the stairways to the old hall was bad enough ; but there one had at least the wall on one side and the balusters on the other to cling to in self-defence. But this audible expression of impatience and impoliteness seems a new feature. We were sincerely glad, for once, of the rule that outsiders were not to be admitted to our entertainments ; for anyone who saw and heard the noisy, ill-bred demonstration before " Young Mrs. Winthrop," could not help forming a most uncomplimentary opinion of the College. The difficulty about waiting might be remedied by having the door open at half-past six, and allowing those who go early to enter, and take their seats. The justice of serving first-comers is universally recognized ; we are sure no trouble would result from this, for we noticed that, although the curtain did not

rise for some time after all were seated, peace and quiet seemed to prevail. As to the reserved seats, the plan of '82's class play might be adopted, and each reserve ticket denote a certain fixed place, which no one else could take under pain of ejection. We would also like to say that "educated people in society" do not eat candy in the theatre, nor talk while one is singing or playing for their pleasure.

We do not declare ourselves to be adherents to Epicurean doctrines, even in theory. We realize that it is far better to participate in a "feast of reason and a flow of soul," than to seek sensual enjoyment from a luxurious table; but when a Sunday finds us thoroughly exhausted with extra duties of the previous week, and, especially, unable to leave our rooms, even though not ill enough to require the doctor's attention, we consider it rather hard that we can order only the regular college dinner. Food which can nourish us when well, we cannot coax ourselves to eat, when ill. A little delicacy of some kind is more appetizing than a hearty meal to one who is not hungry. It is not "more" that we ask for, but less, and that which is more suited to an invalid's taste. We appreciate, of course, the reason which made the restriction necessary; but we think it too bad that the innocent should be punished with the guilty, and we wish that each student, when really ill, might be allowed to indicate the fact upon her dinner order, and be treated accordingly.

The retiring board lingers reluctantly over its farewell to the I. P. A. Its short existence has, thus far, realized our most sanguine hopes. Its influence over the tone in which one college speaks of another, seems to us already appreciable. Certainly, its effect in promoting our own feeling of fellow-

ship with other colleges, as well as our knowledge of their workings, has been great, and we wish to express to members of the Association our hearty appreciation, not only of the promptitude and fullness with which our requests have been met, but of the cordial manner in which they have taken us into their councils, and never let us feel for one moment that "girls are in the way." At the same time, we should like to suggest, in a sisterly way, to the new corresponding secretaries, that it is not necessary to the most perfect *bon camaraderie* that one's personality should be in any way obtruded into a business correspondence. Still, their post is a hard one, and our own advice to distracted chiefs would be couched in a paraphrase of Will Carlton:

"Can he know all, and judge all, and write all
With alacrity, tact, and discrimination?
If not, don't you make
A Cor. Sec. outen of *him*."

HOME MATTERS.

As rumor had preceded it, the announcement of the Organ Concert of Feb. 10, was not altogether a surprise. Mr. Archer's programme was quite evenly divided among the German, English, and French schools, and afforded great pleasure; although we could not but wish that he had given us more German and less French compositions.

A "Trio in C minor," by Bach, opened the Recital, and was followed by a "Gavotte" in B flat, from Handel. This number was especially well rendered, with good expression and wonderful rapidity of combination. A Fugue, in G, by Krebs, and two short, sweet selections from Schumann closed the German school. The English selections opened by concert variations on an original Theme, in which Mr. Archer showed himself to be a skillful composer as well as a wonderful organist. An "Andante in B flat," of Henry Smart's followed,

which we would have enjoyed more had it been played more slowly. A Serenade, by Hamilton Clarke made an appropriate ending to the second part of the programme. The French School closed the entertainment. It consisted of a "Marche nuptiale," by A. Guilmant, Batiste's "Offertoire in C minor," and an Allegretto in F, by Lefebure-Wely, which was clearly and evenly rendered, and presented a fine opportunity for Mr. Archer to show his wonderful execution.

We regret that our enjoyment of the concert was marred by lack of confidence in the organ. Every time the instrument was used we trembled lest the supply of wind should fail. In the first selection some difficulty was experienced with the higher notes, and the performer seemed annoyed throughout the entire entertainment. Mr. Archer has left us the most delightful memories, and we hope, at some future day for a repetition of the recital.

The Trig. ceremonies on the evening of Feb. 10, were a remarkable instance of the triumph of brains over purses; never did three dollars go so far, or afford so much fun and enjoyment. The committee was so judicious in its expenditures, that even refreshments were not lacking. Although not elaborate, and passed only to the Freshmen, they were the best of the kind, and thoroughly enjoyed. The entertainment of the evening consisted of an original play entitled "Accuracy, or Poor Trig's Bride," in which was represented the visit of Napier Trigonometricus, Sr. and Napier Trigonometricus, Jr., to Miss Patience Know-all. The learned widower was rescued from falling in love with Miss Sophie More, a bewitching and romantic young niece of Miss Patience, by the appearance of Miss Accuracy de Correctness, to whose charms he immediately succumbed. Their courtship was a remarkable union of precision and trigonometrical terms. In the meantime Sophie

secretly married Algernon Flunk, a rich youth, who had been disguised as Miss Patience's footman, and all ends happily. The parts were all well taken, and the acting was admirable, without exception,—that of Miss Wheeler, as *Puella Recens, l'enfant terrible*, being especially good. The songs, before and after the play, were quite in keeping with the occasion. As the audience regretfully left Society Hall, it was the universal opinion that 85's Trig. ceremonies had been a most complete success.

Mr. Blaikie lectured in the chapel, Feb. 17, on physical training.

Formerly, he said, education was of three kinds: physical, mental, and moral. Now, the physical is in abeyance to the mental and moral. The athletics of the present day are in some respects bad, inasmuch as the tendency is to develop one set of muscles at the expense of all the others. The brain depends for its sustenance upon the blood. Exercise in the open air is, therefore, of the greatest importance, since a rapid and healthful circulation not only favors bodily strength, but also mental activity. Mr. Blaikie then exhorted us to make good use of our gymnasium. He enforced his remarks by citing many instances of the physical strength and endurance attained by careful and systematic training. He had, also, a fund of stories at his disposal, and he sprinkled them liberally through his lecture. This talk was "not for nothing, to amuse us." We trust that it will be provocative of good results in the shape of long, brisk walks, extra interest in gymnastics, and much tennis-playing as soon as the weather will permit.

As a rule, a Vassar holiday in the middle of the week is not an interesting event. It is a day eagerly looked forward to, but finally spent in yawns of ennui and lamentations over the prospect of the next day. But Washington's Birthday proved a delightful and suggestive exception. In "Young Mrs. Winthrop," Vassar, for the second time, enjoyed the courteous kindness of the Madison Square Theatre. The simple little story which forms the plot is so imbued with pathos and delicacy of feeling, that it is most difficult to render with success before a Vassar audience. In the part of the heroine, Miss Blanchard showed herself to be one of the most graceful actresses who has yet appeared upon the Vassar stage. During the first act she took the hearts of the spectators by storm, and from that time she held them captive, shorn of that power of caustic criticism which is so dear to the Vassar heart. This was her first appearance in a feminine part, and though all can testify to the success which has heretofore attended her, no one would be satisfied to see her abandon her new role.

To say that Miss Curtiss took the part of Mr. Winthrop, is but to call to mind the varied successes which she has already achieved. One hardly knows in what character to admire her most, she has shown so much conscientious work and good taste in all.

Every one was rejoiced to see Miss Smith's name upon the programme, and due appreciation of the inimitable drollery with which she represented by turns "Mrs. Dick" and "Mrs. Bob," was evinced by the laughter which continually greeted her. Miss Stanton, as Buxton Scott, deserved to share Miss Smith's laurels. The scenes between Miss Cumnock, the lover, and Miss Morris, the sweet blind girl, were admirable, and Miss Stevens looked and acted well the lovely old lady who is the guardian angel of the drama.

The T. and M. Club gets a very fair share of the good things of this life—mental pabulum, only, referred to. The last treat of this kind was Dr. Caldwell's paper on Modern Historians, delivered before the Club, Feb. 24. Dr. Caldwell is perfectly at home in every part of the historical field. Indeed he may be called a "citizen of the world," so broad is his knowledge, and so deep his research into the facts and philosophy of history. The main part of his paper was devoted to discussing the two departments of historical writings; the philosophical, beginning with Vico, 1725, and the pictorial, numbering among its exponents Macaulay, Goldwin Smith, Kingsley, Scott, Carlyle and Froude.

Vico, as the father of philosophical history, was the first to introduce scientific principles into historical writing. He pointed, in a vague way, to the influence of climate and physical conditions, points which, subsequently, Buckle made so important. The study of institutions is a conspicuous feature in philosophical history. While Bossuet's historical method was too theological, that of Comte, Buckle, and Draper was too materialistic. Buckle, that literary cormorant who read forty thousand volumes and wrote two, placed no confidence in moral ideas. His creed was based firmly on Macaulay and the Times; and, according to the satirical little squib, which furnished the humorous element in Dr. Caldwell's paper, a belief "not in virtue and in vice, but in climate and in rice" constitutes the ethical doctrine of Buckle and his followers.

In criticising Scott, Macaulay, Kingsley, Carlyle, and Froude, Dr. Caldwell showed why the picturesque style in writing history is most popular among readers, quoting Macaulay who said that he wished to write a history which would take the place of the latest novel on young ladies' dressing-tables.

Dr. Caldwell's literary style was both lively and impressive. His climaxes were forcible, his figure of enumeration, brilliant, his literary picturesqueness great,—which doubtless accounts for the keen interest displayed by the listeners throughout the reading of the entire paper.

Prof. Hinkel sends us the following note: At the meeting of the Vassar Alumnæ in New York, on Feb. 3, the question was asked: "Is the course of study narrow,—narrower than at Smith?" With reference to the answer given regarding the classical course, I will say, that the classical course at Vassar is as complete and thorough as in the best colleges for young men here and abroad, that it is certainly not narrower than at Smith, or Oberlin, Wellesley, or any other college for young women, and that, on the whole, more time is spent on making the study of the classical standard authors intense and fruitful.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The MISCELLANY elections for the coming year are as follows :

From '84.—Miss Hussey—Head Editor,
Miss Merrick,
Miss Blanchard,
Miss Barker—Business Editor.

From '85.—Miss Leonard,
Miss Gould,
Miss Ewing—Assistant Business Editor.

On account of the amount of work required of the Business Editor, it has been thought best to give her an assistant, chosen from the Sophomore class. The duties of the assistant are to be assigned by the Business Editor.

A Vocal Union Concert was held in town, Feb. 19.

Miss Goodsell entertained the Seniors in her parlor, Feb. 20. The most appropriate method of disposing of tramps was discussed.

The evening gymnastic classes have had their period shortened to twenty minutes. Hereafter the gymnasium is to be open in the afternoon for those students who wish, under the supervision of Miss Thurston, to take extra gymnastic exercises; the exercise is, however, to be purely optional.

Rev. Mr. Wheatley addressed Chapter Delta, Feb. 23, on "Tyndal and His Times."

Miss Bernard has resigned her position as chairman of the third Phil. Play, and Miss Sudduth has been appointed to fill her place.

Morning chapel exercises were excused, March 4, and students were allowed to attend service in town. Afternoon services were conducted by Rev. H. L. Ziegenfuss, of the Episcopal church.

The new catalogues show an extension of the Latin course by two semesters, one in the latter part of the Junior, the other in the first half of the Senior year. The Freshman Chemistry has been dropped, but its loss is made good by the fact that Quantitative Analysis is now a whole study. No Botany is required of candidates for admission to the Freshman class.

An entertainment, consisting of readings and music, was given, March 5, by the Society for Religious Inquiry, at the new rooms of the Young Women's Christian Association of Poughkeepsie, for the benefit of the organization.

A pleasant variety in our usual Sunday evening religious exercises was furnished by the "Praise Meeting" held in the chapel, March 4. After the reading of a few appropriate selections by Miss Goodsell, the students were requested to announce any hymns which they would like to have sung. Three-quarters of an hour of almost uninterrupted singing were thus passed to the great enjoyment of the musically disposed.

Dr. Caldwell addressed T. and M., Feb. 24, on "Modern Historians."

The scenery, purchased by the Philaethean Society for the new stage, delighted the eyes of the audience of "Young Mrs. Winthrop."

In the dim room, only guided
By the firelight's fitful glow,
With uncertain step I wander
Towards a corner that I know.

From the velvet chair's recesses
Gleam two soft eyes, yellow-brown,—
Golden lights, whose darker glory
Shames the leaping firelight down.

And the eyes are veiled, encompassed
By short, fluffy waves of hair,
Wildy rumpled, half-curled masses.
'Tis an "English bang" I'll swear.

So, I hasten forward gladly,
But, I pause with sudden start,
To my lady or her terrier,
Am I yielding up my heart?

WANTED. —Class Day Books previous to 1876; two auction bills of 1881; Vol. I., No. 1; Vol. II., No. 1; Vol. VIII, No. 1; Vol. VIII., No. 7, of the *Vassar Miscellany*.

PERSONALS.

'73.

Mrs. Antoinette Marcher Heffron, of '73, has returned from Europe, and is residing in Syracuse, N. Y.

'75.

Died, Aug. 16, 1882, at Galion, Ohio, Mrs. Eliza Dougherty Lasley, of '75.

Died, Jan. 4, 1883, in Chillicothe, Ohio, Elizabeth D. Savage. of '75.

IN MEMORIAM.

After months of most intense suffering Bessie Savage has passed away. Her death brings the keenest sorrow to all who knew her, and especially to those of us who, through her four years of college life, learned to know her rare simplicity of character and singleness of heart. Since September, 1877, she has taught as Assistant Principal in the Chillicothe High School. She was offered the position of Principal, but could not accept on account of her health. When compelled by sickness to resign her position, she was considered so excellent a teacher that the School Board would not accept her resignation, but gave her this year for rest. The rest came too late,—teaching had become her very life. “The one great wrench” was to leave her work, and when this was over death became only the “crown of life.”

'80.

Married, Feb. 21, 1883, at Minneapolis, Minn., Marie E. Motte, formerly of '80, to Mr. Harley C. Gage.

'82.

Miss Susan Coleman, of '82, has temporarily assumed a position in Miss Liggett's Home and Day School, Detroit.

Miss E. M. White, of '82, is teaching in Raleigh, N. C.

Miss Yamakawa, of '82, publishes a letter in the *Independent* of March 8, entitled “First Impressions of Japan.”

Married, Nov., 1882, in Tokio, Japan, Miss Shigé Nagai to Mr. Uriu.

The following students have visited the college during the past month : Miss Weed, of '73, Misses Kountz, Taylor, Hodge, Warder, and Wheeler, of '82, Misses Hawkins, Sicard, and Underhill.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The *Trinity Tablet* exhibits on its first page an editorial on Lent, and on its last a list of "Amusements" nearly as long as that of the *New York Herald*! We hope it is right in saying that "to declare an enterprise as 'inter-collegiate' is to give it a certainty of success," but we fail to see the justice of excluding Vassar from its "Inter-collegiate Valentine Association."

The *Yale Lit.* for February shows a lack of finish in most of its articles, which is very unusual, and suggests the idea that the editors were forced to write the entire number. The eccentricities of grammar in "No More" are so startling that we are compelled to believe the proof-reader responsible for them. "A Plea for Hebrew Genius" is well-written, but we would refer the author to Dean Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church." His theory is not a novelty.

Several columns of the *Columbia Spectator* are devoted to discussion of the recent petition, "signed by nearly fourteen hundred citizens of New York," among them "some of the most eminent men in the country," requesting the trustees of Columbia to admit women to her lectures and examinations. The *Spectator* is opposed to the movement, but the sole argument it brings forward against it is—that the idea of such a procedure is distasteful to the feelings of Columbia men! And yet we dare say that the *Spectator* would forcibly assert that the masculine was the logical mind, and insist that women alone reason from feeling.

Perhaps it is on the principle that we most admire what we least possess that makes us look out first for the poetry in our contemporaries. The *Argo* is first and foremost, with its dainty bits of verse by those fixed stars "Beret" and "Carl" and the less frequent, but not less charming, inspirations of "Jason"

"Shape" and others. The *Advocate* and *Crimson* are always up to the mark in this respect; what they have, they have of the best: and lately some one has given the *Acta* a rhyming dictionary, and Kendrick's skillful manipulation of it makes us wish some one would present us with a copy, that we might no longer be forced to bear meekly the *Athenæum's* taunts. The obstacles in our metrical path seem insurmountable. Most college poetry consists of "grinds on the Profs," celebration of athletics, or, last and most popular, love. We can't make fun of our instructors, we are not allowed to, it would not be lady-like. We haven't any crew or ball teams to call forth praise or blame, and we can't write love songs without giving ourselves away. How would it look to see in the staid pages of the maidenly Misc., triolets, quatrains, huitains, etc., "To My Lad's Necktie," "Hys Pointed Shoes," "His Beaver Hat," etc. No, it certainly wouldn't do. So, unless that almost extinct creature,—an epic poet, should rise up in our midst, we and our exchanges must be content with our usual mute-inglorious style of contributor.

The *Atlantic* for March contains a number of excellent articles. Longfellow's dramatic poem receives an interesting addition, and O. W. Holmes gives us a short poem. Burrough's "In Carlyle's Country" and "The Hawthorne Manuscripts," with Henry James' sketch of Salvini present to our consideration three persons, each eminent in his own line. The usual number of short articles, both didactic and fanciful, complete the number.

The current number of the *Century* is chiefly interesting from its exhaustive sketch of Leon Gambetta. "Signs and Seasons," in Burrough's inimitable style is far more entertaining than any other of the short articles, whose authors, G. W. Cable, H. H. and E. Eggleston, vouch for their excellence. The paper on "The Architectural League of New York" is a

new departure in the *Century*. Mrs. Burnett's novel seems to point to a conclusion, and the dainty novelette, "The Led-Horse Claim" is finished.

The *St. Nicholas* keeps up its reputation as a charming magazine for the young. We all feel inclined to range ourselves in that class when a new number is in prospect. The articles in the March *St. Nicholas* have the usual ring of honesty and good tone, which make them such attractive and healthful reading.

I. P. A.

THE MARKING SYSTEM AT COLUMBIA.—The marking system of Columbia College is not very complex; but, owing to the variety of professors at that institution, it has become one of the mysteries of the nineteenth century. The maximum mark is 100 %, in the College and School of Mines. The minimum or passing mark for Freshmen and Sophomores is 50%; for Juniors and Seniors, 60%. This may account for the large increase in what are termed "flunks" after the Sophomore year. There was a happy day when the student, be he verdant Fresh., festive Soph., nobby Junior, or reverend Senior, could walk through college into an A. B., on an average, for his whole course, of 33⅓%. It was then possible to wait three years and, on payment of \$5.00, take unto oneself an A. M. The latter luxury proved, however, to be too expensive, and a thorough course of training in Latin, Greek, and what-not now has to be undergone before any student can supplement his autograph with an A. and an M.

It is one of the greatest joys of an undergraduate's life to converse with an alumnus of ten years' standing who has obtained his section of the alphabet by a minimum amount of work, and hear him talk about the degeneracy of the student brain and the disgrace of not being able to put up a diploma.

The marking system may first be defined as being an institution which is only systematic in the utter absence of system. It is a sort of go-as-you-please method of rewarding a student for proficiency—or delinquency. Generally the latter.

With some professors a maximum mark is like a jewel which is only to be looked at. It is never given away. A student who knows enough to deserve a max knows too much, and it has frequently been found inadvisable to know too much. A superabundance of knowledge is worse than a corresponding amount of ignorance, as far as marks are concerned.

Other professors are more liberal and present the much sought for maxes to students for being absent. 'Tis better, on most occasions, to receive a max than flunk. Flunking is unpopular with professors, and when a man is found who is considerate enough to spare the professor the pain of a flunk by absenting himself, a max is given him, as if in appreciation of his consideration. Still, as it is well not to know too much, it is also advisable not to be too considerate; and although absence makes the heart of most individuals grow fonder, the professional heart is rather apt to take a bee line in the opposite direction.

Again, there are some who do not mark at all, but make up their minds as to what the student's qualities are by his general style. In fact, almost all the Professors, Adjunct Professors, Tutors, etc., have their own peculiar methods, which can only be understood thoroughly after four years contact, with intervals for rest and refreshment, with our faculty. As Columbia may become co-educational yet, there will be a chance for all Vassar young ladies to learn by experience what I am trying to set forth.

The honor classes are made up of students whose standing for the four years has been above 80 %.

First class, those having total mark of 95-100 %.

Second class, those having a total mark of 90-95 %.

Third class, those having a total mark of 80-90 %.

Students in honor classes are permitted to make speeches in Latin, Greek, and English, to an admiring but usually unappreciative audience. Also to receive, amid thunders of applause, baskets of flowers presented by sisters, cousins, aunts, and other fellows' sisters. In case a student has no desire to receive floral gifts, it is customary to endorse the commencement invitations with the words "Friends will kindly omit flowers."

The chief honor on commencement day is the Greek Salutatory. It is this privilege that causes so many students to—keep out of the first honor class. Number two delivers a Latin oration. Others in second honor class content themselves with murdering simple English.

The Valedictory address is delivered by a student whose only requirements are that he shall be an honor man, he shall be nominated by the Faculty, and be elected by the Class. These requirements are simple in themselves, but as an entity, quite the reverse. The students whom the class would elect would find it difficult to carry a convention of the Faculty, while, on ordinary occasions, the Faculty's choice would probably slip up in a class meeting.

So much for the relation of the Marking System to the Commencement Day Programme.

The marks given are published semi-annually, unless the professor chooses to make them known monthly. The monthly mark of the student in every department counts 50%. The remaining 50% is made up by the semi-annual examinations, the two together making the maximum work for the term.

There are other marks characteristic of Columbia and her students, but they hardly come under the head of the "Marking System of Columbia College."

JOHN K. BANGS.

BROWN UNIVERSITY.

———. You ask about our marking system. He who knoweth all things may be able to give you the system entire. I can not, nor do I know who else can. It is a deep mystery to all of our students. It seems sometimes as if a certain number of Ex's, V. G's, G's, &c., were mixed together, and then drawn one by one and given out as drawn. Again, it would seem that a professor gauges a student for about such a mark, and, come what will, he gets that mark every time. The professors say that they do not understand the system, and if they don't, I don't know who does. Our honors are apportioned according to our marks. The honors are four in number. If our Faculty had the full power in adjusting our systems, in my opinion, our marking system would soon be a thing of the past. Such matters, however, remain with the corporation, and they still cling to some of their time-honored customs which ought to be abolished. Our present system is analagous to the systems used for the government of primary and grammar schools, as one of our professors lately said. We hope that, before many years, Brown will be free from its present incumbrance of marks.

P. S.—Perhaps what I have written may need some explanation. Our maximum mark is 20 in each study. Ex means that the student has reached nearly the maximum, though how near he does not know. V. G. covers a few numbers next to Ex. Its exact significance is not known. G. comes next to V. G., and is followed by M., which signifies a moderate success in the study. D. stands for deficient, and covers all marks below 10. If what I have replied to your request seems vague, I must plead the vagueness of the subject in hand.

R. W. GREENE.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges :

Academician, Acta Columbiana, Adelphian, Amherst Student, Argo, Ariel, Athenaeum, Bates' Student, Beacon, Berkeleyan, Brunonian, Carletonia, Chronicle, College Argus, College Mercury, College Olio, College Rambler, College Transcript, Colby Echo, College Journal, Columbia Spectator, Concordiensis, Cornell Era, Cornell Review, Cornell Sun, Dartmouth, Dickinsonian, Dutchess Farmer, Exonian, Harvard Advocate, Harvard Crimson, Harvard Herald, Harvard Lampoon, Hamilton College Monthly, Hamiltonian, Haverfordian, Horae Scholasticae, Hamilton Lit., Kansas Review, Lafayette College Journal, Lantern, Lasell Leaves, Lehigh Burr, Michigan Argonaut, Nassau Lit., Notre Dame Scholastic, Northwestern, Occident, Penn. College Monthly, Philadelphia Evening Press, Princetonian, Progress, Queen's College Journal, Res Academicae, Reveille, Rochester Campus, Rockford Seminary Magazine, Round Table, Rutgers Targum, Student's Journal, Student Life, Swarthmore Phoenix, Syracusan, Tech., Trinity Tablet, Undergraduate, University Magazine, Willistonian, Woman's Journal, Yale Courant, Yale Lit., Yale News, Yale Record.

The Nassat Miscellany.

Editors from '84.		Editors from '85.	
M. F. L. HUSSEY,	JUSTINA H. MERRICK.	E. S. LEONARD,	L. H. GOULD.
A. BLANCHARD.			
Business Editors: L. A. BARKER, M. E. EWING.			

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DICK.

Dick was, in one respect, a typical boy ;—he loved heartily to domineer. In two respects, he was a typical American boy ;—he had brains and he meant to turn them into money. Of course his father had been rich and failed in business. What American father has not ! Since the experience of bankruptcy is so fatally common, perhaps Dick was happy in having the event behind, instead of before him. Possibly he referred to this when he said that he “had taken his hard luck young.” Not too young, however, to have had a serviceable draught or two from the cup of knowledge which most American families of wealth present to their children. He felt arithmetic like a power within him when he bargained for “wages,” and Geography was rather like a sixth sense to him than an acquire-

ment. When he said "I seen" this, or "I done" that, it was not for lack of grammatical knowledge, but because he had caught up the phrase from the men among whom he worked, and whom, when he thought of it, he rather despised. He did think of it one day when Miss Bessie Taylor was saying something to her brother and Dick's employer, Mr. Tom Taylor, about *Othello*. Dick felt a consciousness of knowledge on that point, and flashed a look of intelligence at Miss Bessie that made her check her nimble pony with a jerk of astonishment.

"You *don't* suppose now, Tom, that *he* knows anything about him?—Shakespeare, you know, I mean—though I did find a 'History of Germany' in that queer old herder's camp, and this is the *strangest* country I was *ever* in!"

Having assented to the latter part of her sentence what seemed to him a great number of times already, Mr. Tom Taylor felt that reply was unnecessary, as it certainly would have been superfluous. His sister had dropped behind the carriage to find out for herself if "that queer boy really *had* read *Othello*."

Perhaps her vehemence has already made it apparent that Miss Bessie was not, at the time of my story, in the land of her familiar acquaintance. I hope Dick's ungrammatical "I seen" will have assured you that they were not in New England. They were, on the contrary, farther from it than the girl had ever expected to be,—in the territory of Montana, and hoping soon to be in that region whose geysers a beneficent government is now struggling to protect. In short, in the midst of a party bent on summering in our National Park, Miss Bessie was a very gay unit, and Dick, who was herder, a very useful one. I suspect that Dick had heretofore chiefly occupied himself in mathematical calculations,—with fifteen dollars a month as a basis. Pretty good wages you see for a fourteen-year-old, with the geysers thrown in; and Dick was surprisingly well aware of it all.

That the boy was only fourteen accounts for his freedom from any embarrassment when a very pretty figure, sitting easily on a well-managed horse, fell into line beside him. He felt a little pride in telling this girl, whom he suspected of some intrinsic superiority, (such, perhaps, as he felt over the men) that he knew Shakespeare, and in making rather laborious mention of "The Arabian Nights," as a book "interesting to me when I was young." This precocious phrase was speedily in possession of the rest of the party, and for a few days Dick's unexpected acquirements pieced out a rather lame list of conversational topics. They were passing through the sage-brush region, and even Bessie's wonder languished.

"Dick must stop one thing, however," said Brother Tom decidedly. "I won't have my horses beaten, and he's wearing what he calls that 'crowbait' of his too thin for the birds. I gave him that horse to ride because I suspected his habits and wouldn't trust him with a better one."

"I believe bones are sensitive, though," said Bessie rather sharply, "and I've left off riding near Dick, in spite of his queer, amusing ways, because I can't bear to see that horse's mouth bleed. He's a cruel little tyrant, and you ought to take that iron bit away from him, Tom."

It was easy to take away the bit, but not easy to soften Dick's fierce little heart, which had been hardened by long contact with the rough customs of a new country. In vain his master was authoritative; in vain Miss Taylor, Bessie's sister, took an "interest" in Dick to the extent of reasoning with him. Bessie alone said nothing, but shrank away from Dick's neighborhood with quiet dislike.

"I hate people that are unkind," she said, and refused to take notice, even of Dick's virtues after that. Was it the boyish perversity of his nature that inclined Dick from that moment to the scornful, young maiden who would never ride beside him, and looked plainly annoyed when-

ever he tried to make his "crowbait" keep pace with her sleek pony ?

"She has such cute ways with her—and pretty, kinder clear eyes," reflected Dick. "But she don't seem to care for things—a big ranch and plenty o' stock. I wonder if there's anything I could do that she'd like."

This boy was very young, you see, else he would doubtless have perceived that being, not doing, is the foundation of a friendship such as he longed, in his untaught, boyish heart to establish with the bright girl whose "ways" he liked.

Two weeks later our friends had reached the Yellowstone Falls, and Dick had, somehow, a sense of defeat which he disliked. His habit of looking at life in its relation to wages, and an ultimate sheep ranch, did not seem to help him. Miss Bessie had remained coldly indifferent to his humblest efforts to please her pampered, fastidious taste. He had leaped creeks for her amusement, and gathered wild flowers to tempt her fancy. Once, when she had sprung up, chagrined, from her first fall out of the saddle, he had said, in the face of a shout of laughter from the rest. "I don't call that a square throw anyhow!"

Dick recalled these events as he lay curled up under the edge of a rock, with the sound of the great waterfall in his ears. "If," he murmured, under cover of the sound, "there was anything *besides* leaving off whalin' that 'crow-bait,' and getting a ranch—though *that* ain't as easy as she might think—I'd ——"

"O, Dick," broke in upon his dreams, "come and cut some canes, will you? We are going down to the river," and Mr. Tom Taylor passed the rock, with Bessie skipping at his side.

"Bessie," called her sister, "you're *not* going down that bank to-day. Tom will have to drag you half the way."

“The more reason then,” responded Bessie lightly. “He’d like to drag me all the way, wouldn’t you Tom? Of course I shall go.”

The canes, devoted Tom, one courageous damsel of the party besides Bessie, and Dick, were soon ready. Even the descent demanded more or less dragging, and Bessie was more than than half the time in her brother’s arms, as he lifted her over rocks, helped her across sliding sandbanks, or through the occasional gulches which split the mountain side. But Tom proved equal to everything, and at last put her down by the side of her friend, on a shelving rock, to await his explorations, below.

“I’ll see if it’s safe, and then call you,” Tom explained as he disappeared around a ledge.

“O, Bessie,” gasped her friend, after some moments of waiting, “don’t you feel queer here, all alone? And *look* at that crazy boy!”

“Where?” asked Bessie nervously. “I feel as if I should slide into the next world if I moved an eyelash.”

“I’m afraid you would if you moved much,” replied the other grimly, “but you’d better risk one look for all that. It’s worth remembering, if we ever have a chance of remembering anything again.”

Bessie looked, and saw before, below, above, the gaping cañon of the Yellowstone, seeming to her frightened imagination like some yawning, ravenous monster. They were, possibly a third of the way down the bank, and jutting rocks shut them off from the world above. Around them was one wild chaos of treacherous sandbank, cruel-looking rocks, and gaunt trees whose own weight seemed enough to drag them into the river foaming at the base of the cañon. They could not see the Falls, but a thunderous noise of great waters filled the space in which they seemed buried. Suddenly Bessie’s voice rang sharply above the monotonous rumble :

“Don’t, Dick, run so near! You’ll shake these rocks,” “Keep off!” she screamed, as Dick, unheeding, leaped on a loose boulder above her head. It shook, wavered—and rolled back into the hollow which made its bed. Tears of nervous terror sprang to Bessie’s eyes, but the boy, usually quick to notice the slightest expression of her face, flew recklessly past. Bessie thought that she caught the sound of some words, but she must have been mistaken, for Dick spoke very softly when he said: “I wonder if she’ll care! Only I shan’t have the ranch after all if I do —.”

“Bessie,” said her friend, after Dick had disappeared, “you don’t feel anxious about Tom, do you? What if Dick had gone after that stick to —” The girl stopped, frightened at Bessie’s white face, as she moved painfully forward from her cramped position to look down the mountain side. She could see Dick’s small body hanging downward from a bent tree, around which he had thrown one leg and arm. His right hand, grasping a stout stick, was stretched far out over the bank, and he seemed directing the movements of some one below. Some one! Bessie knew who it was, and shuddered from head to foot with awful dread. The story of a soldier who had died in the cañon rushed swiftly through her mind. But Tom! He couldn’t die in that horrible place,—and yes! She saw his head slowly appearing over the rock which half supported Dick. He was dragging himself up by the stick which the boy gripped desperately. Bessie could not move until in a moment more, her brother stood beside Dick on the shelf of rock, and she sank back, too weak and happy to answer her friend’s questions.

Below them, Tom was saying: “That was a tight squeeze, Dick, but you’ve helped me out like a man,” and Dick answered in words that she could not hear. Then Tom, not noticing the boy’s reply, for he was already devising means for a further escape from what he called, “a confounded

hole," went on : " We're not out yet, Dick, but the rest is easy. I'll leap to that log above, and draw you up." The spring was easy for Tom's long body, but too much for Dick, who grasped the stick with strength a little shaken by his previous pulling.

" Hold close !" called Tom. " You're not a very big fish, Dick."

" *You were,*" answered Dick, and then softly, to himself, as he had spoken when Bessie thought she heard his words : " But she's mighty fond of him and ——."

Tom Taylor gave a cry of horror. The stick, already strained by his own weight, cracked—and broke.

" The rock !" he shouted desperately, as if the struggling arms that Dick threw out could catch that. They did not even touch it, and Dick's brave soul was that hour freed from the restless body which perhaps had been its sole temptation to cruelty.

M. F. H. '84.

THE TRANSITIONAL MAN.

The true starting point in the study of the transitional man is his father. It may seem as if this plan involved us in the analysis of an infinite decreasing series of fathers, for his father had a father, and this one in turn another, back indeed as far as Adam. And each is in truth a transitional animal ; none more so than Adam himself. For what greater change has ever occurred than that from the restful garden of Eden to the work-a-day outer world ? And what man more truly transitional than he who passed from one to the other ? But Adam is too distant a relative to be treated with familiarity, and the subject of connecting links too broad to be viewed all at once. The present time, however, is rich in examples of aspiring beings, whose social somersaults are well worthy our attention. These gym-

nasts form the bond of union between the lower and upper social strata, being born in the one and always striving to die in the other. And as their constant exertions forbid rest, they remain at any one point of their journey but a very short time, and are therefore clearly entitled to the name of "transitionals."

Every man's manners are, in a great degree, the mirror of the social condition through which he has passed, and the volcanic changes of American society are well represented by the habits of the people who have shared the upheavals. The village has outgrown its provincial customs, and the manners of a former day, like baby-dresses on an active boy, show many a rent and tear, where the vigorous youngster has burst asunder the outgrown garment, and where his energetic limbs protrude beyond infantile skirts. At the same time, the ready-made clothing of his cityfied brother, which he so much admires, does not fit him, and from his attempts to wear it result many ludicrous figures. Laughable as he is, there is yet a lingering touch of pathos in the sight; for his ridiculous appearance marks the first desire for something better, and the first effort to reach it.

This aspiration is an almost universal trait of the transitional species. The parents of the rising young American are, for the most part, uneducated people, with no social culture whatever; quiet, homely folk, whose smouldering ambitions burst into flames only when the family finances betoken social possibilities for the heir. Their fond eyes see an incipient President of the United States in their darling boy, and they would fain make a "gentleman" of him. The father's humble, honest toil, is all too lowly for the son, whose hands are never to be soiled by the contact of tools; he must have "larnin," and more or less of an education he receives. To their humble home he returns for his vacations, not, however, bringing his friends with him. One of the first signs of his progress in the desired direc-

tion is this omission. He has already begun to be ashamed of his home ; but the slight qualms he experiences, as this feeling becomes more defined in his mind, are much more easily calmed than are those of his doting mother, and his proud, though wounded father. However, all these slight unpleasantnesses are overcome in time, and the youth is fairly started upon his career. As he mingles with the world, his truly laudable desire for improvement leads him to ape the manners and the clothes of those whose position he envies. If he be moderately quick in apprehension and untiring in effort, the result is most gratifying, and in a dim light, with the enchantment of distance, the copy is really very good. To succeed in this undertaking he must be endowed with the gift of imitation. Without it he can do nothing ; no amount of perseverance alone will accomplish his task. Not being born to the purple, but wishing to assume it with the ease of long habit, the callow youth is perforce distrustful of his spontaneous actions, and must conform them to those of the nobility around him. Just here arises a difficulty. At the first opening of the social vista, his delighted eyes see all things as genuine, and himself the only spurious article present. Becoming more accustomed to the dazzling sight, he discerns a difference in the social luminaries, and is gradually forced to the conclusion that others also shine by reflected light. Well for him if he rightly distinguish between the original and the copy. If he do not, think of the sadness of his lot ; he is only a copy of a copy, and not even a real imitation !

The true aim of these transitional beings is to appear that which they are not ; but to accomplish this end abilities of no mean order are required. Not every man can be a "transitional," any more than every worm can become a chrysalis ; the state, of necessity, implies a past and a future, and these unlike. These men who maintain the even

tenor of their ancestral way, whose future is but added years of their past, can never hope for "transitional" honors. Their unambitious souls must be content to belong to the "stabilities." As the type of man who follows in the footsteps of his father is rare in our noble country, it happens that the aspiring class is so numerous with us as to characterize the nation. This fact, united with our well-known propensity for "short-cuts," and our universal haste, gives us that volcanic social formation which foreigners regard with such contemptuous interest and practical fear.

Many young men spoil their chances of transitional distinction just when the prospect is brightest. For they either lose faith in their cause and fall faint-heartedly back into the old home and the habits of past generations, or end by becoming what they seem,—a result equally fatal. Of course the chrysalis implies the butterfly, but in the true human development the latter stage is only reached by the second generation, and to combine the two within the period of one life is a most unwarrantable hastening of nature's processes, well calculated to upset all theories.

Nothing is more fatal to the maintenance of this position of unstable equilibrium than decided opinions; for no mental equipments are more weighty, or less easily shifted to suit the demands of gravity. Moreover, such freight is very prone to betray its presence; and, unless invoiced to suit the fashionable taste, is worse than useless. Opinions differing from the popular mould, are only tolerated in those whom it is dangerous to offend. The man, unprotected by ancestors, who indulges in individual opinions, is in extreme peril. He has no family position to serve as a guarantee of their soundness, and society has too many important duties to allow it to weigh each man's utterances. The simplest solution of the problem is to excommunicate the offender and drop his acquaintance. This dreadful pos-

sibility renders necessary the greatest self-control, for his only safety lies in complete silence in regard to personal matters. The most careful watch must be kept upon tongue and face ; the conversation must be skillfully manipulated, so as to avoid all references that might prove awkward. Not for him is the calm enjoyment of his father, who smokes the pipe of peace within his own kitchen ; who never wears a collar, knows nothing of the agonies of kid gloves, and was never called upon to escort a lady to dinner. Nor can the anxious aspirant for social honors decline the long-sought and tardily-received invitation to the ball that is sure to be a bore ; that privilege is reserved for him whose position is, like his future, inherited, and no more to be questioned than his bank account. The "rising" young man must never desert his post, but be always on duty, waiting upon mamma, and dancing with her daughter. To gain the commanding place which he covets, singleness of purpose is as absolutely necessary as in the other noble professions. Not all life's honors can be plucked by one hand, and few men find that they have strength for useless reaching ; so that he who joins the ranks of the "transitionals" had best abandon all other aims at the outset.

A wicked scoffer claims that, as transitional pertains to the transient, the aim of all these noble youths is fleeting, and altogether unworthy of serious effort ; thus seeking to bring discredit upon a most popular and praiseworthy, as well as ancient, aspiration. But a little examination will show the futility of the slur, and also bring to light the meanness of spirit in which it was conceived. For it is altogether probable that its author was one of the faint-hearted brethren, who, appalled by the sacrifices demanded, fell weakly back into the old home. In the first place, if there were nothing transitional, there would be no improvement ; all good aims are transient, being ever ready to yield

to the better. Furthermore, that which is, and has always been universally desired by mankind, cannot be considered unworthy of serious effort ; and what more eagerly sought than social distinction ?

It is very wrong thus to strive to bring into contempt being whose aim is as generous, and whose results are beneficial as are those of the transitional man. His task is by no means an easy one. As has been before remarked it shuts out all meaner pursuits, and demands the whole attention of its devotee. It also demands such sacrifices of comfort and feeling that the applause which follows a hero or the crown of a martyr, would not be inappropriate tributes to the victor. The truth of any doctrine has long been held to be proven by the believer's willingness to die for it. Many church tenets rest upon this basis, and the list of martyrs is justly pointed at with great pride by the church fathers. But religion is not alone in arousing the spirit of martyrdom. Other truths have been as dear to the soul, other aims as fearlessly pursued, and conspicuous among these is the aim of social distinction. The number of those who have actually died for the cause may not be large, but those who have sacrificed comfort, friendship, happiness itself,—the aim of life, and therefore of more value than many lives—are by no means uncommon. What of the contestant affectionate, devoted to his family and friends ? All must be given up ; the queens of society are absolute, and allow no divided hearts among their followers. Is he of an ingenuous and confiding spirit ? We must he guard against impulsive speech ; the bare mention of his father's business, or even of the street where stands the home of his ancestors, may cost him the result of many toilsome nights. His youth, his health, and his best affections are sacrificed in the attempt, and when, gray-headed and old, he looks back over his struggles, his failures and his successes, what is his reward ? What has sustained

him during the heat and burden of the day? Pure altruism; it is the good of the race for which he has striven. By his own unaided efforts he has added one more to the list of society men; has lessened by one the number of the great unknown. This thought, and the reflection that his children will begin where their father ends, and carry on the noble work to yet higher attainment, strengthen his declining years, and encourage him to continue the struggle which death alone can end.

Let us not then despise these worthy men; they have eccentricities,—but so have geniuses; they are imitators,—but who is original? Let us rather view them with the awe which their great sacrifices demand; and let us, especially as our snubs seem of no avail, treat them with the consideration which is due their singleness of purpose and perseverance in the face of overwhelming odds.

G. P. D.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

In *Through One Administration*, Mrs. Burnett has conspicuously added to her already brilliant literary fame. We thought at one time that the story dragged, and our impatient comment was, "Will it never be finished?" This was the natural result of reading the story by installments, as it came out in the magazines. We allow that at times the momentum seemed diminishing when it should have been nearing a climax, yet, viewing the story in a different light, it is plain that there is not a word that does not tell in its delicately elaborate development. Every sentiment, expression and situation of the various characters shows their individuality; the dramatic touches are strong, and a human, living interest quickens the whole. We feel for Tredennis, in the silent endurance of his misery, for Bertha in her heroic self-control: for Arbuthnot, whose very brilliancy is tinged with pathos.

It is for pathos that Mrs. Burnett is unrivalled. We know of no present writer who is her superior in this particular. The pathos in *Louisiana* is exquisite; there is also a sweet touch of it in *Esmeralda*; her last work is full of it. On laying the book aside there is a haunting feeling of sadness. The only admissible ending was the death of Bertha or Philip, but it is, after all, with a sad throb of the heart that we read of Philip's death. He was every inch a hero: and though he did remind one somewhat of an animated Corliss engine, nevertheless there was not a weak spot in his

character. Such chivalric purity in thought, word and deed though ideal, and rarely met with in the work-a-day world about us, quickens our admiration for the good, strong, and true in human nature. Tredennis is a powerful character. He is stronger than Daniel Deronda, and, if the expression is allowable, more lovable than Henry Esmond. As Bertha said of him, he seemed like those men who were first on earth, brave, strong, and true. He is a solitary and grand figure out on that western frontier, bearing his lonely grief and the desolate routine of every day with a fortitude that classes him among heroes. The book is mainly objective in treatment, and though the minute analysis of motives and actions which characterizes all recent fiction is present, the analysis is made by the actors themselves.

There is no strongly marked plot, though the story is a romance from beginning to end. It is the romance of a girl's marrying through pity, and afterward falling in love with another man.

The climax of the story comes in the first chapter, when Tredennis reads that Bertha is married. It is consistent with his slow and reticent disposition that, while he is eight years in the far West winning scars and glory, the possibility that Bertha may marry does not occur to him. Since he carried away with him the vision of her as she stood in the light of the door-way on the night of her first party, it seems as if he might have kept up her personal interest in him in his subsequent intimate correspondence with her father, the professor; but by one of the freaks of fate they were allowed to drift apart; and, she married a gay Lothario who had a hobby perpetually on hand, sometimes two or three. It was her disappointment to find that she was the object of a shared interest in his other hobbies. She found sympathy in Arbuthnot, who had also suffered disappointment. She was true to her

children ; she was as heroic as Tredennis in the repression of her emotion ; she was plucky when her husband left her to stand alone. It was this trait in her character that kindly Senator Blundel admired when he shouldered the responsibility of helping her regain her tottering social prestige. Though we do not meet the Senator till the last chapter, he is one of the strong minor characters whose individuality we do not forget. The Arbuthnots of fiction are always favorite characters. Some disappointment had left Arbuthnot not exactly cynical, but with a certain flavor, a delightful attractiveness, which we liked and which fascinated us at once. The weak spot in the story is the means taken to develop Arbuthnot's character to win Mrs. Sylvestre's affection. His kindness to the poor young couple in distress is touching, but we have heard it before and its effect seems strained.

To sum up, this last book of Mrs. Burnett's is powerful in its pathos, in its dramatic strength, in its brilliancy, and in its artistic and natural completion.

A. B. P. '83.

The intellect and the emotions, the counterbalancing buckets of the mental well, recall by their contrary movements the old nursery rhyme,

“ When you're up, you're up ; and when you're down, you're down ;
And when you're only half-way up, you're neither up nor down.”

When one set of faculties is in the ascendant, the other is necessarily dormant. That this is true every one knows who has seen a man under the influence of violent anger, or who counts among his acquaintances one who analyzes his emotions until they vanish under his scrutiny. By training and cultivation, either of these phases of the mind, the emotional or the intellectual, can be made to stay up-

permost all the time ; but the happy medium of “neither up nor down” is seldom sought, and still more rarely found.

Common sense and sympathy are generally supposed to represent these two kinds of mental action, but such a supposition is based on a very one-sided apprehension of the terms. Common sense does not apply to what is purely intellectual, but rather to such a nice adjustment of *all* the mental faculties that each has its due influence. That sympathy is an emotion, no one will attempt to dispute, but where will you find two people who will agree as to the proper limit of its application? If they should decide to accept the definition of either Webster or Worcester, each would twist it into the form of his preconceived idea. A large class would approve of Julia Mannering’s remarks on the subject :

“To return to Lucy Bertram. * * * * She is a very pretty, a very sensible, a very affectionate girl, and I think there are few persons to whose consolatory friendship I could have recourse more freely in what are called the *real evils* of life. But then these so seldom come in one’s way, and one wants a friend who will sympathize with distress of sentiment as well as with actual misfortune. Heaven knows, my dearest Matilda, and you know, that these diseases of the heart require the balm of sympathy and affection, as much as the evils of a more obvious and determinate character. Now Lucy Bertram has nothing of this kindly sympathy—nothing at all, my dearest Matilda. Were I sick of a fever she would sit up night after night to nurse me with the most unremitting patience ; but with the fever of the heart which my Matilda has soothed so often, she has no more sympathy than her old tutor.” To the Julias, “my Matilda’s” high-flown sensibility bears the stamp of the “only genuine article.” But is it? Who that gives the matter a moment’s thoughtful attention

would be willing to acknowledge, and contented to accept this as a substitute for Lucy's broader, deeper fellow-feeling? Would not her less conspicuous sympathy be better adapted to a large range of occasions and needs, than Matilda's superficial self-asserting sensibility?

In her "Sense and Sensibility," Miss Austen has fully worked out the contrast which is merely suggested by Sir Walter Scott in this letter of Julia's. Her two heroines are typical. Elinor, with her fine appreciation of the feelings and motives of others, acting like the discharger of a Leyden jar, often prevented dangerous shocks by constantly carrying off in small quantities the electricity generated by the friction of the natures around her. Her feelings modified her judgment, and in return were guided by it; hence her perfect tact, which is only another name for sympathy guided by intelligence. If Marianne felt for others more intensely than Elinor, it was only because she reveled in the luxury of violent emotions. She loved or hated, admired or despised, with all the power of her being, on the most trifling as on the greatest pretext; sentimentally considering such the only way of feeling at all. She passed, with her friends, from transports of joy to the depths of grief, with a pleasure in the consciousness of her ability to be deeply moved, which served as the single lights of her happiness, and lightened the shadow of her misery. Anything or nothing was sufficient to act on her exquisite sensibility, so she gained the reputation of being sympathetic and tender-hearted, while Elinor was looked upon as rather a cool and calculating young woman.

The Mariannes of real life are as quick as Miss Austen's young woman to dub the Elinors "common-sense people," with a slight upward motion of nose and lip and eyebrow which gives the epithet a meaning very different from its original signification. Most of us accept this verdict in the spirit in which it is given, ignoring the true and compli-

mentary meaning of the word in itself, until we forget, if we ever really knew, what common-sense is. It suffers as much abuse as any word in the language, applied as it is exclusively to that merely practical, material, sordid, business-like self-interest, which yields to none of the ennobling influences of the ideal and emotional. If this conception be true, then without a moment's hesitation, we acknowledge that common sense and sympathy, that most noble of emotions, are wholly incompatible. But does the possession of common-sense preclude the possibility of feeling deeply and delicately for others? Rather does not the term signify such a nice adjustment of the mental powers that each has its due importance? Every man has had glimpses, more or less distinct according to the clearness of his mental vision, of an ideal mental perfection, which becomes his standard by which he measures all men. He does not always, nor even often recognize the fact that common-sense stands for that perfect symmetry of mind.

This problem of common-sense and sympathy is one of the many embraced under that comprehensive term "The woman question;" which it seems, can be applied at pleasure to anything and every thing. We have all heard, until we are sick of hearing it, that the higher education of woman, the privilege of taking one step beyond mere existence, and beginning to *live* will make her unwomanly, incapable of that tender sympathy which has been her distinctive and honorable characteristic. But the logic of events does not seem to prove this theory correct. It is true that a woman with a well disciplined mind is not as liable to violent displays of feeling as one who is uneducated; but the feeling is there, and all the more potent because of the added power of a trained intellect. The excitable sensibility of our much praised grandmothers compared with the sympathy of a really well-educated woman of to-day, is like the frantic violence of the combatants in a

street fight, beside the calm power of a trained pugilist. We do not advocate the subjection of the feeling to the intellect ; that would be to choose the greater of two evils : we only wish to raise the reason to equality with the emotions which have reigned supreme long enough.

R. T. M.

If there ever was a time when the melancholy of youth might be forgiven, that time would seem to be the present. We have struggled in haste up to our twenty-first year, for we have read Darwin, and have considered an advance less alarming than a retreat. Alas, we regret our precipitancy. We have avoided the clutches of modern science, to fall into the grasp of modern philosophy. Mill and Spencer transfix us. Under such auspices why should twenty-one care to become twenty-two ? With Mallock in one hand, and Eliot in the other ; with Darwinism behind and utilitarianism before ; with “sickly, sentimental” triolets ringing in one ear, and the silvery, confusing eloquence of scepticism sounding in the other, stand the youth of to-day,—a pitiable spectacle.

Wit and humor are in abeyance. English humorists belong to the past, and in America, only Saxe and Holmes are left to tell the tale. The decay of wit is clearly manifested by the change in the character of clubs. They furnish us no more with bon mots : the days of Will’s, of the Garrick Club, of the Noctes Ambrosianae are gone. Wine sparkles in place of wit ; We hear little of clubs except on the occasion of some great dinner. Even then there is no merriment. To eat and drink have become solemn matters, and to do one’s duty by the long and varied menu, excludes all thought of intellectual brilliancy. The “quips and cranks” which sprang so lightly to the lips of the frequenters of the

“Mermaid,” come slowly now, and, more often, not at all. We “take our pleasures sadly.”

There is another reason for the absence of brightness in club-life. Clubs, nowadays, are divided more distinctly into political, literary, scientific, etc., than they were in the halcyon days of Ben Jonson. Our fondness for specialities, is, perhaps, due to our greater seriousness. We meet now to discuss a special subject, a certain author, or to follow out a certain line of thought, instead of being allowed to range over the whole universe. This plan has its obvious advantages, but has its disadvantages as well. For while the politician, the writer, the scientist, have each their clubs, in which each is engaged in serious work, they miss the friction and sharpening of wits which would follow the contact of minds trained in different schools and accustomed to deal with different kinds of matter.

But while clubs nowadays must be either severely intellectual or else given over to eating and drinking; while we have lost the true idea of them, yet they might in many cases, be made better than they are if the originators would be a little wiser. Johnson's idea of a club, “an assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions”—seems to be broad enough, yet if it were adhered to rigidly, clubs would often be successful where they now fail. As objects near at hand are said to be of more interest to us than those at a distance, take, for example the clubs in college. The members of the Shakspeare and Dickens clubs should be chosen for what they can bring the clubs intellectually. Personal likings and prejudices have too great an influence upon our balloting, and often interfere with the best interests of the club. The “conditions” should be adapted to circumstances. The establishment of a literary club in college is something like carrying coals to Newcastle. Collegians find it a relief to turn away for a while from literature and science, and the clubs which have to do with

current topics have always been very successful. I am under the impression that it would be an improvement if a "committee of the whole" were appointed for every meeting. This would allow an opportunity for shirking; but if a certain part of the subject were assigned each person, that difficulty might be avoided. If one or two persons are appointed to carry on the meeting, it often happens that they alone are acquainted with the subject, and all discussion of the topic which ought to be an important and enjoyable feature of our meetings, is out of the question. From Girton comes an appeal to the members of her societies. She says: "A charmed silence reigns, broken only by the careworn president's appeal to somebody—anybody—to offer some—any—remarks on the subject under discussion. The president, in despair, is generally driven to resign the chair to the vice-president and respond to her own appeal, because the majority of the members keep to the point, in the mathematical sense of the term, in so far as their speeches have neither parts nor magnitude." That we do not gain the good we might gain from some of our clubs is an acknowledged fact. Is the fault in the "conditions," in the management, or in the members?

C. I. R., '83.

Editors' Table.

Benevolence is undeniably one of the popular virtues, but even to one who has had her principles more or less confused by the study of moral philosophy, there seem to be moments when its exercise is inappropriate. We do not speak as one who has given a blind beggar twenty-five cents to see him walk off casting admiring glances upon our coin ; we have not lately impoverished ourselves by any misdirected alms whatever, given to any species of the undeserving poor. But we have marked the effect of extraneous helps in the class room. The unfortunate victim of her neighbor's benevolence is called upon to recite. As she pauses a moment, the young lady on her left side is fired with a desire to "do as she would be done by," and prompts in a stage whisper ; the young lady on her right side wants to keep there, and likewise prompts. The result might possibly be an audible and correct recitation on the part of the student questioned if both her benefactors had been similarly inspired in the matter of their promptings. But the chances are ten to one that they are not, and the student who wishes to concentrate all her faculties on the one point is confused between three ; the two which are suggested by her neighbors, and the one which she had modestly intended stating as her own. We say nothing about the added embarrassment of having the instructor's eye fixed coldly upon one, meanwhile, as if the victim were the culprit, and soliciting the aid which she is unwillingly receiving. And if there are students who habitually

depend upon this uncertain resource, why should they be aided more eagerly than any other of that feeble body of young women familiarly known as "sponges." However, we abjure high moral ground, and only suggest that there is no position so absurd as that of a student whose failure is not even original,—and if she is not going to fail, why shouldn't she be original as far as text-books will allow!

"But, of what use is the Miscellany?" asks a friend at our elbow. We hasten to say that its mission is fourfold. It is the students' chief means of making their literary status known to the outside world. That the reputation of the College may grow in this respect, a place in the columns of the Miscellany is offered as a premium for the production of good essays. (All members of Student's please take notice.) Besides, its value as a safety-valve, by which our pent-up steam may escape when the pressure becomes too great, cannot be over-estimated. We sometimes think that those who object to our written complaints, forget that a terrible and unexpected explosion might be the result of silence. Then this escaping steam is such a good agitator! It makes things so lively, and often accomplishes many needed reforms. With so many strings to our bow, it is not wonderful that we cannot pull all at once. Even to pull but one at a time, and that one always at the right time, would require both omniscience and omnipresence, and these qualities we do not profess to possess—although we are editors.

"Why don't you ask for yourself, John?" would be a very natural inquiry on the part of the girl first in the line waiting out-side the office-window at mail time, as a score

of her fellow students crowd around her and urgently cry : "Get my mail, please." "Oh now, just ask for me, will you?" The strain on the memory of a good-natured girl must be considerable, but we are unable to compute what the damage to the tempers of those behind her is likely to be, as they see all the advantage of precedence lost by this method of representation. A Freshman might as well be last in the line as second, if she must wait for all the letters of the second corridor to be handed out to the girl with the phenomenal memory, or the one with the written list who stands just in front of her. There is a good and sufficient reason for sending one girl from each parlor to the mail, but the present custom by which one friend represents fifteen or twenty ought to be ended, as it keeps the girl who does not happen to have glib friends, waiting much longer than she otherwise need.

The time is coming when the College Glee Club will be called upon to show what good work it can do. Much trouble has been taken by its leader and by Dr. Ritter, and both have shown a great deal of interest in the work. But oh ! the lack of enthusiasm shown by its members. It is not that they have not time, for forty minutes once a week is not more than even the busiest can spare. When only half a dozen meet for rehearsal—and those, perhaps, all singing one part, no good work can be accomplished. It is a poor return for Dr. Ritter's kindness, to say nothing of the enjoyment which the club loses. What shall be done ? Can not Vassar have a good glee club ?

There seems to be an unfortunate misunderstanding prevalent with regard to articles for the Miscellany. We have

heard that many would-be contributors are deterred from presenting their literary efforts through fear of being thought presumptuous, or from dislike of having their maiden efforts subjected to the criticism and fancied scorn of the editors. We have also been told that it is not generally known that unsolicited articles are desired for our monthly publication. We are surprised that any one could so misunderstand the aim of the Miscellany as to think that the charge of presumption would be brought against any member of the College, while we can not believe that our numerous pleas and editorials, begging for voluntary literary contributions could have been so misconstrued. It is unfortunate that it is not generally the custom for the students to give their literary work to the Miscellany, without being asked, as is the case in many Colleges. A little thought will present the arguments in favor of a plan whose adoption in many instances proves its excellence. We hope that such a tempting receptacle as the Miscellany box at the door of Room N., with its mute appeal for contributions, and the renewed assurance of the entire board of editors, will remove all doubt that the Miscellany is willing to receive,—nay that she anxiously and expectantly awaits—a host of contributions.

HOME MATTERS.

“Distilled vacations, like common distilled waters, are flashy things.” In these days of lightning expresses and shortened methods, has the world grown to believe that even rest can be taken in condensed doses ?

Those who remained at College gathered in small companies and prepared to enjoy themselves in various quiet ways, although it was not until Friday night that we met for any general amusement. On that evening, Miss Goodsell gave a soap-bubble party in the parlors, offering prizes for

the most successful. We all had a pleasant opportunity for renewing our skill in that youthful sport, but some of the more dignified withdrew to the corners, contenting themselves with the thought that they were following in the footsteps of an illustrious philosopher.

Easter Sunday passed very quietly, the little floral gifts at breakfast alone reminding us of the day. On Monday evening a fancy-dress party was given by the students. The remainder of the time was spent in reading, card-parties and excursions to town, or in a vain endeavor to escape the sulphur fumes which filled the house, driving us from corridor to corridor, and from room to room, like a premonition of another world. On Wednesday we welcomed back our friends and prepared ourselves brilliantly for the morrow's labor by listening to their accounts of the vacation.

The first concert this year, in which the students of the School of Music took part, was given in the chapel, March 16. We greatly rejoice that the evening, and not the afternoon, was the time selected for the entertainment.

The opening piece, *Er ist Gekommen*, by Franz-Löschhorn, was played by Miss Stevens. Both Miss Stevens and Miss Chapman who gave Raff's *Etude Melodique*, showed much strength and clearness in their execution. Miss Haffey's performance of *Les Deux Alouettes* was very soft and pretty. We were glad to welcome Miss Vallean's return to our musical stage, and think she deserves great credit for her work. She performed Mozart-Kullak's *Die Zufriedenheit* very clearly and feelingly.

Miss Curtis sang Schubert's *Serenade*, and Miss Walrath Rossini's *La Separazione* in a very sweet and expressive manner. Their voices show great improvement since last year. Weber's *Aria* from *Der Freischuetz* contains many

beautiful passages, and in the singing of them Miss Hillard did herself full justice.

The most beautiful piece of the evening was Beethoven's Sonate Pathetique, which was listened to with great pleasure. Miss Page's crescendos and diminuendos were nicely graduated, and her pianissimo passages were both soft and clear.

Miss Peck's rendering of the Adagio and Allegro from Weber's Sonata in C, opus 24, was very legato and expressive.

Miss Pease is one of our most promising débutantes. Her voice is clear, full and sweet, and "My Queen" was greeted with prolonged applause.

The most difficult part of the programme was a Suite from Bach given by Miss McMillan. The prelude, though at first a little unsteady, was played with the greatest ease and smoothness. The Allemande, Gigue, and two Gavottes were given in exact time, with a clear accent, perfect accuracy, and a charming touch which left nothing more to be desired.

Beethoven's Sonata in C, opus 2, consisting of an Adagio, Scherzo, and Allegro, followed the Aria from Weber. The Sonata, though long and difficult, Miss Henderson played with ease. Her touch is clear, firm, and brilliant, and her execution was for the most part accurate and in good time. Miss Henderson has gained very perceptibly in expression.

The concert closed with one of Mendelssohn's Sonatas for the organ. Miss Lester managed the pedals with ease, and the organ, though it responded grudgingly, gave forth a very sweet and pleasing melody.

Dr. Ritter and his assistants deserve much praise for the marked improvement of the pupils in both the vocal and instrumental departments.

Professor Gilmore, of Rochester University, lectured to us on Friday evening, March 30, on the subject of "Robert Browning and His Poetry." He gave a brief sketch of the poet's life, telling the well-known story of his courtship of Miss Elizabeth Barrett whose objections to marriage on the score of health were overcome by the ardor of his devotion. Up to this time Browning had produced nothing which would render him famous, but happiness seemed to be his inspiration, and he soon gave to the world his "Ring and the Book" which many of his admirers regard as his greatest work. The plot is by no means novel, but his method of treating it is unique. After a brief review of the principal works of the poet, Professor Gilmore spoke of the general characteristics of Browning's mind as shown in his literary style, asserting that he possesses in a notable degree that superior insight which is the mark of a great poet. In psychological analysis he is second only to Shakespeare. It is noticeable that, although he has used his finest skill in the delineation of men and women, still he is a lover of nature. There are some exquisite little pen pictures among his works which go far to overthrow the prevailing impression that he is a careless writer. A master of nervous and condensed expression, he breathes into modern poetry new life and vigor. Professor Gilmore did not ignore the defects of the poet, giving due weight to the objections so persistently urged, of his over-fondness for recondite and unfamiliar themes, his harshness, affectation and obscurity. The lecture was furnished with an ample supply of criticism and illustration, which taken together with Prof. Gilmore's clear and pleasant style of reading, left us all much pleased and more kindly disposed to its subject.

COLLEGE NOTES.

I met a simple Vassar maid,
 She was a junior, so she said.
 Her head was filled with many a care,
 She had a frightened, troubled air,
 And she was wildly clad ;
 Her face was pale, and very pale.
 Her worry made me sad.

"Sisters in misery, little maid,
 How many may you be?"
 "How many? Seven in all," she said,
 And wondering looked at me.

"Two of us conduct De Temp.,
 "And 'tis a deal of bother.
 "And in the lit. department I
 "Dwell near them with another.
 "And two are business folk, kind sir,
 "And one is reading proof,
 "And all are working earnestly
 "To propagate the truth.

Dr. Hinkel addressed the T. and M. Club upon "Nilism," March 10.

Professor Van Ingen's new picture "Great Expectations" was on exhibition in the College parlors, March 1

The new catalogues show that the classical course has been lengthened and improved.

An Easter music-service was given in chapel on the evening of March 18.

The Easter vacation began March 21, and ended March 28.

Mr. Nicoletti was in Room J, March 29 and 30 with a large assortment of plaster casts.

Professor Gilmore, of Rochester University, lectured upon "Robert Browning and his Poetry," March 30.

Miss M. W. Whitney, delivered an address before the Womans' Club of Boston, during the vacation.

The Rev. Dr. Mansell, a missionary from India, gave an interesting talk upon that country, Sunday morning, April 1.

The honor-list of the class of '83 is as follows :

R. J. BALDWIN,	C. M. RAYMOND,
C. L. BOSTWICK,	M. SHERWOOD,
M. COOLEY,	A. B. WEST,
M. FOOS,	C. A. WHEELER,
I. C. RANSOM,	J. A. YOST.

Misses Bostwick, Ransom, Sherwood, West and Yost, asked to be allowed to resign their honors, but their request was not granted by the Faculty.

Class appointments are as follows :

Orator.—M. SHARPE.

Historian.—S. F. SWIFT.

Sibyl.—L. PAGE.

Spade Orator.—A. B. POINIER.

Marshal.—E. P. CUTLER.

Class-Day Committee :

Chairman.—J. K. DEWELL.

M. BOYD,	G. P. WYGANT,
A. S. HOPSON,	S. B. MABURY,
M. G. STEVENS,	M. WHEATLEY.

Committee for class supper and Senior auction :

Chairman.—E. BALDWIN.

F. G. MARKHAM,	H. EVANS,
S. H. TREADWAY,	B. C. BARNARD.

Junior Spade Orator.—M. E. ADAMS.

Miss Cutler is Chairman for the fourth Phil. play.

Miss Chapman has been elected Secretary of the Philaethean Society, in place of Miss Wilkinson, who has left College.

On the evening of April 7, Professor Backus entertained the *Qui Vive* Club at his house.

WANTED.—Three *Miscellanies*, Vol. XII., No. 1,—October number, 1882.

PERSONALS.

'70.

Mrs. Richards is writing a series of articles for the *New England Farmer*, on "Domestic Economy."

'74.

Mrs. Bennett-Lord has been successful in organizing a small Kinder-garten in Lawrence, Mass.

'81.

Frances M. Abbott has been substituting during the winter term in the High School at Concord, N. H.

'82.

Miss Fridenberg has been teaching music this winter in Norfolk, Virginia.

Miss Sanford has returned from a five weeks trip in the South.

Miss Glenn has spent the winter in St. Augustine, Fla.

The following students have visited the College during the past month: Miss Williams, '80, Miss Julia Lathrop, '80, Miss Gross and Miss Sanford, '82.

The Inter-Collegiate Alumnae Association held its second quarterly meeting in Boston, March 24. Mrs. Ordway, a graduate of the Institute of Technology, read a paper on "Opportunities Open to Women for Industrial Education."

Died, at Vassar College, March 21, Ella May Heller, of Napoleon, Ohio.

To Miss Heller's family, and to her many College friends, we extend our sincere sympathy.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

Why did the April *Century* occupy so conspicuous a position as to entice us from our other exchanges until we had devoured its entire contents? Perhaps curiosity had something to do with the matter, for we did want to see how "Through One Administration" was going to end. We felt much sympathy for Mrs. Burnett in her apparent dilemma,—it is so hard to please one's self and the public at the same time. Probably she has not fully satisfied herself or any of her readers with her novel as completed, but she has certainly given the critic a good deal of solid work. No angler can fail to be interested in Barnet Phillip's history of the evolution of the perfected hook of the present day from the "Primitive Fish-hook," and all lovers of Emerson's verse must be delighted with Mr. Stedman's appreciative essay, in spite of occasional bewilderment caused by too much or too little discrimination.

The current *Atlantic* opens with the first act of the dramatization of that well-known, hard study of "Daisy Mil-

ler," by Henry James, Jr. Following this, in "Modern Fiction," Charles Dudley Warner pleads for a more artistic view of the world's performances than the modern novelist is pleased to give us, but suggests no way of escape from the atmosphere of realism which envelopes life and art at the present time. Miss Jewett's "A New Parishioner" is delightfully characteristic; and Richard Grant White expresses our exact sentiments on the "Bacon-Shakespeare Craze," when he intimates that it makes no difference at all who wrote Shakespeare's plays, so long as the world has the benefit of them.

The *Nassau Lit.* for March is very good. The "voices" on the questions of College honesty and honor have the right ring, nor did we grow sleepy over the essays.

Would that as much could be said for the *Hamilton Lit.*! We have tried, but it is an utter impossibility. So much college gossip and purely local news in a magazine calling itself a "Literary Monthly," is unprecedented,—and we hope will continue so to be. The very small quantity of literary matter which it does contain sounds more like school-boy orations than the finished essays of post—or even undergraduates.

For a whole month we have been trying to discover the reason why the *Crimson*, *Argo*, *Acta*, *Spectator*, *Athenæum*, *Record*, in fact almost all of our weekly and fortnightly exchanges have such good editorials, but such poor, "slangy" stories. We have finally come to the conclusion that the editors must be burdened with the writing of their entire papers, and take this means of giving them the spice of variety, and at the same time of concealing the literary poverty of their respective colleges. Gentlemen, even variety sometimes grows monotonous, and you seem to have reached that point.

The *Brunonian* is one of the most sensible of our exchanges. It always contains something worth saying, and says it too in a gentlemanly and scholarly way.

The *Argonaut* also is very welcome. Its prevailing sentiment and style are very good. We must confess to a lack of interest in the serial, occasioned probably by beginning it with the third chapter.

The *Girton Review* is the cause of much curiosity. It is interesting, not only as an exponent of the higher education of women in England, and because of its high literary merit, but also for its lack of advertisements. One cannot help wondering if it is self-supporting.

The *Advocate* has been very readable lately. We always like short, spicy, well-written articles, and can laugh even if they hit us personally, or—what is worse—our sex in general.

The quality of the *Targum's* productions makes us long for an increase of quantity ; but how we wish that there were less of the *Hamilton College Monthly*. Its contents remind us of by-gone days passed within the precincts of the district school, when we had to write “ten minute compositions” and “get in” a certain number of very incongruous words. On the other hand, the vivacity of the *Lasell Leaves* is charming ; though it would seem to be able to use its brightness in the illumination of more obscure topics than it has yet chosen. We smiled audibly over the *Lampoon*, rejoiced in *St. Nicholas*, and took great delight in *Chaff*.

By the way, was not *Chaff* a little premature in its burial of the *Tiger* ? That animal appears to us to be unusually lively, judging from the way in which it has disappeared from the reading room, piece by piece, until only the skin remains.

But we must not overlook the *Amulet*, although it came too late for more than a hasty perusal. Success to the new enterprise of our Michigan sisters.

I. P. A.

THE MARKING SYSTEM AT AMHERST.—Amherst professors mark on the scale of five, and the grades are as follows: *summa cum laude*, *magna cum laude*, *cum laude*, down to *rite*, which is two, the passing mark. These grades appear in the diplomas. Each professor hands the marks in the individual studies to the Registrar, who makes out the average for the term or year. This the student is allowed to know, but not his rank in each study.

Honors are assigned to the six or eight men whose general rank throughout the course has been the highest. These presumably best scholars in the class appear on the commencement stage, each representing a department.

THE MARKING SYSTEM AT HARVARD.—All books are marked on the scale of 100%, 40% being the passing mark. All men who attain 70% in any course have their names printed, together with their marks, in the annual rank-list.

Each instructor is allowed to choose his own standard for marking. A few base their marks on recitations, but most of the courses consist of lectures, in which this plan is impracticable. The majority base their marks on two examinations: Semi-annuals, and annuals. Some instructors consider these equal in value, others think the annuals of far greater value. By some professors, the men are allowed to substitute theses on special subjects for a part of the course, and their mark on these enters into the calculation of the year's marks. All the years are of equal value in judging a man's rank.

“Second Year” honors are given in Classics and Mathematics. They are open to Sophmores and Juniors, and to Seniors who expect to try for final honors after graduation.

Final honors of two grades are given in the different courses. A candidate for honors in Classics or in Mathematics must have taken Second Year honors in those courses. Candidates for final honors must pass with distinction examinations in six elective courses, and submit such theses as may be required. "Honorable mention" is awarded to any student who gains 80% in three full courses.

At Wellesley College marks are given for both recitations and examinations, but no student knows her own or another's rank. The students take no part in the commencement exercises, which consist mainly of an oration by some gentleman of ability. The social feature is made quite as prominent as the literary.

At Williams College, the result of the final examinations of the Senior class are combined with a student's previous standing to determine his relative rank in scholarship. On the 1st of March of each year, a number of Seniors are notified that they are likely to receive commencement appointments; these all write a special essay for that purpose. The actual appearance of the appointees upon the stage depends upon their literary ability, as well as their scholarship.



BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Fords, Howard, and Hulbert, N. Y., "Books and How to Use Them." It is a small book, well-edited, and containing many truths about what, when, where, and how to read. It is clearly and practically written, and treats this time-honored subject sensibly.

Dr. Ritter has recently benefited musical literature by his "Realm of Tones," published by Schuberth & Co. It

consists of a series of biographical sketches and portraits Dr. Ritter wrote the American part. He has also, after many years' work, sent to the press his "Music in England and America." Charles Scribner's Sons are the publishers.

From C. H. Evans & Co., St. Louis, the "Educational Year-Book and Universal Catalogue," a hand-book of education.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges :

Academician, Adelphean, Amherst Student, Amulet, Atlantic Monthly, Bates Student, Beloit Round Table, Berkleyan, Boston Weekly Advertiser, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Bureau of Education Circulars, Century, Chaff, Colby Echo, College Argus, College Press, Columbia Spectator, Acta Columbiana, Concordiensis, Dartmouth, Dickinsonian, Dutchess Farmer, Exonian, Girton Review, Good Times, Hamilton Coll. Mo., Hamilton Lit., Harvard Advocate, Crimson, Daily Herald, Lampoon, Haverfordian, Illini, Indiana Student, Kansas Review, Lafayette Coll. Journal, Lantern, Lasell Leaves, Lehigh Burr, Mercury, Michigan Argonaut, Chronicle, University, Notre Dame Scholastic, Occident, Penn. Coll. Mo., Princeton Tiger, Nassau Lit., Princetonian, Res Academicæ, Rockford Sem. Magazine, Rutgers Targum, Students Life, St. Nicholas, Syracuse University Herald, Syracusean, Cornell Review, Yale Lit., The Collegian, The Tech, Trinity Tablet, Undergraduate, University Quarterly, Williams Argo, Athenæum, Woman's Journal, Yale Courant, News, Record.

The Nassat Miscellany.

Editors from '84.		Editors from '85.	
M. F. L. HUSSEY,	JUSTINA H. MERRICK,	E. S. LEONARD,	L. H. GOULD.
A. BLANCHARD.			

Business Editors: L. A. BARKER, M. E. EWING.

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INTELLECT *VERSUS* ENTHUSIASM.

Intellect without enthusiasm, like enthusiasm without intellect, is powerless; when the mind lacks either one of these impelling forces the result of its work may be as erratic as those of the veriest madman. Enthusiasm has accomplished miracles. It considers no obstacle insurmountable, and by its impetuosity sometimes gains that which reason thinks unattainable. These great achievements stand so prominently before us that perhaps we lose sight of the equally great failures; of the sorrow and misery, the more than useless slaughters, the lands laid waste, the crushed hopes attributable to misguided enthusiasm.

Where thought without action is required, intellect is of course supreme. Consequently it is unnecessary to prove the pre-eminence of intellect in the world of litera-

ture. Is it the man of feeling or the man of intellectual taste who gives us our greatest works? Poetry requires imagination, you say ; yes, and imagination is a legitimate province of the intellect. Neither Shakespeare nor Goethe were enthusiasts. And as in the greatest intellectual, so in the greatest practical benefits which the creative power has conferred upon us, intellect is the prime mover. The telegraph, the telephone, the printing press, the Atlantic Cable, show that thought can annihilate distance, bridge oceans, spread through all nations the knowledge of books and of humanity. The mind can, with more than electric swiftness run through a host of equally important discoveries and inventions.

But you say that in the world of action, in the busy, moving world, men are actuated chiefly by enthusiasm ; that its strength and usefulness are action. Its strength and weakness are illustrated by the Crusades. They originated in unselfishness, in zeal for a cause not involving personal gain ; and for that reason elevated their enthusiastic train of enthusiastic followers. But these devoted zealots,—these followers of Christ who taught charity and mercy and loving kindness, were guilty of cruelties which a savage would have been ashamed to own ; it was for the Saracens who subsequently conquered them, to set the Christians an example of forbearance to the vanquished. Practical benefits also resulted from the Crusades,—commercial activity and the intercommunication of nations ; yet they were not even remotely contemplated by their originators, and are but indirectly attributable to enthusiasm. For reason shows that contact with other nations is absolutely necessary for the growth of a people, and our own increasing intercourse with Japan illustrates the fact that advantageous relations among barbarous, semi-barbarous and civilized nations can be most effectively secured by diplomacy. Accidentally, then, the Crusades did much good, but who wants the bettering of the world to be governed by chance ?

*misprint in
page*

Although the horrors of the Crusades are unsurpassed (for nothing can exceed the greatest possible cruelty), they have perhaps been equalled by the persecutions of martyrs in every age, when honest minds, with intellect capable of sound judgments have been so influenced and carried away by feeling that they have become as narrow as the sword-point, and as obscure as the dungeons of the *Conciergerie*. When enthusiasm sways the actions, they may be gloriously good or most infamously bad. Of the quantity of the results we are sure; their quality is accidental. Feeling is transitory and fluctuating; man's action should be guided by a steady ruler.

The French people have always chosen to be guided by feeling. They have plenty of intellect, but it has often been subordinated to emotion. Gambetta allowed his feelings of personal friendship to influence his selection of cabinet officers; he allowed his feelings to guide him in the war with Tunis, and on both occasions evil results ensued. The capabilities of Napoleon I. for acquiring power seemed infinite; but when his passion for power overcame his prudence, the work of his intellect was rendered ineffectual; or rather, it was turned to his ruin.

It is claimed that enthusiasm is the first to correct abuses, to elevate morality. But in reality it is intellect which discerns and overthrows those foes of high morality,—superstition and prejudice. If enthusiasm has great reformatory power, why are the people of India only a little higher than the brutes they worship? They have enthusiasm enough for a world, but their intellects are uncultivated. The priests, themselves intelligent be it noted, prevent the spread of knowledge as the Roman Catholics in Luther's time prevented the reading of certain books of the Bible,—through fear of the consequences to their own power, knowing that the spread of intelligence means their own overthrow. Enthusiasm is not discriminating; intellect

must be, of necessity. Every religious advance has been made through a spirit of criticism, and criticism belongs to the intellect. Enthusiasm works for the intellect in these reforms ; but intellect plans the work, and is the discoverer. Which, then, is greater? Is not the first step in a discovery greater than its perfect execution by better means and instruments? Is not the foundation of any structure, whether material or not, of primary importance? Reason never moves in the dark. It works to find light, but does not travel till the light is found. It can never lead to anarchy, but may lead, and has led, to just rebellion. When rebellion becomes anarchy, intellect has lost the leadership and is under the control of enthusiasm. Intellect's eyes are so clear that they can almost penetrate infinity. Enthusiasm is blind.

Look just once at Ireland ; a second glance is not needed to show where that people stand. Their enthusiasm is their boast, and a glorious heritage it would be if it were their servant and not their master. Enthusiasm is of no avail in framing governments, and if it cannot govern a country well, it is equally useless in governing individuals. With the intellect as leader, controlling enthusiasm, keeping it fettered when necessary, and freeing it when occasion requires, Ireland would not long be a down-trodden nation of fanatics and beggars, brandishing a sword in one hand and piteously holding out the other for bread. Did the murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke avail the Irish? Are they not rather further than ever before from the accomplishment of their desires? They do not wish to be ruled by England, but they prove that they are incapable of legislating for themselves. If they would but "possess their souls in patience" and not perpetually repeat the baby's trick of striking the wall that hurts his head, they would find more efficient means of improving their condition. Enthusiasm is intense, unregulated ; reason is mod-

erate. Enthusiasm never takes one step at a time, but has a mysterious gait of its own, faster than the wind ; and like that element, "no one knows whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth."

The masses of people must be led by one stronger than themselves, and more discerning. "Can the blind lead the blind?" When swayed by feeling the people have done deeds of heroism ; but they have also brought about such anarchy as made the Jacobins despise the worship of God, drive their wisest and most prudent countrymen out of the realm, and bring France to the verge of ruin. The populace, you say, will not be guided by reason. Treat them fairly and they will be fair. They are only children in wisdom, ignorant but well-meaning ; full of feeling, but not knowing where to expend it. They must be controlled by minds stronger than their own. We do not acknowledge that might controls right in our country. We choose for our magistrates men of "level heads," and by this choice the people indicate which they consider fitter to lead,—head or heart. A man is carried beyond the bounds of common-sense, unless he is guided by reason. Daniel Webster, a statesman whom all recognize as great, was so anxious to become President of the United States that he forsook his principles and became a political "turncoat," supporting slavery measures where he had formerly opposed them. But public sympathy was against him, and he defeated himself by the very means he took to ensure his nomination. When even a man's principles are under the control of his feelings, when he is not master of himself, is he fit to be the guide of others ?

Yet even in ruling, the intellect does not crush out the feelings. In surgery, coolness is required. Surgeons are said to have steeled themselves against pity, but the charge is not true. Pity as a mere emotion they overcome ; but as Dr. John Brown has feelingly said, pity as a motive is

strengthened. Intellect is not necessarily cultivated at the expense of the feelings. Rather, as the mind is elevated to purer thoughts, it will refine the feelings, not making them less intense, but more so. Enthusiasm weeps over distress ; it does not relieve it. It pities the hungry, but does not put bread in their mouths. It may curse oppression, but is unable to circumvent the oppressor. Intellect governs every civilized country on the globe. To which, then, shall our debt of gratitude be paid ?

A. B., '84.

FREDERIKA BREMER AND HER NOVELS.

How refreshing it is to leave behind the tourist-haunted valleys of our own land, where the "sermons in stones" are but brief treatises on the all-sufficient power of Herick's pills and Harvell's powders, and to escape with kindly old Frederika Bremer to the silence on the mountains of "Das meerumkränzte Alt-Norwegen !" In her books can be traced at least one of the impulses which have led the nineteenth-century American to investigate Teutonic literature. Miss Bremer possessed a deep sympathy with nature, as a countrywoman of Linnaeus should. She has painted Scandinavia for us in its most picturesque aspects, its desolate cliffs, haunted by sea-birds, its great forests of "sailing pines," its grand old mountains, and its dreary fiords and desert wastes. One can almost hear

" A wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes
Or hath come since the making of the world."

and mark

"The wild waters lapping on the crag."

and

"The long ripple washing in the reeds."

One can, moreover, easily read her own character in her books. They all betray her intense desire to liberate and educate her narrow-minded and ignorant countrywomen. They show her knowledge of human nature, her strong sense of the ludicrous, and that restless, active spirit which led her in after years to explore America and Egypt, Palestine and Greece. Stray remarks here and there indicate her individual tastes and preferences,—as, for instance, the following concerning music: “Die Musik ist eine herrliche Sache. Sie ist ein Rausch, eine Entzückung, eine Welt in der Man leben, kämpfen und ruhen kann, ein Meer schmerzvoller Wollust, unerfasslich, gränzenlos wie die Ewigkeit.”

But to understand her and her books fully, one must know the history of her life. There is something peculiarly delightful in the story of her childhood. Her constitutional inability to make courtesies, and the thousand pranks by which she shocked her polished lady-mother, endear her to us at once. The tale of her cutting round pieces out of the front of her dresses and the seats of velvet-covered chairs, and of her throwing night-caps into the fire in order to have the exquisite pleasure of seeing them burn, is probably more amusing to us than to that mother, and perhaps she is not much to be blamed for treating the small torment with some severity. Frederika wrote poetry when she was a mere infant, and chose such subjects as mere infants are in the habit of taking when they break out in literary effusions,—the moon, for instance, and the creation. Even at this early stage of her existence she panted after glory and yearned for fame, and had vague thoughts of raising womankind to a higher sphere of action. One can imagine the bright, strange child, forming a sharp contrast to her sister,—a quiet and decorous maiden who brought great credit on herself by making her little bows properly,—as the two wandered about the dilapidated country-seat

of Arsta, a delightful old rookery, with small, lead-paned windows and gabled roof ; or at Nynas, where they sat in the little churchyard on Sundays, and watched the crowds of peasants in their quaint, old-fashioned costumes. Here they had grass and flowers,—a blissful contrast to the stone pavements of Stockholm,—and could see the far-stretching waters of the Baltic Sea. Doubtless the queer little thing moralized much as she played with her dolls, and indulged many melancholy reflections about “ships that sailed for sunny isles and never came to shore.” It is easy to see where Miss Bremer’s intense desire to secure liberty for women originated. The semi-imprisonment in which she spent her childhood and girlhood, learning to spin and sew and paint, the continual restraint and the senseless formalities to which the poor child was subjected, were not calculated to make a bright, impulsive nature happy. As a woman she was certainly stronger, more generous, and more sympathetic on account of all this suffering ; but still, one can not help wishing that her mother could have understood her, and could have recognized the passionate devotion which the wicked, lonely little girl really cherished for her. The little Frederika makes one think of what Marjorie Fleming might have been without her “Isabell” and Sir Walter.

But in time the unmanageable child, with her longing for something better and her “large ambitions,” grew up into the accomplished young lady, who could paint, and play on the piano, and who even published a small book. Underneath this bright exterior, however, lay a heart sick of the shams and formalities of life. She grew melancholy and cynical, wanted to abjure the world and enter a convent, like a great many other dissatisfied girls before and since her time. She was sentimental, as one may imagine, and, after she came to the age when she was allowed to read novels, was in almost daily apprehension of being carried

off by armed knights, or bands of hunters with nodding plumes. Her superabundant energy vented itself in the study of medicine, and she spent some time on the old estate of Arsta, trying scientific experiments on the too-credulous peasants, and nursing them when it was necessary. As usual, melancholy gave way before practical work ; the girl grew into the woman and became a bright, accomplished authoress, eager for truth and ready for any good enterprise. Several years of her young womanhood, spent in Norway, were taken up with her writing, and some of her best books date from this period. As her brothers and sisters left home, her life grew lonely, and finally, after her father's death, she set out on her travels, of which she has left copious accounts in several large volumes. In her American journeyings she became acquainted with Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, and various other distinguished people. The book of American travel is merely descriptive of the places that she visited, interspersed with critical remarks concerning our national character and customs. It is rather amusing to read a foreigner's description of one's native land, and to find such trivial things as the hours for meals, and the character of the sleeping-accommodations carefully noted. We soon hear of Miss Bremer in various parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa. She stayed some time in Switzerland, in order to become acquainted with the doctrines of the Free church, as well as to investigate the teaching of Vinet, and thus satisfy some religious doubts. Then she went to Rome, conversed with His Holiness, the Pope, and entered a convent for a short time, in order to convince herself more thoroughly of the errors of the Roman Catholic religion. This last exploit reminds one of the pious old Covenanter, who, to the infinite amazement of her pastor, made a Sunday journey "just to see what kind of people did travel on the holy Sabbath day." After doing various other un-

usual and characteristic things, and visiting Egypt and Palestine, Miss Bremer went home and made an end of her wanderings. Perhaps some of the vanity which she must have had when she was the talented and flattered young authoress in polite society at Stockholm, stayed with her in after-life, and prompted her strange freaks. She certainly liked to do startling things, and to be different from other people.

We reap the benefit of her investigations in no less than fifteen volumes of fiction and travel. Her books are written in a very graceful style. Whether she makes use of barbarisms, and indulges in slang, or whether her diction is pure and adheres strictly to the Swedish rules of Rhetoric, I am happily unable to state, as such matters are effectively concealed by both the English and German translations.

She had a deep insight into the workings of human nature, and some of her characters are true to life. Susanna, for instance, in *Strife and Peace*, is an ideal Norwegian girl,—honest, simple-minded, superstitious and patriotic, with a strong love for nature, and an earnest desire to get at the reality of things. Her reverent devotion to Frau Astrid, is worthy of a daughter of the people who worshipped the old hero-gods, and the strength inherent in her character is equalled only by that rarest of all virtues, the element of unconsciousness.

The plots of Miss Bremer's novels are not very deeply laid. In *The Neighbors*, for instance, which Janauschek's "Mother and Son" has lately made so familiar to the public, we have a story of home life, written in diary form by one "Ich," to an invisible Marie, who makes one think of the Mrs. Harris in Mrs. Gamp's monologues. This "Ich," or in other words, Franziska, who, by the way, is extremely like Miss Bremer herself, is brought as a bride to a small country-house, and, after being taken to visit her husband's

stepmother, “*ma chère mère*,” settles down to study her neighbors, and to discover, if possible, a romantic element in her prosaic, every-day life. She finds various people whom she likes, but none more than a half-angelic maiden named Serena, who takes care of her sick father, and crucifies herself daily. Franziska’s mother-in-law, a stern, sad, and rather masculine woman, interests her greatly, and, after repeated efforts, she induces her husband to reveal to her the family tragedy. It seems that “*ma chère mère*” had a son of her own, Bruno, a handsome, high-spirited boy, extremely like his mother. Pecuniary embarrassments,—an affliction very likely to fall to the lot of high-spirited boys, in story books and out,—get him into difficulty with his mother. Conscious of the generous motive which led him to commit a dishonorable action, he defies her, and she curses him ; he departs for the uttermost parts of the earth, and she, in agony, shuts herself up in her room, where her hair immediately turns white. She stays there three years, then her strong will asserts itself, and she comes out sterner, more melancholy, and stronger-willed than before. Franziska is of course very much interested, and is convinced that this is the romance for which she was looking. About this time a stranger comes to live in the old homestead, from which “*ma chère mère*” had moved when Bruno went away. He is dark, handsome, mysterious, and strange stories are spread concerning him. Of course he eventually turns out to be the prodigal Bruno come back repentant. Of course Franziska, who is a great favorite with “*ma chère mère*,” effects a reconciliation, and of course he marries his old love Serena, who neither has consumption, nor is translated, and they all live in peace forever after. “*Ma chère mère*” is a delightful character, a practical, blunt, blundering old soul, with an immense amount of affection hidden away in the depths of her apparently hard heart, and an overpowering

sense of duty, equalled only by the grace wherewith she puts on her caps.

Miss Bremer had far more descriptive power and critical observation of human nature than of invention, and obviously, when she thought her story was growing slightly monotonous, she was prone to introduce one of those melodramatic and rather unnatural characters so often met with in novels of the old style,—the dark-browed man who yearns for a seasonable opportunity to blacken his soul with crime,—the sad and melancholy woman who neither sleeps nor eats, but weeps night and day ; or her more passionate sister, whose eyes flash fire, whose hair is blue-black, and who, under the influence of strong emotion, bites her hand until it bleeds, or engages in some other eccentric and startling diversion. Flora, in *The Diary* is one of these strange creatures, as is Frau Astred in *Strife and Peace*, and Leonore, in *The Home*. She seems, moreover, to have a peculiar admiration for a seraphic sort of woman who never does wrong, simply because she is never tempted. But I have no doubt that such angels as Serena and Selma have existed, and Miss Bremer must have had a high ideal of woman, or she could not have drawn such pure characters, such strong ones, nor such homelike, unselfish bright little creatures. The question concerning the capabilities of woman, which weighed on her mind all through life, made her rather overlook the noble creature man, and her female characters are almost always superior, though she has drawn frank, honest men like Harold ; brave, true hearts like Lennartson ; and uncouth, kind-hearted sons of nature like “Mein Bär.” Her books are part of herself, and little incidents from her own life are scattered all through them. For instance, in poor Petraea and her unmanageable nose we recognize our authoress, whose whole childhood was spent in such spasmodic efforts to beautify herself as pulling out her hair around her forehead in order to look more intellectual.

Taken all in all, her novels are very enjoyable. The scornful disciple of Mrs. Holmes may truthfully remark that "you always know how they are going to turn out," and a few of her well-meaning heroines do persist in being theatrical without apparent cause, yet on the whole they are healthy and free from sentimentality. Her high ideal pervades them all. And then the queer, simple people, the bits of scenery, the stories of her own childhood, which some way carry one back to the old Finnish nurse and the garret in the haunted house of Arsta, and the quaint reflections concerning this world and the next, form a delightful accompaniment to her modest narratives and quiet pictures of home-life.

M. P. S. '86.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

IS THE POSSESSION OF "FACULTY" AN ADVANTAGE?

To the dwellers in New England this term will require no explanation. They know it by instinct, and many of them possess it. But to the inhabitants of the outer world, its meaning may not be as clear. Know then, ye Gentiles, that "Faculty," as understood by those who originated the term, is universal ability ; and that its possessor can do aught that she pleases. It does not imply the same lofty degree of talent that is meant by the epithet "universal genius," but merely indicates an extraordinary adaptability, to common ends, of the means at hand. We cannot define it as a single talent, like the power which makes a man an artist, for there is no common thing which its possessor cannot do. Nor is it mere practical common-sense ; for many most practical persons are without this ability. It seems rather to consist in a union of keen observation and good judgment. The situation, and the relation of cause and effect are comprehended so readily, that the resultant action seems an inspiration, though in reality reached by the ordinary mental process. It is a certain poise of the mind, a certain balancing of its various powers, that, as in the case of a delicately constructed machine, yields results that a coarser apparatus is wholly unable to produce.

We can discover nothing incompatible between the masculine character and this ability ; but its most distinguish-

ed possessors have been women. Nor is there any visible reason why it should be a strictly local inheritance ; but the states of the Pilgrims seem to have almost a monopoly of the gift, and the few examples outside their limits are usually imported. Sam Lawson's wife was endowed with "faculty." Miss Ophelia is another example ; while Mrs. Katy Scudder possessed it in a marked degree. Indeed, Mrs. Stowe is pre-eminently the delineator of this trait of character, and anyone of her New England stories will furnish an example of these able sisters. They do an untold amount of work, yet never seem hurried, and are never behind-hand. They always have time to attend to all outside demands, yet their own duties are never neglected. They bake, they brew, they scrub, they sew, yet every afternoon finds them embroidering lace, or reading the last new book. How they manage it is, and we fear must remain, a mystery. It is only to be explained by the possession of "faculty." But the talents of these capable women are never of the highest order. Their marvellous successes are usually confined to the domestic line, and rarely extend beyond perfection in bread-making or millinery. The enjoyment in perfect bread is gone, if it has to be eaten in solitude. It needs to be spiced with the sauce of open praise and secret envy. So the neighbors are called in, and the notable housewife is hospitable to the last degree. It is the same with her bonnet. She is not at all backward in returning these visits, for is she not willing to exhibit her latest triumph in the line of millinery ? Accordingly the gift of "faculty" contributes to the increase of the social graces, and also renders its possessors uniformly happy. They are not subject to the divine restlessness of genius, and since they can look down, not up, to their friends, what more can be desired ? The advantages, therefore, enjoyed by such beings are numerous and plain to be seen. Their general handiness renders

them always useful, and their clear insight, ready wit, and quick comprehension gives them a presence of mind that is worthy of all dependence. It does not desert them at critical junctures. Self-reliance and independence are stamped upon their every feature, and shown in their every movement. They have a decisive step, and a commanding air, before which even a street-crowd yields, making way for them to pass through. One never thinks of offering them assistance ; the advice to judge others by ourselves fails in these instances, and they show no weak spots to be strengthened. Like the "one hoss shay," each part is as strong as the others, and there is also a tradition that these redoubtable women, when their lives are ended, fall to pieces all at once. The limited sense in which the term "faculty" is commonly used makes it belong merely to domestic women. Their duties have long formed an apple of Paris in the council of the gods, but all are agreed that they are at least important, and of almost infinite variety. To these women, therefore, this balance of mental power is of inestimable advantage, although subject to some drawbacks. Pleasant and profitable as it certainly is to have some one ready and able to lend a helping hand, the duty of service may become rather burdensome to that person. To refuse to render some trifling assistance seems unkind, yet when the demands are continuous, all time and strength are consumed in these trifles. The service that each one requires is so slight as to cause no compunctions in asking it. But the number of the applicants renders the requests a very serious matter. However, these drawbacks might be overlooked on the ground of the nobleness of self-sacrifice. But others are of an opposite nature, and can be justified by no such plea.

Self-reliance and independence are most desirable characteristics, but like all other virtues, they are means lying between two extremes. Too little reduces us to the state of

the clinging, twining, creatures who play the part of fine ladies in the old novels. Too much leads to a disdain of human aid that lies very near superciliousness. It is the spirit of the small, hungry-looking boy, who declined his neighbor's proffered bread-and-butter, saying he guessed he could "scratch for all he got." In grown-up people, it gives us the Bounderbys and the Scrooges, who see no reason why all the world should not succeed as they have done, and who regard charity as an encouragement to idleness. Sympathy has been rightly said to be proportional to our ability to imagine ourselves in the place of the sufferer; but extreme self-reliance and independence render us insensible to most of the minor ills of life, which generally result from the incidental sayings or doings of our neighbors. For ourselves alone this insensibility would, of course, be most desirable, but it greatly curtails our power of comforting others. Aside from material things, giving and receiving are commensurate, and to be able to give, one must be willing to receive. The lesser evils, that are in great measure cured by the telling, are not shared with the friend who makes no return of such confidence. The penitent shrinks from the involuntarily harsh judgment of her who never, in her turn, seeks such relief. So that the versatility which renders one peculiarly fitted for the office of consoler and helper, is in danger of thwarting its own end, by depriving her of the opportunity of using her abilities. "Faculty" does not necessarily lead to any such result, nor do all its possessors become cold and unsympathetic, but the tendency is in that direction, and every one so endowed must learn to regard it as an especial development, and not judge others by her own attainments. Viewing these gifted creatures from the stand point of other people, there is another grave objection to be urged against them, of which they themselves are wholly unconscious. This is the constant reproach that they are to their less brilliant

neighbors. Every one feels obliged to come up to the standard of her neighborhood, and the inhabitant, who raises that standard, imposes no light task upon its feebler members. To see the woman next door accomplish more than you do, in one half the time, is neither encouraging nor soothing; especially when you can find no fault with the quality of her work.

If it be remembered that "faculty" is a balance of mental powers, and not these powers themselves, there is no reason why the term should be confined to its local and domestic sphere. It might, just as well, apply to the equilibrium of a higher order of mind, and attach itself, by a series of gradual advancements, to universal genius. This phase of the subject both resembles and contrasts with the preceding. So far from being feminine and domestic, its best, and almost its only representatives, have been men, and those by no means distinguished for domestic traits. It is not at all local. And this is certainly fortunate, for could any clime be discovered particularly favorable to its production, the rest of the world would be deserted. Yet there are very serious disadvantages attending its possession.

The greater a man's intellectual ability, the more is expected of him, and the more he must accomplish to fulfil his duties to the world, and vindicate his right to such gifts. But while "faculty" is found to be a great blessing to the woman whose sphere is her home, and whose talents do not demand of her lofty attainments, this even balance of power, in minds of a higher range, is often little but a curse. Indeed it is a very open question, whether, strictly speaking, an unbalanced mind be not essential to great success; whether, in fact, in the present state of the world, the undue development of one talent is not greatly to be desired. The idea of a universal education is old fashioned. The present doctrine is, that life is too short to do all things, and that, as each department of art and science has

become so complex and extensive, to comprehend thoroughly even one is the work of a life-time. The old idea had its advantages, and were men destined for ornamental purposes only, nothing could be better. Under its influence, breadth of view, polish of manner, and general culture would all be obtained, and the results would be charming. But the present age is too practical for all this, and in every case asks, "What is he good for?" meaning, How many dollars can he earn? The office of fine gentleman is not, at present, remunerative, and the demand, in every department, is for specialists.

Occupation, of some kind, is a necessity for happiness. Those whose course circumstances do not mark out, but who are largely the moulders of their own destinies, will naturally turn to that which they do best, sure that there lies their shortest path to success. But those who do many things with facility, and all well, find it very hard to determine what is their forte, and, whichever they choose, are very likely to cast longing glances in the other directions, and even to try to tread two paths at once. Thus the very ability, which made their friends predict for them so speedy and so complete a success, stands greatly in the way of their attaining any. Undoubtedly, were these talents concentrated, brilliant results would follow. And there is nothing inherent in "faculty" that prevents such concentration. But there is that which offers peculiar temptations to indulge in excursions, and to leave the chosen path whenever it grows wearisome. It is very hard to refrain from doing many things that we like to do, especially when we can do them well. But all such indulgence is dangerous; for the best results are only obtained by concentrated effort, and mere well-doing is not the highest aim. All this is very apparent in the affairs of our neighbors, but to see it in our cases, requires the rare ability of impartial view, to say nothing of the firmness needed to carry out our resolutions after they are made.

The stock example of universal genius is Da Vinci, and many noble results of his versatile talents can be pointed out. But one biographer laments that he spent so much time in the invention and preparation of a varnish for his pictures, that the actual execution suffered. Another bemoans the fact that a man, of such transcendent genius, should have wasted his time in devising tricks to frighten the courtiers. Those who ordered pictures of him, complained that he never finished them, that he began one before another was done, and left both to polish the bones of a skeleton. His defenders explain this lack of concentration, by asserting the vast breadth and grasp of his mind, and the universality of his power; and by their very defense, point out the greatest danger of such versatility. Beethoven's biographer asserts that his hero would probably have been equally distinguished in whatever direction he had turned his talents, and his pre-eminence in music is ascribed to the fact that he brought to his work such breadth of comprehension. But it is worthy of remark that he is eminent in the one art only, and became so through the concentration of his powers. Depth, not surface is the true measure of attainment, and success, to be lasting, must be solid, not superficial.

It is only on Sunday afternoon that, as Vassar teachers and students, we are released from both social and official obligations. Even the "boy who runs the elevator" is off duty; the maids are seen promenading the avenue with bashful-looking swains; no one is supposed to have any pressing duties, and in order to prevent any loiterers of the outside world from disturbing the peaceful quiet of our secluded retreat, a dangerous-looking red sign, chained upon the college gates, announces, in large black letters: "These

grounds are not open to the public on Sundays." For four consecutive hours, our ears do not listen to that periodical ringing of the bell, which on week-days alternately summons us to a living death and releases us from embarrassment or disgrace. Not that we have any grudge against the sound of the bell; but its variable significance haunts us from Monday morning until Sunday noon, and we are not sorry to forget it for a few hours. On Sunday afternoon, we are our own law, and with all the variety of which feminine invention can boast, we interpret the saying, "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

There are so many of us, Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen,—not to mention unclassified "Specials" and "Preps"—and we have each been so differently brought up in regard to the keeping of the Sabbath, that, upon our first introduction to college life, we are much surprised at the various ways in which other girls observe the day. The child of blue Presbyterian blood is horrified by the amount of studying which a free-thinker will crowd into one Sunday afternoon, while the thrifty maiden who does all her week's mending at this time, sneers contemptuously at the upright disciple who affirms that Sunday is not to be profaned even by letter-writing. But after a girl has been thoroughly initiated into Vassar life, she becomes more tolerant, learns to look upon these differences more calmly, and although she may still hold true to her own principles, she can easily be friendly with those who entertain the most opposite views.

Although almost every girl has, in her own mind, an ideal Sabbath, she very rarely carries her theory into practice. She intends to accomplish a great deal, but the afternoon is gone before she knows it. There is the spasmodic enthusiast who sets out with the purpose of completing a course of "solid reading." After comfortably attiring herself in a tea-gown and worsted slippers, she stretches herself out in

a deck-chair, with the feeling that she has the whole afternoon before her, and languidly begins to read, as a kind of pleasant approach to an afternoon nap. If the chosen narcotic be in the line of history, it is almost instantaneous in its effect; the listless reader is gradually borne away from scenes of bloody battles, to the most delightful state of nonentity, in which she remains, until, to her vexation, she is suddenly wakened either by chords from neighboring banjos or by the clatter of her room-mates' tongues. Devourers of *Seaside* and *Franklin Square* novels, are more successful in their attempts. With some choice little refreshment—confectionery, maple-sugar, olives, or the like—close at hand, these ardent young souls are rapidly transported from one exciting picture of social gayety to another, without experiencing the slightest inclination to become drowsy. Still there are those who are able to reap an abundant literary harvest on Sunday afternoon. Reviews, scientific periodicals, and other instructive brain-food, they readily assimilate. The most classic authors are diligently studied by them, and they themselves find no difficulty in reading all the improving books they can find.

To the discouraged and homesick girl, this day is the longest of the week. Too conscientious to study, too listless to find diversion from her thoughts in the Reading Room, too unhappy to join in conversation with her room-mates, she broods continually over what the family at home are doing. Her only comfort is to spend her time in expressing her thoughts in letters, thus trying to bring herself nearer to the beloved. By the overworked "dig," the afternoon is anticipated as a rest from her labors, and every hour of sleep which can be squeezed into it is regarded as purchasing so much additional time to be spent the following week in study. In view of the regular Sunday afternoon nap, she feels herself entitled to an hour's study Monday morning before breakfast; and for the steady labors of

a week's work, she takes as antidote the following Sunday, another long nap. Her life is a continual curing of one extreme by the application of another.

Still other girls neither read nor write on Sunday afternoons, but devote themselves to talking, not even stopping long enough to sleep. From the views advanced in the morning's sermon, to spring hats, and plans for Founder's Day, they wander indefinitely, with all the vivacity of so many magpies.

Some, however, prefer to hold an intimate communion with nature. In companies of four and five they take long walks together and in quiet sympathy they enjoy the stillness of Sunday afternoon in the country. The far-stretching hills, divided into sloping fields, by the old stone walls, the neighboring woods, the shadow-flecked mountains in the distance, and, above all, the wide expanse of sky,—these, together with the Sabbath quiet, make a picture upon which Goethe might have been gazing when he sang :

“ Der Himmel nah und fern,
Er ist so Klar und feierlich;
So ganz als wollt' er öffnen sich,
Das ist der Tag des Herrn.”

But napper and reader, the girl who larks and the girl who thinks, are aroused to action by the imperative sound of the bell. Twenty minutes is made to do work which would require an hour at home, and by the time the bell rings again we are seated at the tea-table, and Sunday afternoon is gone.

“Oh thay, Couthin Bethie, Queen Victoria and George Washington are down in our thellar thtealing wood,” gasped my small cousin Kate rushing into the room one sultry morning in August. At this announcement, I threw aside my book and jumped up from the lounge. What

was the matter with the child? Had she lost her wits, or was she merely yarning? Before I had fully taken in the situation, she had seized me by the hand and had dragged me down to the lower regions which she called the "thellar." Here there met my astonished gaze, not the gentleman renowned for his little adventure with the hatchet, nor yet the Queen of the Britains, but two of the cutest little darkies it has ever been my pleasure to see. George Washington was a sprightly youth of about—well, by way of variety I will call it ten green springs. His parents were evidently of the opinion that "Beauty when unadorned is adorned the most," for their son's only garment was a strange sort of shirt that extended down to his knees. This was sans buttons, sans one sleeve, sans everything but holes, of which there was a plentiful sprinkling. The tails of this garment which had long since lost its pristine freshness, had a disconsolate sort of droop, and the whole thing was mournfully suggestive of better days and reduced circumstances. Queen Victoria's costume was chosen with a charming disregard of the conventionalities of life. She wore a pair of black flannel trousers that would have delighted the soul of the modern Beau Brummel. To say they were "close-fitting" would but mildly express the true state of affairs. They were more than skin-tight, for she could presumably sit down in her skin, but it would break all the laws of mechanics as well as the warp and woof of the trousers to perform that feat. This nether garment was supplemented by a very brief skirt and a blouse waist evidently cut after a pattern original with her mother. She appeared to be about six years of age. Neither of the children seemed at all disconcerted by my sudden appearance, but with coolness born of ignorance of the divine law, "Thou shalt not steal," they stood staring at me with their great, round, bright eyes, and grinning from ear to ear. I assumed an air and manner calculated to inspire awe, and sternly demanded:

“Children, what are you doing here?” George constituted himself spokesman, and explained,

“Mam’s gwine to iron to-day, an’ she done sent us heah to borrow some wood.”

“But don’t you know it is stealing to go into peoples’ cellars like this and take their wood?”

“You done tuk us for a tief?” asked George, with an air of calm assurance, that fairly took away my breath. “Does we look like a tief!” he added with still more emphasis.

“But why did you come here and take wood without asking permission, if you wern’t going to steal it?” said I persistently.

“Well,” answered George, confidentially, “Mam tole us to done come heah an’ fotch her some wood, an’ not to trouble de lady askin’ for it, ’less she war somewhere ’round.”

This last was as he intended it to be—a clincher. So I determined to drop the matter, as I had a feeling that George was rather getting the better of me, and besides I wanted to satisfy my curiosity concerning them. Accordingly I said :

“Well, who are you anyway?”

“I’s George Washington Johnsing, an’ Queen Victoria dar she’s my sister. We’re twins!”

“Twins!” I exclaimed, “Why you look a good deal older than your sister! How old are you?”

“I’s ten, an’ Victoria dar she’s seven.”

“How can you be twins then?” I said, feeling that here at least I was sure of my ground.

“Well, I dunno Miss, but I spects de Lor’ done made us twins, kase Mam sez we is.”

“But it is impossible, you ridiculous child, if there is three years difference in your ages.”

“I reckon de Lor’ done made me first an’ sot me by on de shelf ’till he done made Victoria,” was the ready re-

George evidently considered that it was not our business to pry into the mysterious ways of Providence, so I did not press the matter further, but let them take their departure with the wood so fairly won.

About two weeks after, my aunt's servant ~~was~~ taken sick and was unable to do the washing, so I started out in search of a substitute. Upon inquiry I learned that a colored washer-woman lived in the little shanty near the railroad, and thither I directed my steps.

The shanty, the most diminutive one I have ever seen, was made of rude slabs, and was white-washed to the last degree. A sign-board nailed up against the door bore the original announcement :

“White-washing done here by William Johnson, when not Profeshnul Engaged.”

In front of the house was a dilapidated hen-coop, and near it stood a tall sun-flower like a sentinel on duty. I knocked at the door, which was immediately opened by a kind-looking negress wearing a neat checked gingham gown and a very brilliant turban. A number of little darkies swarmed like so many cock-roaches around her, and stared at me with interest. Conspicuous among them were my chance acquaintances, George and Victoria.

“I have come to see you about some washing we wish done,” said I, in answer to her look of inquiry.

“Sartin, sartin, jes you walk right inter de settin-room, honey,” she responded in a cheery voice ; then, turning to her numerous offspring who were lolling on the floor, she exclaimed in a voice of good-natured gruffness:

“Heah, you good-for-nuthin, lazy, miserable niggahs you, git up off dat dar floah; people done tuk you fur so many little Irish children.”

The very suggestion of anything so opprobrious had the desired effect, and with one accord they all shot out of the door and perched themselves on the rail fence in front of

the house, where they looked for all the world like a flock of black-birds.

When I had stated my errand in full and had arranged about the day she was to do the washing, I inquired about my friends, Vic and George, and spoke of the circumstances of our meeting. She did not appear discomfited in the least but said in a conciliatory sort of way,

“Laws, honey, dem little fool niggahs neber calkerlated to steal your wood. Dey war jes gwine to borrow a stick or two. Ki! Dere daddy done beat de bref outen dem if he tought his children war gwine to steal. He lows dat he neber has no dejection to ministrating the rod if dey ’haves in a streperous mannah.”

“He must be a pretty good father,” I answered.

“Dat he am, chile. He’s one ob de ’lect fur sartin. I’s nuthin but a pore, miserable sinner—but den it sez in de scriptur dat when a man an’ a woman git joined in the bands of macrimony, dey ain’t twins no mo’ but one flesh; so you see if my ole man is one ob de ’postles, an’ we is one flesh, de good Lor’ will hab to let me in frou de golden gate, sartin sure.”

This bit of reasoning was so delightfully original that I did not feel disposed to question its validity. I talked with her a while longer about her husband, and learned that he was considered quite a preacher by his dusky brethren over whom he exerted a good deal of influence. The said dusky brethren were notoriously fond of abducting the innocent chicken, so I asked her why her husband did not speak to his people about the wrong of stealing.

“Laws, honey,” she answered, “it would neber do in de world. It would fro such a coldness ober de meetin’.”

I had certainly not looked at the matter in that light before. Finally I arose to go, and she asked me to come again, at the same time giving me a hearty invitation to go and hear her husband preach. I resolved to accept the lat-

ter, as I had a strong curiosity to see the husband and father of this interesting family. So the next Sunday night we all went.

Brother Johnson got up and said he had expected "Brud-der Shores to chain de 'tention ob de ladies and gemplum dat ebening," but as that brother was not present, he would "'tempt to circumscribe his horizon" himself, although suffering from "amputation ob de palate." His text was, "He dat soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly." He exhorted them to be generous, by holding out the awful threat that "de niggah what don't gib nuthin' to de Lord will be trown inter de pond burning wid fire and soap-stone." He then invited those who had "sperienced 'lig-ion" to come forward and "shake hans wid de elders."

Quite a number arose and the most enthusiastic among them was my little George Washington. I heard his voice sweetest and clearest in the old song.

"Baptis', Baptis', is my name."

His face appeared to be really transformed with the spirit of revival. But alas for the frailty of human nature! The next week a little boy was arrested for "borrowing a water million"—it was George Washington.

Editors' Table.

As the enticing Spring weather draws near, we feel a very natural longing to explore our surroundings outside of the College precincts. We recognize the fact that we have some extremely pleasant walks on our own grounds, but with these we have become so familiar that they have ceased to afford us that agreeable excitement which the discovery of new sights and beauties awakens. Moreover, there is much more pleasure as well as profit in walking a long distance, than promenading up and down the avenues or around the flower gardens. By forming walking-parties of five or six girls, all danger from tramps might be avoided. Nor do we see why we should be deprived of this pleasure on Sunday particularly, which is our most convenient time. On other days, the allurements of tennis and rowing conspire with College engagements to keep us within the red fence. But our Sunday afternoons are free, and we know of no better manner of spending portions of such leisure times than in quiet walks. Surely the combined discretion of five or six girls is sufficient to protect them from any idle person who may be loitering along a thickly-settled road. We wonder if some arrangement could not be made which would gain for us this much desired privilege ?

The students have not really any grave cares to shoulder. But we think we have, and the fancy is better than the

reality could be in satisfying our strange desire for responsibility. This imaginary burden is not heavy,—if it were, we might not be so eager to carry it,—but we like to feel our hands full, and to think that much depends upon us. I knew a girl who gloried in being a member of nine different committees at the same time, and the happy expression of misery on her face was good to look at. She hunted for care and worry, and apparently she found it. Were her trouble and work on those nine committees counterbalanced by her pleasure in having had a finger in the pie? If so, blessed be the imagination and the rose-colored glasses of youth!

We beg leave to make a request—a reasonable one, as it seems to us. It is that all bodies of water on the college-grounds may be thoroughly dredged before the beginning of the next college-year. It is all right enough to shut malaria up in the glen and only let it out from the evening chapel-hour until after breakfast on the following day, but is there not danger of its outgrowing such narrow limits? Should it for any reason leave its present haunts and stalk about in broad day-light, alas! for us poor students. To be sure, no one has ever yet been victimized—unless she went to the glen or back of the Observatory—but then it is bad enough to be compelled to take quinine, or even China, for ‘something floating about in the air which is not malaria,’ and it is with a dreadful sigh that one estimates the number of pills she must take if by any chance malaria should escape. So we beg that those who have the matter in charge will allay our fears by giving it their earliest attention.

Our attention has been called to an article on the report of M^{lle}. Loisillon and M^{lle}. Courturier, the French ladies who visited the College last Fall, while on their tour of

official investigation of the workings of American schools and colleges. "They acknowledge" it is said, "the admirable management of Wellesley and Vassar Colleges, and the high grade of literary and scientific instruction given to American girls, but their French politeness does not shut their eyes to the serious defects in our system and its outcome." These serious defects seem to be chiefly the lack of instruction in sewing and cooking, or, as the extract has it, "the arts and duties belonging to women, wives and mothers." The question which is based upon these so-called defects is one whose solution has been sought by different methods; by making domestic duties part of the curriculum, by requiring only a stipulated amount of work on previous knowledge, or by requiring no domestic duties at all. The last plan, now largely adopted, has not come about wholly by chance, but from a conviction that intellectual pursuits and careful study of domestic duties could not be combined with justice to either; that the method adopted in some schools of giving each student her specified task for one, two or three months, was no benefit to her general knowledge of the duties of a housewife; and most potent of all, that three months practical instruction in a home were equal to three years' theoretical teaching in a school. Doubtless the difference in the position and duties of the French and the American lady does away with many of the reasons which would be all-convincing in the consideration of the same question in Continental schools. It would be much to the advantage of American women were they to imitate their French sisters in many of their household measures, but those who care for the education of the young American woman may well feel that until she becomes accustomed to such duties at home, and feels the necessity of their fulfilment, there is little benefit to be derived from wholesale instruction in domestic arts.

HOME MATTERS.

Miss Emily Faithfull lectured to us on Friday evening, April 13, on "The Society of Books." The substance of the first part of her lecture was as follows : The assembled souls of all the world reverence books as household gods, since they have the power to guide us in youth, to entertain us when weary, and to fire our minds with the achievements of the past. But in the society of books, as in that of men, there must be some social distinction. We should shun immoral books, fashionable novels, and sentimental rhymes. Such mental dram-drinking renders one incapable of enjoying good literature. There never before has been a time when bad novels were so generally read and produced. But all novels are not to be denounced, since there are occasions when the mind needs the rest and recreation which they alone afford.

After calling our attention to the deference which is due to the careful judgments of great minds, at a time when men are too ready to consider their own opinions infallible, she spoke of Poetry, regretting that it is too often regarded as a mere toy, a superficial literature ; but, at the same time, expressing her belief that there still exists a faith in poetry. She next spoke of the sympathetic quality of poetry, illustrating her remarks by some selections read in a feeling manner.

In conclusion she warned us against superficial reading, assuring us that we had no acquaintance with the noblest intellects until we had made their thoughts our own.

Throughout her discourse, Miss Faithfull held our attention by her logical and practical views on the subject.

The announcement that the Philharmonic Club is about to give us a concert is always received with enthusiasm ;

and after Dr. Ritter's exposition of the programme for April 18th, we were prepared to enjoy every bar and every number. However, we must confess a feeling of dissatisfaction and disappointment at the close. Throughout Dr. Ritter's Septette there was a certain indecision in the execution which plainly showed a lack of sufficient preparation. The instruments did not seem in sympathy with one another, nor were they perfect interpreters of the composer's idea. The last three movements were played with much more appreciation than the first, and the dainty little Scherzo was charmingly given.

The stringed quartettes probably gave the most enjoyment and satisfaction to the audience. The Adagio by Rubenstein was exquisitely played, and the quaint Scherzo of Cherubini following upon the Adagio produced a charming effect. Again in Beethoven's Septette the absence of that thorough sympathy with the composer, which is necessary for a perfect interpretation, was noticeable and this was especially the fact in the variations of the Andante. The execution was faultless, but there was a lack in expression. However, the soul-stirring Adagio was filled with expressive beauties, and was the most perfectly rendered of the six movements. Notwithstanding what may seem harsh criticism, we should welcome the Philharmonic Club at any time, as of old, for we know of what great things it is capable.

Saturday night, April 21, found an expectant audience gathered in Society Hall to witness the third Phil. play. The crowding at the entrance, formerly so annoying, was avoided by having the doors thrown open immediately after chapel. The long cast, composed chiefly of girls of approved ability, justified us in expecting some good acting in *The Rivals*.

Miss Hopson, as Sir Anthony Absolute, played the scheming, cold-blooded, selfish old father admirably. Miss Lath-

rop showed herself equally fascinating to the audience in the rôle of the wealthy and courted Capt. Absolute, and in that of the poor and despised Ensign Beverly. Miss Swift, as Lydia Languish, well portrayed that much-abused part of creation, the romantic girl, her common-sense and true affection triumphing at last over her disappointment.

As Mrs. Malaprop, Miss M. G. Stevens was inimitable. The way in which she twisted about the Queen's English was irresistibly funny, and she showed herself fully equal to all occasions. In every situation she fulfilled our idea of the Mrs. Malaprop who has rendered the play famous.

Miss Jenckes, in the rôle of Bob Acres, continually entertained and amused the audience. Miss Halliday made a charming little confidante. Miss M. E. Adams, as David, gave evidence of talent which would justify her in attempting a more important rôle.

The Rivals failed to exert the charm which the audience felt so appreciably in *Young Mrs. Winthrop*. Some of the scenes were too much involved, and their unusual number necessitating frequent waits, detracted somewhat from the interest of the play.

The programme of music was unusually well rendered, as was shown by the attention which was so freely given.

On Friday night, April 27, Miss Goodsell gave a party to the Collegiate students in the Art Gallery. The Gallery is a charming place for such a gathering, as it gives us an opportunity for noticing the additions and improvements, as well as the already familiar pictures in our collection. It was especially appropriate at this time, as it gave us an opportunity to study the new water colors by Mr. W. T. Richards, which have recently been presented to the College.

Most of the teachers were present and mingled pleasantly with the students. The Class of '83 served the refreshments to the company and assisted Miss Goodsell in receiving the guests. After supper, Society Hall was utilized for dancing. The stage afforded an excellent stand-point from which to view the festive scene. According to the time-honored Vassar custom, the entertainment ended with the Virginia Reel, in which nearly all present took part. To Miss Goodsell and the Class of '83 we are indebted for a delightful evening.

The preparations for Founder's Day were more extensive than usual this year. Early on Thursday preceding the eventful day, the corridors began to present a striking and likewise festive appearance. The time-honored evergreen boughs were replaced by festoons of colored tarletan, giving a novel and unique aspect to our bare, gloomy corridors. On Friday, curtains and pictures were hung, and easy chairs and sofas were arranged invitingly for weary promenaders. The parlors had a foreign air of elegance, and Room J, with its hangings and dainty bric-à-brac, was extremely artistic in its arrangement. In the chapel the platform was very effectively filled with palms and flowering plants.

Shortly after eight o'clock, the procession, with Miss Barker as Marshal, came into the chapel. After the usual prayer, Miss Vallean, President of the Students' Association, made a graceful address of welcome, and introduced Rev. Brooke Herford, of Boston, the speaker of the evening, who delivered an extremely interesting and practical address upon the "Small Ends of Great Problems." Mr. Herford showed the advisability of approaching all the great problems of philosophy and theology from our own

practical standpoint, or of "grasping them at the little end," reasoning from the known to the unknown, instead of idly speculating upon them by considering them in their broadest and most difficult presentation. His illustrations were very apt and effective. It was extremely annoying to those who were unfortunate enough to be seated in the rear of the chapel, that scarcely a word of the address was intelligible on account of the whispering and talking. If we are to have speakers from abroad address us at our public entertainments, does not common courtesy demand a quiet attention on the part of the audience?

Mr. Jordan sang three selections. His voice is powerful and very flexible. He was re-called after his second selection. A collation served in the dining-hall followed the exercises in the chapel; and after this, promenading occupied the remainder of the evening, as it was so late when the dining-hall was cleared that only two of the four decorous square dances were indulged in by the followers of Terpsichore before the bell rang "to speed the parting guest."

The most inviting spot for chatting was in Room G, the exquisite art-room decorated by Professor Van Ingen and several of his pupils. The representation of the "*Studio versus Lyceum*" was capital, and the details of the arrangement of the room were more artistic than ever before. About ten o'clock the room at the end of the second north corridor was thrown open and coffee was served there the rest of the evening.

The Glee Club rendered the selections with very good effect.

The committee are to be congratulated upon the success of their entertainment. The arrangement of the rooms and the chapel was never more attractive, and the return to the old custom of employing talent from abroad is a decided improvement, although there is still the fault to be found with the exercises, that they are too long.

As a whole, however, the affair showed efficient management, and the eighteenth anniversary of Founder's Day adds another to Vassar's list of successful entertainments.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Professor Backus has accepted the Presidency of Packer Institute, Brooklyn. It is with great regret that we lose one who has so efficiently and earnestly aided Vassar College.

On the evening of April 8, Mrs. Mansell addressed the Society of Religious Inquiry upon missionary work in India.

Miss Emily Faithfull, of London, lectured in the chapel, April 13, upon the proper use of books.

Miss Haskell has accepted the position of head of the Natural Science Department in the Chestnut Street Seminary, of Philadelphia, to be re-opened in October, at Ogontz, Penn. We wish and prophesy for Miss Haskell a life as happy and useful in her new home as she has spent with us.

We were glad to have Miss Wiley as our guest, May 4.

Miss Lathrop is to deliver the farewell address to the class of '83 on Class Day.

Miss M. G. Stevens has been elected class poet.

Founder's Day was May 4th.

The Junior party to the Seniors is to be May 18.

On the evening of April 29, Professor Dwight gave the T. & M. Club and the *Qui Vire* Club an interesting lecture upon "Arctic Expeditions."

Miss Treadway has been elected chairman of the fourth Phil. play, succeeding Miss Cutler, resigned.

A concert by the students, May 11.

Lawn Tennis is in a most flourishing condition.

The Sophomores have chosen their committee for the tree-exercises. Miss Heyer is orator.

Junior marshal for Class Day is Miss McMillan ; Sophomore marshal, Miss Lowry ; Freshman marshal, Miss Wooster.

A cat under the pedals has several times materially interfered with the working of the organ.

The class of '83 has decided to lessen the College Song-book debt, instead of presenting the College with a gift. The aid is appreciated, for even with this assistance, the committee are personally in debt two hundred dollars.

PERSONALS.

'69.

Died, March 17, at Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y., Mrs. Susan Wright-Birney.

'73.

Married, in London, March 28, George W. Merritt, M. D., to Emma L. Sutro, M. D., both of San Francisco.

'77.

Sailed for Paris, March 28, S. W. Grant.

'80.

Miss Harriet Berringer is to receive her M. D. from Ann Arbor in June. She is also ready for a second degree in Greek.

Miss Minnie Hoyt holds a government position in Washington.

'82.

Miss M. B. Brittan has returned to College for the remainder of the year.

The following students have visited College during the past month: Miss Weed, of '73; Miss A. Wing, of '78; Miss G. Palmer, of '79; Miss J. Cushing, Miss H. Berringer, of '80; Miss A. Pratt, Miss F. Abbott, Miss C. Lloyd, of '81; Miss F. Taylor, Miss Buckland, Miss Shailer, of '82; Miss G. Nichols, Miss Hawkins, Miss Rollinson.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

At last America has a poet—a dramatist. He hails from Indiana, and the *Notre Dame Scholastic* is his chosen medium of communication. Scoff and jeer, if you like. Tell us that we do not know a drama when we see it. It is a drama; we know it is. Its five acts are written in the blankest kind of verse, and no little error of chronology or any such trifle is suffered to prevent "Romulus and Remus" from building Rome. If five acts, blank verse, and unity of subject, do not constitute a drama, what does?

Since we cannot fully appreciate the necessity for a college daily, it is with fear and trembling that we venture to express an opinion on the subject. Our predecessors tried it, but with dire results. They were not told, in so many words, to mind their own business, but discretion seemed the better part of valor. If the mission of the daily is 'to cater to the tastes of its own college, and not to that of its exchanges,' we feel compelled to infer that Cornell is fond of gossip, that Yale likes to discuss quite fairly, all mat-

ters of local weight, while Harvard takes a broader field and feels a lively interest in all questions of importance to the general college world.

For a bright *outside* the *Kansas Review* and *The Occident* carry off the palm, but by its entire lack of brightness, the *Argus* is far ahead. If the *Syracusan* and *University Herald* 'are the pulses by which the faculty determine the condition of the student,' said faculty must have its hands full with administering stimulants.

The Beloit Round Table has asked some perplexing questions of its alumni, and has received some interesting replies. All seem to agree that the "pony" for the Greek Testament is the 'memory of the civilized student,' that compulsory attendance upon 'religious exercises is wrong in principle and baneful in practice,' and that 'students should be fit to be released from personal surveillance, and thrown on their own responsibility as soon they enter college.'

What is it? It is *The Lehigh Burr*. Does it contain nuts? It does, but they are very small; the wind blew them down before they were matured.

The article on Lowell in the *Pennsylvania College Monthly* is very well written, and discriminating. The rest of the number is inferior to the *Rockford Seminary Magazine* save that the rhetoric of the latter is rather more 'cut and dried.'

We took up the *Yale Lit.* with a sigh of relief. We expected something good and were not disappointed. By substituting Vassar for Yale in the article on "Yale Enthusiasm," we grew sufficiently warm to stand the May poem, which cooled us down to the temperature of "Phil-

istine's View of Homer." Though we may not agree with the *Lit.* on all subjects, yet it is a real pleasure to be able to enjoy in all its parts, a college publication.

In the current *Atlantic*, the couple who 'revisited Niagara, twelve years after their wedding journey,' did not seem to have so lively a time as they had anticipated. The readers did, though. "The Flaneur" is one of Dr. Holme's best poems, and "The Rain and the Fine Weather" is a capital out-door essay. "The 'Harnt' that walks Chilhowee," is an interesting story of Tennessee life, while Miss Jewett's "A Landless Farmer," creates a longing for the second part.

One must be very hard to please if he can find nothing interesting in the *May Century*. History, adventure, personal sketches, essays, and fiction, surely here is variety enough to suit every taste! Frank H. Cushing's "Adventures in Zuni" continue to be interesting, and Henry James' paper on Du Maurier's caricatures in "Punch," is very entertaining. Washington Gladden gives another chapter of his serial on the millenium as embodied in the "Christian League of Connecticut," while "A Woman's Reason" gradually develops, and "Pomona's Daughter" 'is nothing if not funny.' "

The woodsy, spring flavor of *St. Nicholas* makes us long for the time to come when books will be banished and we may wander over hill and dale at our own sweet will.

A friend has kindly sent us a *Yale Courant* of '69, in which Prof. Hoppin speaks "A Word for Vassar," and so for the education of women. Vassar was then in its infancy,—an experiment intended to prove whether 'woman has mind, and can think, reason, write, speak, and exercise all the functions of an intellectual being or not,'—an effort to

show that she need not, must not be kept in a state of intellectual vassalage. How well the experiment has succeeded, the world knows ; perhaps we may be pardoned for our pride in the result.

I. P. A.

Perhaps in the nature of the case, our College must be more social than larger ones. But whatever the reason, that fact seems evident after catching glimpses of the social life at other colleges.

In most of them, the real social college life is largely confined to the various fraternities. Occasionally at Ann Arbor there is an interchange of hospitality between classes, but as a rule the classes seldom fête each other. Hazing is the customary greeting of the Sophomores to the Freshmen, although at Harvard this is entirely unknown. Harvard in particular, and Amherst, Ann Arbor, Williams College, and Brown University, to a smaller extent, have dramatic entertainments. Socials and Germans figure prominently in Ann Arbor and Harvard ; in fact, these two colleges are apparently richer in all political, semi-literary, and purely social life than Brown, Amherst or Williams. Class exclusiveness is only a tradition, intercourse between all classes being perfectly free from "class-spirit" in the narrower sense of that term.

The larger numbers, and their scattered way of living prevent many pleasant social customs which our compactness favours, but college social life is in no immediate danger of flagging in any college.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

“My Trivial Life” is a readable two-volume novel from G. P. Putnam’s Sons, N. Y.

From the same publishers, comes “Authors and Publishers,”—a volume containing many valuable suggestions for young authors on the preparation of Mss. for the press, proof-reading, the United States copyright law, and other kindred topics.

We have received a notice from Ford’s, Howard & Hulbert, N. Y., to the effect that the first volume of Henry Ward Beecher’s published sermons is completed in No. 26 of the *Plymouth Pulpit*.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges :

Academian, Adelphean, Amherst Student, Atlantic, Beloit Round Table, Berkleyan, Boston Weekly Advertiser, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Bureau of Education Circulars, Century, Chaff, Colby Echo, College Argus, College Press, Columbia Spectator, Acta Columbiana, Concordiensis, Cornell Sun, Dartmouth, Dickinsonian, Dutchess Farmer, Exonian, Hamilton Coll. Mo., Hamilton Lit., Harvard Advocate, Crimson, Daily Herald, Lampoon, Harerfordian, Illini, Kansas Review, Lafayette Coll. Journal, Lantern, Lasell Leaves, Lehigh Burr, Mercury, Michigan Argonaut, Chronicle, Notre Dame Scholastic, Occident, Penn. Coll. Mo., Princetonian, Nassau Lit., Res Academicæ, Rockford Sem. Magazine, Rutger’s Targum, Student’s Life, St. Nicholas, Syracuse University Herald, Syracusan, The Tech, Undergraduate, Williams Argo, Athenæum, Woman’s Journal, Yale Courant, Lit., News, Record.



The Nassat Miscellany.

Editors from '84.		Editors from '85.	
M. F. L. HUSSEY,	JUSTINA H. MERRICK,	E. S. LEONARD,	L. H. GOULD.
A. BLANCHARD.			
Business Editors: L. A. BARKER, M. E. EWING.			

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A FORGOTTEN PEOPLE.

The southwestern corner of Europe is associated with a people which seems to have hardly an excuse for existence. It was one of the mysteries of my childhood that a little piece should be cut out of Spain and called Portugal. It ranked in my mind along with the equally unreasonable and inexplicable jog in the northern boundary line of Connecticut.

But long ago there was a reason for Portugal's existence. Portugal was born in that stormy period when the fiery Saracenic tides had rolled irresistibly into southern Europe, and the struggle between Christian and Mahometan had begun. Alfonso of Spain gave the "fair Theresa," one of the

royal Infantas, to Count Henry of Burgundy with the grant of as much land as he could gain from the Moors. He won province after province until the dowry of Theresa became the Kingdom of Portugal. The son of Count Henry was its first King. He was chosen by the soldiers after "the strange battle of Ourique" in which thousands of Moors were defeated by a handful of Christians. He was crowned by the Archbishop of Braga and declared by his soldiers an independent sovereign.

So this venturesome little kingdom, the patrimony of a Spanish princess, issued its declaration of independence and cut itself loose from the Spanish Dominion. For a time success attended the adventurer. Portugal became one of the first powers of Europe. The Persian maps of the time set it down as the capital of the Franks; it was a Persian saying that Spain might be the head of Europe but Portugal was its diadem. During the Age of Discovery the Portuguese banners were planted in the richest portions of the new and the old worlds. The wealth of the Indies and of Brazil flowed into its treasury. This was also the golden age of Portuguese literature.

Here its glory culminated, and all too soon began its long decline. For this many reasons are assigned, but overflowing wealth was at least the presage of its downfall. This brought its usual shadowy train of evils, among which moral and intellectual degradation were not the least important. Moreover, while Portugal was thus growing weak the other European nations were growing strong. Now, for the first time, the brave little kingdom trembled; now for the first time it realized that "it was one of the smallest and most exposed of the kingdoms of Europe, with its whole sea-frontier open to France, its whole land-frontier open to Spain." The latter country was the first to embrace its opportunity of spoliation. Upon the memorable "disappearance" of King Sebastian

and the death of Henry the Chaste, the unscrupulous Philip II. usurped the Portuguese throne. Philip and the Spanish succession, holding Portugal in a cruel grasp for sixty years, allowed all her foreign possessions one after the other to be swept away.

At length in an agony of shame and poverty, Portugal shook off the yoke. The diplomacy of the powerful Richelieu lent itself to her cause, and to his influence Portugal owed the recovery of many of her former possessions and much of her pristine glory. But this brightness was evanescent. Later, the Napoleonic invasion devastated the unhappy country; civil insurrections and consequent political dependency contributed to her ruin. The assistance afforded by England was, as usual, of an equivocal character and such as to leave a liberal margin for charitable interpretation.

One cannot help regretting the fate of Portugal. It was indeed a plucky little nation. It was a small part of the great world to have set up for itself. Its success was brilliant, its doom is pathetic in the extreme. The downfall of Portugal is not due to lack of bravery on the part of her sons, which is not a tradition, but is attested by the dashing battle of Busaco, the hard-won passage of the Douro, and the brave defence of the line of the Towers Vedras in the Peninsular campaign. Whatever else the Portuguese may be, they are not cowards. One is at once impatient with Portugal and inclined to defend her, just as one feels toward a dreamy, clever inventor who allows all the fruits of his genius to be swept away by vulgar, rapacious hands. For Portugal has not allowed her dowry to slip from her grasp with the happy-go-lucky carelessness that sees its misfortune but reasons that all will right itself somehow in the end. It is rather a carelessness which is pathetic in its unconsciousness of the real value of the gifts which it relinquishes.

They are a "simple folk" given to clinging tenaciously to old customs, and allowing the world with its ever-shifting manners and fashions to sweep by. In the "back-woods" where one must always go to study national character, one finds an Arcadian simplicity in Portuguese life which might inspire a Theocritus. Little girls sit spinning by the roadside, and shepherdesses, the very pictures of Bo-peep, roam over the mountains with their flocks and crooks, while peasant maidens with "wild hair and abbreviated skirts" fearlessly guide "the great tawny oxen." The shepherds are classical to the last degree. They might have stepped out of the eclogues, for it is their daily custom to discourse in amœbæan verses under the shade of the spreading trees. Young girls may be seen carrying upon their heads water-jars shaped exactly like the water-jars of ancient Attica. In the rivers float vessels which are the exact reproduction of galleys now existing nowhere else save on old Roman coins. "As for the implements in husbandry, nothing could be more interesting to the antiquarian. In fact, the ploughs, harrows, and carts have been handed down almost unaltered from generation to generation since they were brought from Italy by the military colonists who followed the Imperial eagles. The grape-growing and making of wine beyond the limits of the famous districts on the Douro are almost a repetition of processes in use in Latium when Horace first used to amuse himself with Sabine farming." The Portuguese are simple and heroic, but they are a people who are unable to make the most of themselves. What they gain they cannot keep. Their history is the history of a series of losses. This is true from their very beginning. Says the historian, "The ancient Kings of Portugal seem to have been more successful in gaining than in retaining kingdoms."

Portugal is one of the many nations who seem to have carelessly given up their independence. It has neglected

its great men as thoroughly as the most ungrateful of republics could ever have done. It is true that here as in other countries, monuments "after a hundred years" have done tardy justice to the memory of heroes; and, perhaps, the brilliant flowers of some Portuguese city are strewn even now, like the violets of Florence, on the spot where some martyr suffered. All nations agree in "liking dead poets best." But while in the loss of her power and in her carelessness about her great names, Portugal is even as other nations, she is, in addition, unable to keep her literature together. Other nations though they lose everything, cling with passionate devotion to the records of their former glory. But Portugal, we are told, "possesses a singular facility for losing or hiding all of her literature."

As a sort of melancholy compensation the romantic element in the annals of Portugal from first to last is prominent. Here as in many southern countries everything was well arranged for tragedies and wild romances. Given, parents with the fiery southern temper and unswerving family pride, romantic daughters, indigent painters, noble suitors and convenient convents, and it is not wonderful that the tragical fate of Inez De Castro or the long penance of Viera should result from the combination.

"The Fountain of Tears" to whose falling waters the young prince entrusted the precious burden of his letters to Inez De Castro is named in commemoration of her fate. She was a Spaniard, and there could be no alliance between Spain and Portugal. As the prince had secretly married her there was only one terrible way out of the difficulty, and she was therefore executed by order of the King. Francesco Viera, the painter, won the love of Donna Agnes Helen De Lima e Mello when both had attained the mature age of eight years. For almost twenty years they maintained their affection for each other, during which time the young lady was immured in a convent. Viera

won a name as a painter, plead with the King for Donna Agnes' release, secured the intercession of the Pope, but all in vain. At last, in about eighteen years, the lovers gave up fair means, and Donna Agnes, in a hodman's dress, escaped from the convent, and their marriage was consummated. Portuguese history is full of similar romances. Moreover, Portugal's Sebastian is to her what Frederick Barbarossa was to Germany. Says Mr. Higginson: "Sebastian died upon the battle-field, his crown lost, since which event, in sad memorial of that deep disaster, no monarch of Portugal has placed the crown upon his head on his coronation day. But the enthusiasm which ruined the nation so endeared him to its heart that for years afterward the people believed that he had not died and still looked for his return, and to this day there is a party of Sebastianists in Portugal."

Portugal also found her Regulus in Don Egaz Moniz, who pledged his life as security that his young king should remain the vassal of Leon. In time, however, the King, by the wish of the people and with the full consent of Moniz, was crowned as an independent sovereign. "The freedom of the nation was however the doom of the hostage," and Moniz, having bidden farewell to his friends, repaired to the court of Leon. Happily, the anger of the Spanish King turned into admiration and Moniz was sent back unharmed.

On a whole, the little nation lived in a romantic age.

" White plumes tossing in the air,
Broad-swords flashing in the sun,
Knights in golden armor drest,"

were an every day occurrence in the day of her prosperity. In these dull times when the North Pole is all we have left in this round world to discover, who can forbear a sigh for those thrilling days when every morning might bring the news of the finding of another hemisphere. What wonder

that the southern imagination was stimulated to indulge in its wildest flights ; so that even the somber Spaniard sought in the groves of Pascua Florida for the fountain of perpetual youth.

Closely interwoven with the thread of romance runs the thread of pathos through the web of Portuguese history. In the first place the character of the people and the physical situation were peculiarly unfavorable to Portugal's success as a nation. Accordingly, with the fatality which seems to attend the peculiarly unfortunate, everything worked against her. The wealth which flowed in upon her from her foreign possessions did not enrich, but impoverished her, for it led to the neglect of home industry and indifference in regard to the improvement of the natural resources of the soil.

She cherished the Jesuits with blind devotion, and they established the Inquisition, endeavored to usurp the government, and cut off another source of revenue by hunting the wealthy Jews out of the country. One year, the great earthquake destroyed her capital, another year, a blight swept over all her olive-trees and vines. The French have pressed down from the Pyrenees and devastated her northern boundaries ; Dom Pedro has swept across the country from the eastern to the western border ; she has shuddered at the tread of Napoleon's armies and now with a funded debt of some millions of dollars held by relentless English creditors, Portugal may fairly join the ranks of martyred nations. She has not been swept out of existence ; the tragical fate of Poland was not reserved for her. She is not stretched upon the rack, like unhappy, wretched Ireland. But her fate is no less pathetic. " There is none of that magnificent indignation which flashes for centuries on the lips of stronger races, still lightning though innocuous, but a perpetual 'Paciencia' is the one word to which the peoples' tongue is turned. There are many

mourning nations, but none whose doom is so deep as that of Portugal. She waited for her Sebastian until her hope grew dim. Her remaining strength, if strength she has, has gone out into the young kingdom of Brazil, and she sits with her dark and sweet-voiced children around her, a widow clad in life-long sables and weeping eternal tears."

C. I. R. '83.

THE OFFICE OF AN IDEAL.

There seems to be a prevalent opinion that there is a certain vagueness about an ideal which justifies any amount of inaccuracy in describing or defining it ; and, doubtless, in this way the phrase "living up to an ideal" has come to be used many times where facts prove that the ideal has been dragged down to fit the life of its creator. Undoubtedly, since all that seems good to us, from a system of theology to one of agriculture, is embodied in an ideal, it is a suitable standard of action for ourselves, and cannot fail to influence our daily conduct, though unconsciously to us. Nevertheless, though we may practice our pet theories enough to get acquainted with them, they cannot be literally followed out, first, because an ideal which could be so realized would not be worth much, and second, because allowance must always be made for other people's ideals. An ideal won't stand much friction, and is always in danger when it trespasses so far upon the ground of reality as to regulate common-place daily existence. Such an experiment is far more likely to result in the lowering of the ideal than in the elevation of ourselves, and our ideal degenerates into a hobby when we give it practical drudgery to perform. True, it may do the work well, but so will the dictionary keep the door open and Pegasus might have plowed ; moreover, there are hobbies enough in the world without making them out of degenerated ideals.

The most unselfish way to use an ideal is to keep it all to ourselves. We have no right to afflict the world at large with this creation of our brain which seems to us so good and to them so faulty. Any attempt to make it useful in reforming society will be more disastrous to the ideal than beneficial to society, since this delicate piece of property is too characteristic to be shared with others or used as a measure of their virtues and deficiencies. That it may not clash with more tangible, if less important interests, its sphere of action must be confined to the life of its possessor, and even here it must be used with discretion, since few ideals can afford to fall under the criticism which slowly but surely discovers the motive power of our lives.

Unless we are very fickle we retain our ideals until they have proved themselves utterly unworthy of our regard. The discovery of this unworthiness is a terrible experience, and too often a useless one, also, since we at once reinstate our shattered idol in our love, even if we cannot do so in our respect. This fall of an ideal is more bitter since it cannot fail to bring down something with it. Confidence, hope, cheerfulness, even self-respect may be wrecked at the same time, so let us take heed how we build, that such mistakes may be few.

In our intuitive reckoning of profit and loss, we ask of an ideal as of everything else, "does it pay." We fondly imagine that this characteristic question is a free translation of the much-quoted "*Le jeu vaut-il la chandelle?*" not recognizing that we ask "*vaut-il*" not of a pleasure but of a necessity. We might as well ask a man if on the whole he thought it desirable to breathe. It is as contemptible a spirit of avarice which denies the essentials of an inner life as that which limits bodily sustenance to the miser's crust.

"Man lives not for what he can accomplish, but what can be accomplished in him," and in this point we have the

whole mission of an ideal. Emerson expressed well the importance of this inward development when he compared man to "that noble endogenous tree, the palm." Our best and truest growth begins within, and the inner life is all ideal or realities idealized. An ideal is an active mental force, and assists this inward growth as nothing less in sympathy with it could, and we may rely upon it for this assistance which we so much need, since it is not a cross between a dream and a fact, combining the uncertainty of one with the stubbornness of the other, but an ever-present help, both substantial and satisfactory.

It benefits us first by giving us something better than ourselves to contemplate. Self-analysis is certainly profitable, but if we have nothing higher to study we shall acquire the habit of mentally standing off and smiling approval at our own state of mind; or still more, of analyzing our feelings until we lose the ability to feel. Nothing hinders development of character more than this self-satisfaction which is incongruous in the same mind with a worthy ideal. This ideal is the only bit of perfection we ever own, and instead of being less perfect because it is of our own creation it is more so, because that particular perfection entirely suits us.

An ideal makes us less selfish. We sacrifice many little self-indulgences in unaffected reverence for its higher moral ground. In our constant effort to get nearer it we leave much behind which we feel unworthy of us, and gain, incidentally, a concentration of purpose useful in attaining other ends.

It prevents egotism. The character modeled after an exalted ideal borrows sacred words, saying humbly, "by the beauty of my pattern I am what I am."

An ideal takes us into good company. "Every man lives either actually or ideally with his superiors," and taking into consideration that in this ideal life with greater

minds we see their beauty free from the defects which an actual familiarity would disclose, this ideal intercourse is earnestly to be sought. Ideal society is very democratic. We shall never be excluded from the charmed circle formed by its members, nor excommunicated from the fellowship of its religion. Our ideal friend will never forsake nor disappoint us, and our ideal method of life will probably never have a chance to prove a failure. With our ideal associates we may live in perfect harmony, unhindered by the troublesome circumstances which so often prevent real friendships. Day by day we become better acquainted with them, and, above all, find in them an infinite variety to prevent any possibility of weariness.

But the mission which the ideal fills most acceptably is to take the place of those realities which have been denied us. Our ideals unconsciously form themselves after the things we have wanted longest and most earnestly, and we accept them as a sort of heavenly currency, a draft on the Bank of Felicity payable at sight, and good as the cash for which it stands.

We enjoy our ideal talents, ideal virtues, even our ideal friends, not because we have them or will ever get them, but because in their company we can breathe their atmosphere and study their perfections, reaping satisfaction, and usually profit, from the mere association. There is no continual necessity of "making believe" as if an ideal were an out-of-repair air-castle, for we soon learn that its strongest point is its actuality; and in it only we find the best reality—the sympathy which is help and happiness.

C. G. L. '86.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

The Sunday mornings of my childhood! What other dawn so bright, what other half so eagerly anticipated! The steaming cup of coffee denied me on other days, the early drive to the farm-house in pursuit of eggs or milk, the leisurely family visit to the garden and the barns,—how pleasantly they broke the monotony of my studious, uneventful child-life! But the happiest of these happy hours I did not spend at home. As soon as I was dressed for church, I always bethought myself that one duty was as yet unperformed. After a hot chase through the house for some moments, I usually succeeded in finding my mother, when the following dialogue ensued: “Say, mamma, can I go down to Miss Lucy’s ’n Miss Betsy’s ’fore church?” “Yes, dear, but don’t begin your sentences with ‘say’ and don’t run.” “Oh, say, Mamma, can’t I hoppity-skip?” Without waiting for an answer, away to the gate I tripped, stopping only to pick a “piny” from the neatly trimmed flower-bed in my path. But now came a pause. How well I can see the picture that unfolded itself to my childish eyes as I looked anxiously up and down the road in dread of chance gipsy-cart or strolling tramp. On my left, the long, quiet street, with its rows of neat old-fashioned houses, the red-brick post-office, the dingy stone jail crouching close behind it, the old, white church with glistening steeple and wide-open doors, the church-yard with its

stiff rows of hideously-carved tombstones. On my right, the road rises abruptly. A double row of maples shades the sidewalk and almost hides the weather-beaten school-house at the summit of the hill. Directly opposite the gate is a quaint old tavern, hardly visible through the interlacing boughs of ancient elms and flowering lilacs. The summer breeze scatters the purple blossoms, parts the heavy elm-boughs, and gives me a momentary glimpse of hazy mountain ranges, and clouds of smoke curling up from the distant town ; but the quiet of the scene is unbroken save by the echo of church bells and the note of an oriole or robin. When a careful survey has assured me that no dangers beset my path, I skip merrily down the sidewalk. Just before I reach the post office, I leave the walk, and go the rest of the way in the road, that I may avoid the jail within whose wall my fertile imagination depicts cloven-footed monsters lying in wait for unwary passers-by. My destination is the south wing of the yellow farm-house opposite the church. The wing is small, but it has a neat little piazza open towards the south and east. A luxuriant woodbine covers it so thickly that the birds love to make their nests among its branches. My arrival is heralded by a flutter of tiny wings upon the vine, and the scampering of a dozen or more audaciously tame hens. The brass knocker is too high for me to reach, so I open the door without even tapping. The low walls of the little vestibule which I enter are covered with light green paper, and its only furniture consists of half a dozen cane-seated chairs, a table with several drawers, and two old-fashioned portraits on the wall. I do not stop here, but open a door which leads into a much larger room. Here the walls are decorated with the same green figured paper, and the floor is covered with a bright green three-ply carpet. Against the wall stands a curious piece of furniture, half side-board, half bureau. A tall clock is beside it, whose monotonous ticking seems in the

death-like stillness of the room to say over and over again, "Sun-day," "Sun-day," "Sun-day," "Sun-day." Opposite the clock hangs a gilt-framed mirror, which I gaze upon with awe and admiration, as an object of inestimable value. There is but one window in the room, and it looks out upon an enormous chestnut tree and neat rows of lettuce, radishes and peas. Beside it sit the old ladies arrayed in plain black alpaca gowns and calico aprons, and bearing an acknowledgment of Sabbath ceremony in the form of huge brooches. They do not resemble each other in the least. One has a large, substantial frame, and a pleasant genial face, the other is a thin, worn woman, with a sharp, sour expression. Miss Lucy, the larger and younger of the twain, greets me cordially, and straightway draws to her side the tiny rocking-chair, well-beloved of every child in the neighborhood, while Miss Betsy looks up from the Bible in her lap only long enough to mutter, "'Nother new dress! Suppose she thinks her father's millionaire." Little did Miss Betsy imagine that for days after such a rebuke as this, I would be haunted by visions of a bankrupt father pointing to me as the cause of his ruin. But Miss Lucy knew how to calm my ruffled spirit; a huge bunch of blossoms from the chestnut tree, half a dozen ginger cookies, and a drink of spring water from a tiny pitcher with a bright gilt nose and white handle, more than compensated for occasional harshness on Miss Betsy's part.

These kind old ladies, who were never too busy to entertain the children, never too poor to pamper them with cookies and apples, were born in our little village and had never been more than two miles beyond its limits. Neither of them had ever made a railway journey, and both had expressed an unqualified disapproval of such methods of conveyance. In their younger days they had been known as "the Street girls," and the soubriquet still clung to them at the somewhat advanced ages of seventy-nine and eighty-

eight. Their parents had died when they were children, and as long ago as I can remember they had outlived their last relative. For many years they ~~supported~~ themselves by knitting and dressmaking, and managed to lay up a little store in the bank against an hour of need. As they gradually fell behind the fashions of the time, they gave up their chosen vocation, and did mending for the busy matrons of the village. Miss Lucy's cheerful disposition made her a universal favorite. She never failed to offer her services in cases of sickness, often sitting up many nights in succession, without a thought of recompense. The children who were so fortunate as to have access to her blue, stone cooky-jar, regarded her as little less than angelic. Never were ginger-snaps like Miss Lucy's, and sooner would I have expected father and mother to fail me than to find the stone-jar empty. It stood in a corner of the little closet just opposite the outside door, so that it was but a moment's work to help ourselves to a cooky on the way to school. It was a pleasure, too, just to look into that typical New England cupboard, with its shelves covered with the whitest of paper neatly pinked at the edges, supporting sets of blue and white earthenware, cunning little teapots, rows of three-pronged forks, and the half-dozen bright pieces of family silver. Miss Lucy took a lively interest in the politics of the time, and never during the services of our county court did she fail to ask me in reference to my legal ancestry, if "court had riz yet." I never quite understood the import of the question, but invariably answered that I supposed so. Miss Lucy and Miss Betsy were intelligent, as well as charitable and kind. They had gone to school in the days when a few things were well taught. They could read with the utmost ease, and could write a neat, plain, old-fashioned hand. Their library, however, consisted of four works only, two Bibles and two almanacs. When I once ventured to suggest that a larger assortment might be desirable, Miss

Lucy replied, "Sakes alive, child, what more do we want! The almanac tells us all that's going to happen in this world, and the Bible, all that'll happen in the next."

The habits of these old ladies were simple in the extreme. Even when they had no more than two hours' work before them, they arose at five, and no light was ever seen in the little south wing after nine in the evening. All their spare time was devoted to the perusal of the Bible, and these solitary old women, shut in from the world, discussed "election," "fore-ordination," and all the other pet doctrines of New England Calvinism, as satisfactorily to themselves as Jonathan Edwards or Dr. Hopkins ever could have done. It was owing partly to their ages, partly to their religious experience, which is so highly esteemed in a New England village, that they were made the confidants of all the cares and rumors of the little town. Even Miss Betsy, often sour and crabbed to the young and fortunate, never failed to offer sympathy and help to those with whom life had dealt hardly. In my extreme youth I was so fortunate as to be a favorite with the sisters, but as I grew older, and began to crimp my hair, wear overskirts, and talk of going to college, I came to be on less intimate terms with them. They suspected me of a leaning toward the vanities of this world; and though Miss Lucy was disposed to be as lenient to these faults as those of my younger days, Miss Betsy snubbed me on every occasion.

Two years ago Miss Lucy died, and Miss Betsy, who was as dependent as a child upon her younger sister, was inconsolable at her loss. Excessive grief produced partial insanity, and Miss Betsy became queerer than ever. To inquiries after her health she invariably replied, "Most dead, thank you." She had always professed an undying hatred for the sterner sex, and now when she made us her weekly visit, she insisted upon leaving the room if a man crossed the threshold. She even offered some objection to

sitting at the table with my twelve-year-old brother. She was more than ever convinced that our family lived beyond its means. Often she would hobble into our sitting-room, wrapped in her light shawl and quilted hood, and without sitting down would glance around suspiciously and say, "I heard you'd had a party up here." When we assured her that such a report was wholly unfounded, she would answer, "Hain't Jennie or Arthur or Cynthia or any of you had a party?" The negative repeated, she would depart contentedly, only to return and put the same questions a day or two later. Now it was that she fell into the habit of examining our cellar and cupboard, to make sure of no undue extravagance; and once, after walking over the freshly-painted kitchen-floor, she stopped on the threshold to remark that "it was pretty well tracked up for a new-painted floor." Life grew more intolerable to the poor old lady every day, and her longing for death was really pitiful. She wished only to live until she could save enough from the interest of her little capital to purchase headstones for her sister's grave and her own. A year ago last summer she came to our house one day, with the announcement that the stones were purchased, and the request that some of us would write out suitable inscriptions. She "didn't want no verses," she said, so, at her dictation, I wrote the name of each sister, the date of her birth, and that of Miss Lucy's death. She seemed quite happy when it was done, and the stones were soon in their place. A year later her wish was fulfilled, and our quiet churchyard witnessed a sight as sad as it was unusual,—a funeral without a mourner.

The doors of the little wing were closed, its neat white window shades were lowered, and it ceased to be the haven which, for so many years, it had been, alike to rich and poor, fortunate and unfortunate. Every summer the woodbine grows more thickly over the porch. The thrushes

build their nests among its leaves, all undisturbed by childish footsteps. The chestnuttree grows bright with blossoms each succeeding spring, but the spirit of the place is gone forever.

The scene of *Palm Branches* is laid all over the world promiscuously. This device enables the author to avoid seeming narrow-minded, or being at all restricted by the surroundings of her characters. The story runs somewhat in this way.

A Mr. and Mrs. Russell keep a hotel somewhere along the Connecticut shore. They have a son, a sailor boy, Hugh by name, from whom they have not heard for three years. One stormy night a stranger appears at the hotel, bringing with him a lady, whom he picked up in the Mediterranean sea, like an unclaimed package. She proves to be Hugh's wife, a Turk or a Persian, they can't decide which. She has a little daughter, whom they name Daisy, "because she had her father's blue eyes." (The author seems to see some reason in this which is too obvious to need explanation.)

When Daisy is fifteen years old, she goes to the city to visit a Mrs. Mitchell, a friend of her grandmother's, and while there meets Mrs. Mitchell's brother, Mr. Carrington. He greets her with a sarcastic scowl, which she tries to forget, and succeeds, after an hour of time thus profitably spent. He goes to his club and acts so strangely that the gentlemen there do not know what to make of his behavior. He wonders at it himself, and from that day he avoids his sister's house until Christmas time, when his emotion breaks out again and he gives Daisy a "locket thickly crusted over with diamonds." After this he goes to the house about three times daily and Daisy "begins to feel that she unconsciously misses him" when he comes only

twice a day. Just before she leaves the city she is invited to a party. "Soft wax lights glowed from the chandeliers. Delicious music pulsated through the rooms." Daisy suddenly becomes conscious of a voice inviting her to waltz. "A great calm seemed soothing over her, and then she felt herself lifted into eternity. She seemed to be floating on azure clouds." After her waltz, she and Mr. Carrington—for during the waltz the "voice" evolves Mr. Carrington—go into a conservatory while all the rest of the company obligingly either "swing by in the mazes of the waltz" or "feast on tempting succulents" at the supper table. "A pale white lantern swung from an exotic branch, sending down a calm moonlike blaze in a broad slant upon Daisy and Mr. Carrington. A strange magnetism in the atmosphere glided between the two with an irresistible attraction. Daisy swayed; she was dizzy; and then the two melted into one, long, lingering kiss, as if they had been born to kiss each other." Thus in a word the author sets forth her theory of their lives. The rest of the evening Daisy has a "sense of guilty innocence," and when she sees Mr. Carrington, "chokes back her passionate gasps, and clasps her hands in voiceless anguish." The next day she leaves the city and goes home. Accordingly she and Mr. Carrington are deprived of the excitement of each other's society until June when the Mitchells come to the hotel to spend the summer. And now we see the author's wisdom in putting the hotel all along the Connecticut shore, for with the Mitchells come a great many other people from the city, including Mr. Carrington and a Miss Cameron, a former victim of the sarcastic scowl. As soon as Daisy sees Miss Cameron with the party, she is struck with her beauty and decides that the engagement must have been renewed, which makes "the same old gasps come into her throat." Mr. Carrington spends a great deal of his time at the hotel that summer; but Daisy does

not see much of him because Miss Cameron, or "the Cameron" as she is now witheringly called, monopolizes his time. Near the end of the summer Mr. Carrington suddenly departs and all the visitors turn out to say good-bye. The next morning "the Cameron" leaves, having had a disagreement with Mrs. Mitchell, and no one goes to say good-bye to her. The author mentions this as an index to the characters of the people in question. The next spring Mr. and Mrs. Russell die, and Daisy is left alone in the hotel. The Mitchells invite her to go abroad with them in the summer, but she does not think it best as the "hotel refuses to receive any more visitors," and while it takes matters into its own hands in that independent style, Daisy is compelled to stay there and look after it. Two years afterward, as Daisy is rowing along the shore one day, she sees a ship. As the story puts it: "It was so large an ocean ship as Daisy could not remember ever having seen before. She recognized it at once." Soon a small boat is lowered from the ship and Daisy rows out to meet it. The waves dash the boats apart, but Daisy catches sight of a very handsome man who calls out her name as soon as he sees her. Then they both start for the shore. When they land, the stranger speaks to Daisy and at once inquires about her father. She tells him that her father is dead. But when the stranger asks where her father died; "Daisy does not propose to answer. It is none of the stranger's business where he died." And then "her old sorrow for the impossible comes again into her throat in the same old gasps." Then the stranger addresses her with "dramatic precision" and informs her that he is her father. He has spent the last eighteen years or so on an island near Sumatra in the Indian Ocean. "When Daisy heard this," says the story, "with a low, glad cry she knelt on the sands before him. What was it to her that the huge waves came rolling in and drenching her?" She is apparently wholly

regardless of the impression that a drenched daughter will be likely to make upon a father who is precise as well as dramatic. All that summer Daisy dislikes to have her father out of her sight for fear he will “dissolve in transparent essence ;” and so in the winter they move into town where the reader is left to infer that the essences are less transparent. One day Daisy’s father tells her that an old friend of hers wishes to call in the evening, so she would better look her prettiest. When the evening comes, a large number of callers put in an appearance ; but Daisy does not consider this strange, as she is a great favorite in society.

Suddenly Mr. Carrington appears before her. Instantly all the bitter past is forgotten. Mr. Carrington then informs her that she has been very cruel to him, but he is ready to forgive her and so has brought a minister there with him to marry them. If she refuses to do it then and there, he will despoil her father of all his property and trouble her so that she will long to die. He has seen her father that afternoon and obtained his consent ; has invited all the people there that evening to witness the marriage ; has told her maid to dress her in white on purpose for the ceremony. Before Daisy can speak, a minister stands before them, and in another moment they are married. “ Again they went into the conservatory, and they kissed before the city world ; they loved and were not ashamed.”

The apparent reason for the books being called “Palm Branches” is that they are the only things not mentioned in it. Still the name is quite well suited to the general style of the story, since one of the chief characteristics of Palms is that they never have branches. The entire work has an air of novelty about it, very refreshing when taken in small doses. The author has a varied and original flow of language to express her ideas. What is more pleasing to read of than a “cottage domicile,” or a “fruity bloom

permeating the air with its sifting odor ?” And who would ever drink anything bearing the commonplace name of coffee, when instead they might luxuriate in a “fragrant essence reduced to a rich amber liquid, ready to bring relief to all abstracted thoughts ?” Then just picture the delight of going from “delicious robing rooms, furnished with groups of insinuating couches,” to take a walk along the shore and hear the “voice of the sea puffing with subdued entreaty,” while at the same time “pure salt came puffing through the air.” How much better we understand the nature of house cleaning when we hear that “the grieved atmosphere of dust which was dimly apparent, was being removed with soap and water mixtures.” When the English dictionary is deficient, original words are employed with all the confidence of youth, not to mention the skill of old age. Think of the lazy sea stretching itself “in a hush of languorous repose ;” and of poor Daisy, when “a great gasp came stranglingly into her voice and she choked.” Imagine her opening the window then, and “peering wistfully out into the fragrant darksome blue,” while “a great calm seemed soothing over her, and the soft evening breeze sleepened her.”

Paragraphing is in this story employed to its fullest extent. Take for example the following brief quotation :

“Five persons emerged from the coach.

A gentleman, a lady, and three attendants.

A broad light was streaming out across the porch, and the parlor door stood invitingly open.

In another moment the travelers had entered the hotel.”

The author must have considered herself a rhetorician by nature and never felt the need of consulting a text-book. This is evinced by passages like the following :

“Is she asleep ?” said a voice.

“I think she is, sir,” feminine tones responded. “She has hardly breathed since a long time.” “They could see

the ships pass in the near distance." "She had a sense of guilty innocence." Daisy's mother is flatteringly mentioned as "a woman which had been laid down." In speaking of pretty girls the author says: "They mostly had blue eyes, and pale immobile faces. These clasped their small white hands and gazed upwards like so many saintly Madonnas. The others, who had soft brown gazelle-like eyes, drooped their heads pensively upon their tinted palms with a deep silence."

There is a little incident in the most complicated part of the story, which is quite picturesque in its way. It is this. Hugh, hearing an Indian boy sing in a temple in honor of his dead love, followed him to his cave by the sea. There he found the youth holding the embalmed body of this same dead love, wrapped in gold. After a little conversation, Hugh persuaded the boy to go with him to the ship. "So, gently the prince laid his love on a shelf in 'the' cave," and following Hugh, soon forgot all his grief in the delights of coffee—under an aristocratic name—and sea-biscuit.

Hugh, while romantic, is equally practical, for, when on his way to the ship, we are informed that he "walked a step at a time until he reached the canoe." What could be more praiseworthy than such prudence? At another time, when going through an orange grove at night, as he looked at the fruit, "'It is too late in the day to taste it,'" Hugh sighed to himself, turning reluctantly away from the tempting succulents;" but, alas, with doubtful wisdom, he went to the ship and ate cinnamon cakes.

The power of this story is mainly displayed in the skill with which the plot is concealed. It is truly past finding out. It is hard to decide the purpose of this book. Rumor says that it was recommended for the perusal of the young ladies of Vassar College, on the ground of its high moral influence. Any influence, however, whether moral or the

reverse, has failed to become apparent as yet. If the book had been intended for simple diversion, it would have been a great success.

“I’ve been a readin’,” said old Mrs. Briggs, passing the quaint blue-china cup for some more tea, as she spoke, “*Boston’s Fourfold State*. It’s cur’ous how he does get at things. The way he explains the total depravity of our natur’, and the utter corruption of unregenerate man is jest beautiful, and jest as plain as noonday.” ‘The nateral man,’ sez he, ‘is a spiritooal monster. His heart is where his feet ought to be, fixed to the earth, and his heels are lifted up against heaven, which his heart should be set on,’ ” and she looked significantly at her unregenerate son-in-law, whom she evidently considered an instance of this theological inversion.

It was a queer little company that was gathered around Aunt Polly’s hospitable table. There was Deacon Tibbits, a sentimental patriarch, who saw visions and dreamed dreams, and was one of those people of whom Lowell says

“They neither toiled nor spun, their bias
Was turned toward the harder task of being pious.”

There were two elders present, one a dignified personage, who sat at the foot of the table ; and the other a somewhat sleepy individual, who once became insane during a revival, when the “anxious bench,” was unusually anxious. The rest of the company, with the exception of the old lady who had just spoken, consisted mostly of those people whose principal mission in life seems to be to agree with other people’s opinions. Old Mrs. Briggs was a mother in Israel. Ten depraved young children had gathered around her sharp knees Sunday after Sunday, and had there learned what vicious, sinful, degraded little wretches they were.

In the course of some twenty years, by dint of main strength, and internal as well as external applications of the Shorter Catechism, these ten unspeakably wicked children had been converted ; and now, from an orthodox manhood and womanhood, they looked back with horror on the vile estate from which they had been rescued by their mother's presence of mind. How her eldest, the thrifty and sensible Maria, came to marry such an odd genius as Albert Crane, was the strangest thing in the world, unless the fact of his choosing her for his spouse were still stranger.

“ Yes,” ejaculated the aforesaid white-haired deacon, “ we're all mis'able sinners, as is clearly proved by the scriptures. The Lord himself sez that the wages of sin is death, and the sinfulness of that estate whereinto man fell consists in the guilt of Adam's first sin. Here be I, a standin' on the shiftin' sands of time, jest awaitin' to be took in a chariot of fire up into glora,” and good old Deacon Tibbits subsided for the time being into silent communion with his chipped beef and honey,

Mrs. Briggs, who fully appreciated the deacon's sentiment, but was aware that his line of argument was not likely to be very straight, here broke in with the comforting assertion that in Adam all men sinned and became perfectly corrupt in all faculties of mind and body.

“ Conse'kently,” she added, “ all men in a state of natur' is ekally sinful and under the same curse.”

The thoughtful elder looked up as she stopped, speaking and applied herself to her newly filled tea cup.

“ I'm a gettin' a little confused about this 'ere subject,” he began slowly. “ Of course it's just to condemn 'em all if it's just to condemn one. But—well, you expect to be saved, don't you, Mis' Briggs ?”

The “ dim religious light ” that came into the old lady's eyes plainly informed him what were her expectations in that quarter, while her answer betrayed more human malice than the sanctity of the topic would warrant.

“All mankind, Mr. Roberts,” said she, “is God’s slaves. He has mercifully chose to save the elect. The others hev no right to complain, it’s just for ’em to die,” and complacency itself settled down in the corners of her mouth.

“And he didn’t do no great harm to the rest, I s’pose,” remarked the elder with deep sarcasm; “only condemned ’em to suffer eternally. I dunno ez I like your way of disposin’ of mankind.”

“They deserve it, they deserve it,” moaned the deacon. “All have sinned and come short of the glora of God.”

“You believe in predestination and fore-ordination, do you, Mis’ Briggs?” inquired the elder, unheeding this well-meant interruption.

“Sartin,” she answered, in a tone which plainly showed that she did not consider herself to have built upon the sand.

“Well, if God foreordained that I shan’t be saved, how can I be?” he asked, maliciously.

“Why, you can’t,” said the old lady, briskly. “But you don’t know whether you’re one of the elect or not. You must jest repent and be converted, an’ you’ll find out arterwards.”

“Well, all the regenerated are saved, ain’t they?” inquired the sly elder, laying down his knife.

“Of course,” snapped Mrs. Briggs, indignantly.

“Well, then, if I’m converted, I’ll be saved, whether or no, an’ I don’t see the use of gettin’ up the doctrine of election.”

I do not know what would have happened if the deacon had not come to the rescue with the assertion that “we was all mis’able sinners,” aided and abetted by the whole company, who paused in their gastronomic operations to make various exclamatory remarks about the elect.

Her son-in-law remarked at this juncture that if “God decreed that man should sin, he couldn’t help it, and the fault would be God’s, not his.”

The cool blasphemy of this remark took the old lady's breath away. He was an eccentric man, this Albert Crane, a philosophical, deep-thinking person, commonly reported to be an atheist and unbeliever. He was, as to his outward appearance, small, thin, and wiry, and was always accompanied by a small, equally wiry dog, as well as by a long clay pipe, which latter article was even now snugly reposing in his pocket. The aforesaid dog, whose Christian name was Jack, had been wondering if Aunt Polly's plump black cat were not totally depraved, and, having conscientiously decided that she was, he assumed the offensive, like a good churchman, and manifested, by various snarlings and sundry dental displays, that his religious convictions did not agree with her's in the least.

Even the sleepy elder darted indignant glances at Mr. Crane, who was answered by a treatise overburdened with religious phraseology, to the effect that God condemned mankind because he chose to, for Mrs. Briggs, unlike—over-modest Job, seemed to have entered into the counsels of the Almighty.

“Well, now, it was kind o' cur'ous, want it?” said the elder, with a queer twinkle in his eye, “for God to make a whole lot o' people, and decree beforehand that they should sin, and then punish 'em for doin' jest what he made 'em do! Why a man wouldn't do sech a thing ez that.”

“God ain't a man,” said Mrs. Briggs, solemnly, “nur nothin' like one. God is a spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth,” and having hurled this bit of sound doctrine broadcast at the elder, without pause or punctuation, as our ancestors were wont to recite it, she awaited his answer.

Aunt Polly, the hostess, made the next remark. In a moment of leisure, between asking the elder if his tea was out and helping the deacon to some more preserves, the

bustling little housewife paused with the sugar-tongs in her hands to affirm that 'God jest made it necessary for man to be born in sin, but didn't make 'em do it.' "Baxter has scripter to prove all he says," she added, becoming slightly confused.

"To be sure, to be sure," murmured the sleepy elder.

"We're all mis'able sinners, poor mis'able sinners," reiterated the deacon. And as if overcome by the enormity of the sins he had already committed, he applied himself to another carnal biscuit, and was soon busily engaged in providing another item for the recording angel to jot down against him. But the tea was cold, and he reluctantly accepted Aunt Polly's polite invitation to take a seat by the fireplace, while she, aided by the female portion of the company, fell to clearing off the table. The men tipped back their chairs and crossed their legs comfortably, while Mr. Crane quietly resumed his long-neglected pipe. Old Mrs. Briggs was very quiet, as she piled up plates and gathered together the dainty, old-fashioned spoons. She was thinking of the time long ago, when she was teaching little Billy to say his prayers. As that small boy rose from his knees, which were so sadly patched as to suggest that he spent most of his time in an attitude of devotion, he looked innocently up into the maternal countenance and inquired if 'everything he did wasn't wicked.' The fond mother answered "yes," while her bosom heaved with delight at seeing Brown's Infant Catechism thus early taking root.

"Well, then," remarked the precocious infant, "if it's all wicked, it's jest as wicked for me to say my prayers as it is to steal apples, an' I'll eat my head if I don't take to stealin' apples, for it's heaps more fun."

I pass over the scene that ensued, after which Billy is reported to have piously remarked that he 'believed he was a child o' wrath, as his mother always was a tellin' him.'

The memory of this harrowing scene caused great truths to surge through Mrs. Briggs' active brain,—Bible truths, marvellously changed by being filtered through the minds of whole assemblies of Westminster divines and dyspeptic fathers of the church.

“Man,” she began in a nasal tone which clearly indicated that she knew nothing of ‘costal mobility with breath’ “is lost. He can’t do nothin’ good. His will power is gone.”

“Ef his will power is gone I don’t see how he can sin,” remarked Mr. Crane, with some deliberation.

“His power of doin’ anything but evil is gone. He is a child of Satan,” and she scraped the plates viciously.

“Ef his will can’t be used for no good, he’s jest as bad as the devil himself,” and he quietly resumed his pipe, unheeding the glances of orthodox scorn which the whole company directed at him.

Elder Davis had been thinking, and as Mrs. Briggs took up her knitting and sat down in a creaking little rocking-chair, he summoned his whole strength for one vast, final effort.

“Mis’ Briggs,” said he, seizing the poker, and making lunges at imaginary adversaries in the air, “the Bible says we’re the children of God. Now wouldn’t it be blasphemous to say that he could have and love children who didn’t have a grain o’ good in ‘em?”

“Don’t think of His love, jest remember His wrath. God is angry with the wicked every day,” said she solemnly.

“Now,” continued the elder, “ef a man’s will was totally depraved, he couldn’t do one good thing, could he?”

The old lady cheerfully admitted that he could not.

“Well, now, you know that nobody is so bad all through that he couldn’t do one good act. Why, if Crane here had committed the seven deadly sins and yet had a kind feel-

ing for his dog, he wouldn't be totally depraved," and he looked so compassionately at Jack that this small piece of canine sagacity winked knowingly back, and looked askance at Mrs. Briggs, and then gazed with an expression of charitable pity toward the heterodox cat, and seemed to be willing to be considered all astray in his religious opinions.

"I never see more'n one man that was totally depraved," murmured Mr. Crane, "an' that was old Carniff over by the lake. Don't believe he had a streak o' good in him."

There was a long silence in the room, broken only by the sharp click of Aunt Polly's knitting-needles. The sleepy elder was in dreamland, Mrs. Briggs had fallen into a reverie, and the deacon, with his head propped on his hands, was thinking what 'a waste, howlin', wilderness world it was.' Just look for a moment on the old lady as she sits bolt upright in her straight-backed chair, and gazes at vacancy with her sharp black eyes. She is one of those peculiarly favored individuals who can fully comprehend all the dealings of Providence, and to whom all the truths of Holy Writ are perfectly transparent. From a life-long meditation on the "Longer and Shorter Catechisms," she has devised a set of doctrines that do credit to her ingenuity at least. Why she should choose to select only those verses of scripture which relate to God's wrath, I cannot tell, but she certainly prefers to consider him a monster of injustice, who has eternally fore-ordained that nobody but herself and a few intimate friends shall be saved. As she grows older, her unbending spine grows stiffer, her whole angular self grows daily more angular, her religious beliefs grow narrower and more clearly defined, and a grim, contemptuous pity lurks in her eyes for the rest of mankind who are destined to be lost. Now that she begins to discover that no one thinks exactly as she does, she almost believes Paradise to have been invented for her sole benefit. She has sage ideas concerning it, has "old Mis' Briggs."

I wish St. John the Divine could have looked down through the ages to see the interpretation which our good old New England deacons and deaconesses would put upon his Patmos-vision. This practical old lady fully expects that in the hereafter she will don a white robe and spend eternity in singing. Vague doubts disturb her a little now and then, I suppose, when she reflects that she has no voice for singing, and will probably be eternally out of breath with this unwonted exercise; but she smothers them all, and grimly faces life's trials with the blessed expectation of being some day an ethereal and unessential creature, of floating about indefinitely in the regions of the air and being forever plunged into boundless joy. I fancy that she now and then looks regretfully at her knitting, without which every moment of her earthly life is miserable, and wonders if, after all, she will not be "kind o' shiftless in Heaven." Theoretically her religion is grand and imposing. Practically it consists mostly in not washing the dishes nor scouring the knives on Sunday. It certainly makes her no more charitable toward the rest of mankind, and it is apparently of no great benefit to those about her, that she can distinguish the fine shades of difference between Calvinism and Arminianism. If she were not of a practical turn of mind she would probably spend her time in melancholy longings for the future world as her good neighbor the deacon is accustomed to do. As it is she chooses to consider Paradise a settled fact and sets herself about accumulating as many of the good things of this life as possible. On the other hand, Deacon Tibbits is gently sentimental, and expects to get to Heaven a great deal quicker by hoping for it than by ploughing his wheat field and hoeing his corn. Elder Roberts, too, her opponent, had been brought up under the utmost severity of the law of Moses. Orthodox doctrines were early instilled into his youthful mind, and when he arrived at the age when young

men are likely to have opinions, and liable to express them, was as bigoted as his fond parents could wish. But his opinions modified with age, and became so liberal, that the deacons and elders began to question gravely whether they would let him go to Heaven or not. They even had a meeting of the "session" to consider the question of depriving him of office, but after reflecting how great a portion of the mammon of unrighteousness had fallen to his share, and after looking at the thin and hungry figure of their unpaid pastor, they sagely came to the conclusion that he might be saved "as it were by fire."

If the ancient clock had not here announced that the witching hour of nine had arrived, and so called forth from the drowsy elder that 'it was time honest folks were in bed,' they might have gone on thinking forever. But Mrs. Briggs jerked herself into a still more perpendicular attitude, if that statement can be mathematically correct, and said :

"All mankind by their fall lost communion with God. We're all guilty of Adam's first sin," and here the deacon groaned heavily.

"I dunno about that," interposed the owner of the pipe and dog, "if we're guilty of Adam's sins, I don't see why we ain't guilty of all our forefather's sins. Why, now, do you s'pose if some old ancestor of your'n way back before the flood stole one of his neighbor's mastodons, for instance, it would be your fault? I don't," and he calmly resumed his pipe and subsided.

"Mr. Roberts," said the old lady again, too dignified to notice the interruption, "man's nateral state is totally depraved. He can't do nothin' good. His understandin', his will, and his affections is all perfectly corrupt," and she made the statement as if it were a new thought that had just occurred to her. The old ladies as they stowed away their knitting preparatory to departing, echoed the cheer-

ful strain, "perfectly corrupt." But Elder Roberts rose, "morally and physically rose," and replied with some warmth :

"Mis' Briggs, I thought we settled about the will. And now, if his understandin' was totally corrupt, how could he comprehend the plan o' salvation an' be converted? An' if his affections was corrupt, how could he love anything good before he was regenerated? But it ain't wrong for children to love their mothers, is it? An' see here, if he was all bad, how could he ever be regenerated? I s'pose you say seeds of good are sown in his heart. But how in the mischief could good seeds grow on ground that was so bad that it didn't have an element o' good in it? It's agin all reason," and he took his hat and his hickory cane, and took his leave on the spot. The deacon soon followed, glancing heavenward as he went out, to see if there were not a chariot of fire in some rift in the clouds, waiting to take him from this "waste, howlin', wilderness world up into glora." Jack looked so friendly that the cat, reassured, rubbed her sleek fur against his wiry legs several times. Aunt Polly was busy gathering the "bunnits" together, and a sorrowful look came into her kindly old face when Mrs. Briggs, as she shook hands with her at parting, said with a mournful shake of her head, that 'she couldn't see what had led Elder Roberts so far astray.'

Editors' Table.

“To err is human,” but it is only when some special occasion presents itself that we remember how general is this human frailty. Such an occasion was furnished in our late College reception. It is not our wish to be in the too-numerous class of grumblers and fault-finders, but in this instance there seems ground for criticism in more than one quarter. We know that as students we were grievously at fault during the exercises in chapel, but while there can have been no reason for this, are there not extenuating circumstances? The chief one seems to be the length of the exercises. Not that in this particular instance there was marked difference, but as a rule our chapel exercises at such a time are too long to fulfill the purpose for which they were designed. The character of these entertainments is so varied, we try to do so much in a limited time that it is impossible to satisfy guests and hostesses if any one variety of entertainment is given undue precedence. Presumably many would excuse their lack of politeness with the plea of more or less necessary personal attention when the invitations are sent by individuals. Since we realize the necessity of obeying the dictates of common politeness, if the exercises in chapel are as short and the time of entertainment as long as possible, the next day is naturally looked forward to as the sequel to the unfinished pleasure of the evening. As this becomes more

and more generally the custom, we are led to seek pleasant ways of spending the time, which shall have the double merit of diversion for hostesses and entertainment for guests. Perhaps from the student-view we see too many pleasures which we, in our ignorance, consider possible ; but if this is so it is from lack of knowledge simply. It would seem eminently more satisfactory could we know to what extent possibility may become actuality before involving ourselves in embarrassing probabilities.

We are fast becoming nothing if not critical. We find fault with the caterer, the corridor teachers, the instructors, the Faculty ; and if the Faculty was the wisest body of men and women in Christendom, the instructors perfect, the corridor teachers angels, and the caterer a second Delmonico, we would still grumble at being deprived of all legitimate reasons for grumbling. Nothing suits us. One instructor is "horrid" because he assigns long lessons, requires us to learn them, and finally gives reviews followed by a "beastly" examination ; another is "inefficient" because he shows his faith in our honesty and earnestness by taking it for granted that we learn what we can and should, asks few questions, gives no examinations, but furnishes information which otherwise we could not readily obtain. One gives us too much for our money, the other too little, but nobody does anything right. No one speaks a kind word or does a good deed unless actuated by an ulterior motive, especially if the kindness be directed toward an influential personage. We ask the Faculty to abolish rules, but would our conduct warrant a trial of the experiment ? No longer can we lay it at the poor Prep's door, we, and we alone are to blame. It is not pleasant to contemplate the fact that the boldest advocates of self-government are often those who

are least capable of controlling themselves,—those who want license not liberty. When we consider all sides of the question, it is evident that but one path will lead us to the desired goal ;—we must be honest, earnest and womanly. So long as we complain of rules which affect none but those who need them, pick flaws in everything from the Sunday sermon and prayer down to Monday's breakfast, and keep grumbling at things too trivial for open complaints,—while, in fact, we act like children we must expect to be treated like children. But when we come to our senses, and credit the Faculty with a few good intentions and a moderate amount of common-sense, it is to be hoped that we will act like women, and then we will be treated as we deserve.

That variety is the spice of life we often question. A sentiment more often felt, and more extensively carried into practice, is “When you get a good thing, keep it,” always, of course, provided that you can. We sincerely hope that Professor Backus will find the truth of the first adage, but in his gain we feel our own great loss. In the sixteen years during which he has been connected with Vassar College he has raised the English Department to a position excelled by that of no other College in the United States. Knowing as we do his ability, it is impossible not to feel assured of his doing equally good work for Packer, in his position as President of that institution. We wish for him in his new office a life full of happiness and usefulness, and we trust that in gaining new friends he will not forget his friends at Vassar College.

When something which will add much to our enjoyment can be brought about by moderate pains and trouble, we

feel it our duty to suggest such an improvement. When the use of the boats was made free to the students, we recognized the generous consideration of the change. If the present condition of our boats could only be improved, we should have new cause for gratitude. It is extremely pleasant on a warm afternoon to seek some spot on the shady side of the lake, where a grateful breeze is stirring, and there translate our Latin, find maxima and minima values, or even do nothing at all. But an indispensable condition of this happy state of things, is the integrity of the boat bottom as well as of our intentions, and sitting with one's feet in water somewhat dulls the edge of even aquatic pleasures. Rowing, too, is quite as agreeable with the oars whole, and with the requisite number of oar-locks reasonably firm. Are we wrong in supposing that such defects might be remedied?

But while we are asking for this feast, it is just that some of us should eat a little humble pie. The oars have a mysterious manner of disappearing. At times there will be three or four boats in the dock and not an oar to be seen. Is it not the height of selfishness for one girl to keep hidden for her own use a pair of oars to which she has no more claim than have three hundred other girls? There is another habit almost equally annoying, although not so despicable, since it may be partially excused on the plea of carelessness. It is that of a girl going for a solitary row with two pairs of oars in her boat, thus leaving some one without any. The character of our boats quite forbids the idea that they could be intended for ballast.

HOME MATTERS.

The second of the series of concerts, in which the music students take part, was given Friday evening, May 11th. We were glad to see on the programme the names of several students who have not before appeared.

One of these, Miss Chatterton, played a song without words by Tschaikowsky. Two simple, yet beautiful little Nocturnes of Field's were given by Miss Cooley and Miss Halstead. The latter lacks strength, but she has talent and plays with much feeling.

Chopin's exquisite Nocturne in G. was given by Miss Fulton, who played with a delicate, pretty touch. The effect would have been heightened if the melody had been more sustained.

We were glad to hear again a part of Professor Ritter's Suite. The Valse and Promenade have been given before, but we listened to the Jig for the first time Friday evening. Miss Neill's playing lacks character, but she has a free, easy execution, and we shall be glad to hear her again.

Unfortunately, on account of illness, the vocal part of the programme had to be changed.

The duet by Miss Pease and Miss Berger was sung as well as could be expected, considering the limited time of preparation.

Miss Henderson made her first appearance as a vocalist; and Miss Hopson sang a pretty German ballad, "Du bist wie eine Blume." Miss Hopson has a sweet voice, but although she sang better than last year, did not do herself full justice.

Miss Douglass played Chopin's Impromptu in A flat, and Miss Wellman Mendelssohn's Fantasie in F sharp minor. Miss Wellman's piece was difficult, and her execution shows improvement, though it is still a little hard.

Miss Stanton gave Chopin's beautiful Rondo, op. 16. Miss Stanton's playing is so full of delicacy and grace that it ought to give her more confidence.

We were glad to hear Miss Merrick again. Her execution has gained in strength perceptibly since last year; and in the Thalberg Tarantella she took the rapid tempo with firmness and decision.

Miss Lane made some pretty effects in her rendering of Liszt's Chant d'Amour. She has conception and variety in her playing, and a natural feeling for expression.

The programme closed with a Prelude and Fugue for the organ by Mendelssohn, which Miss Cutler played very well, and it is to be regretted that the organ was not in perfect tune.

“ Now is the winter of our discontent
Dissolved in glorious summer.”

That is '83's winter is. Friday, May 18, was our solstice. For on that day we enjoyed '84's hospitality on the Junior party, one of the last and strongest threads in that *rope* of pleasure which has been weaving for us the last four years.

Vague rumors that this was to be something *different* from the usual Junior party increased the delightful mystery, and raised still higher our hopes already excited by the beautiful engraved invitations. Nor were we disappointed, for at half-past one, after the long line of carriages had received their loads of happy Juniors and thrice-happy Seniors, we turned away from the vulgar horse-car route and drove out into the open country. Even the sun, knowing that this was a new departure, smiled approvingly upon us, with more warmth than he has vouchsafed Junior parties in the past. Certain of our number asserted with a knowing air that we *must* be going to Hackensack, but when we turned into a narrow, woodsy road, conjectures as to our destination were abandoned, and we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the moment. And as we caught glimpses here and there through the dusky woods, of bright columbines and snowy patches of blood-roots, it seemed to the weary Senior as if this were one of the few *perfect* days. From the top of Boardman hill there was a glorious view of the river and the mountains, and opposite

Spackenkill school-house, we stopped to admire a rushing brook filled with water-cresses. Now curiosity was again rampant, for turning into the South Road we realized that this was only a new and delightful way to Poughkeepsie. And this day was to give us a new and delightful experience of Poughkeepsie, for driving up South Hamilton Street, we stopped at Prof. Backus' house. Soon we were all welcomed in the parlors, and after greetings by the glee clubs, we passed to the dining-room and long piazzas, where flower-decked tables were spread. Miss Barker welcomed the Seniors in a graceful speech, to which Miss Lathrop responded. The next three hours were devoted to the elegant dinner which awaited us, and to degrading our artistic menus to the base purposes of shields from the sun's too-inquisitive glances. Toasts were given to "Our Alma Mater," "T. and M.," "The Classes of '85 and '86," "The Faculty," "The Miscellany," and "Prof. Backus," and although the responses were very enjoyable, our feelings were touched with regret at the thought that we had heard the last brilliant and humorous speech which Prof. Backus was ever to make us. The West Point band had given hints during the intervals of dinner of the pleasure lovers of dancing might expect later in the evening, but no one had even dreamed of the beautiful orders of dancing presented by our Junior escorts. Many engagements were made for each number, and one dignified Professor was obliged to dance in three sets at once, while another member of the Faculty wandered vaguely in search of his eight partners. Though the "old clock on the stairs" exhibited the strange vagary of progressing backwards, probably excited by—the music, all too quickly came the Virginia Reel, and the earnest farewell songs, then the merry ride home through the moonlight, and the Junior party was a thing of the past, but of a past never to be forgotten. '83 can only thank you, '84, for one of the pleasantest "good

times " in College, and hope that fortune holds in store for you as bright a day, as kind a Professor, and as hospitable friends.

May 18th may well be a red-letter day in the calendar of '83, '84 and '85. '85 "saved her good time until the last," and spent the evening in formally adopting a tree, which up to that time had been without a patroness. Thanks are due to the individual members of the class for the skill with which the journey from Room J. to the tree was made. Processions, however, are rarely a failure at Vassar. After a song by the glee-club, Miss Heyer delivered an appropriate oration in a distinct voice and with a composed manner. The class could not have made choice of a representative who would have done them more honor. The glee-club, too, was a success, and after the "Farewell," the class returned to Room J. There refreshments were served, and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and games, rendered extremely enjoyable by the spirit and zest which were thrown into them.

On the evening of May 22, the lecture room, tastefully arranged for the occasion, was the scene of the transfer of the T. and M. club from '83 to '85. The club had hoped for an address by Prof. Backus, but were obliged to change their plans at the last moment. In consequence they treated the Sophmores to a regular meeting, thus giving their heirs a practical lesson in the use of their inheritance. In a short speech Miss Yost, the President of the club, extended "the gayest of greetings to '85, and the saddest of farewells to '83." A fit response was given by Miss Henning, the new President of T. and M. The small tables,

which had been scattered in such numbers around the room, were then put to practical use, while the members of the clubs, 'the old and the new,' mingled their merry voices with the clatter of spoons and dishes. The evening's entertainment closed by songs from both glee-clubs. If '85 does not make a success of T. and M., it will not be because she was given a poor start in 'the way she should go.'

The only drawback to the success of the fourth Phil. play, given May 25, was the rivalry of the programmes, which somewhat divided the attentions of the audience. The first farce, *Tom Cobb*, was entertaining, though one smiles at the credulity of the young man who was hoodwinked into ignoring himself for three months, while another man was enjoying his fortune. The part of Tom Cobb was well taken by Miss Heyer, whose clear voice and distinct utterance make us wish to see her again. Miss Gardner and Miss Bernard, as the Irish adventurer and his daughter, kept up their brogue well, but the people in the back of the hall must have found it very difficult to hear them. The part of Whipple was well taken by Miss Story. Miss Foos, as Biddy, called forth shouts of applause. As for the Romantic Family, when they appeared, "intentique ora tenebant." Miss Stockwell and Miss Rickoff are promising debutantes. All the farce lacked was more thorough preparation.

The second farce, *My Uncle's Will*, was bright and natural in its plot. Miss Deming and Miss Dewell passed successfully through all the stages from 'Mr. Cashmore' and 'Miss Marigold' to 'Charlie' and 'Flossy.' Miss Deming is excellent in every part but the emotional, where she is a little stiff. Miss Ewing played the avaricious old gentleman in an appropriate manner. It is difficult to say which

of the two pieces was the more popular. The first is of a style which has not been given so much, and the broadly farcical is always acceptable ; while the last had to run the risk of raising the Vassar laugh at its love-making.

Among the farewell festivities must be mentioned the excursion of the Music Students to Lake Mohonk, Saturday, May 26. The pleasure of the ride in open wagons through beautiful scenery, though great, was not equal to that which we found awaiting us at our destination. As this Elysian spot has been visited by most of our students, it is needless for us to attempt a description of its picturesqueness. We were amply rewarded for our toilsome ascent to the summit of Sky Top and Eagle Cliff by the grandeur of the view. The remainder of the day was spent in exploring the romantic crevices, in boating, and in tasting all the other pleasures which the place affords. We returned home in the evening invigorated by the tonic of the mountain air, and charmed by the beauties of Lake Mohonk.

May 26 was the happy day chosen by the Dickens-Shakespeare-ites for an excursion up the Hudson to Catskill Landing, and a picnic on the grounds of Mr. Frederic Church, the artist.

The day, no doubt honored by the preference bestowed upon it by so distinguished a party, brought forth no end of glory for the occasion, and a trifle more heat than was absolutely necessary for comfort. The party left college at half past seven, in the usual "college conveyances," and by eight was embarked on the "Gypsy" for a steam up the river. On account of the "high sea" the progress

was slower than had been anticipated, and by lunch time we were still on the "bounding billows." Will we ever forget that scene of sliding plates and cups and the climax of "lemon-ice overboard!"

A landing was made at Catskill about half past one, and, as the sea promised to "run higher" on the home trip, some of our number were induced to make a more prolonged examination of the premises and return by rail; but the majority came back as they went. And that the sea did "run higher" and considerably higher too, can be testified by those who sat on the bow.

We reached Poughkeepsie a little before eight o'clock in the evening, with sincere regret that the day for us had come to an end, and agreeing that nothing was so fascinating as "life on the ocean wave."

COLLEGE NOTES.

A meeting of the Society of Religious Inquiry was held in the chapel, May 13. Mr. Rossitur Raymond delivered an address.

On the evening of May 16, Professor Van Ingen gave us the last of his series of interesting art lectures for this year.

A number of the teachers took a yacht excursion to Newburgh on May 19.

Miss Z., (translating) :—"While my gray hair is new."

Prof. (interrupting) :—"Ah! he has a new wig, then!"

The Sophmore tree-exercises took place May 18, followed by a fancy dress party in the evening.

The Seniors had their class picture taken by Vail, as also the picture of the class parlor.

“ That is a beautiful picture, Mr. Vail. I suppose you use the new method,—the spontaneous.”

The June number of the MISCELLANY is early, in order that the July number may be out as soon as possible after commencement.

The Rev. Dr. Morse, of the Indiana University, preached to us May 20.

The T. and M. Club held its closing meeting for this year May 22, at which meeting '83, whose members constitute the club, formally gave T. and M. into the hands of '85.

Scene at a *Dickens' Club* meeting ; member reading from her notes : “ Twickenham, one of the prominent suburbs of London. is noted as being the residence of Pope—Pope—well, girls, Pope somebody, but I give up which Pope.”

The last concert of the Poughkeepsie Vocal Union was given at Collingwood's Opera House, May 23.

The fourth and last Phil. play, “ Tom Cobb ” and “ My Uncle's Will,” occurred May 25.

The Shakespeare and Dickens' Clubs enjoyed an excursion on the river, May 26.

The Music students also kept holiday, going to Lake Mohonk.

Miss M. E. Adams has been elected chairman of the first Philalethean play for next year.

The election of officers, as far as it has been determined, is as follows for the next semester :

Senior Class : Miss Blanchard, President ; Miss Townsend, Vice President ; Miss Smith, Secretary ; Miss Haldeman, Treasurer ; Miss McMillan, leader of the Glee Club.

Junior Class : Miss Richmond, President ; Miss Deming, Vice President ; Miss Durfee, Secretary ; Miss Clinton, Treasurer ; Miss Stevens, leader of the Glee Club.

Philalethean Society : Miss McMillan, President ; Miss Haldeman, Vice President ; Miss Hiscock, Secretary ; Miss Downes, Treasurer.

Students' Association : Miss L. K. Smith, President ; Miss Chapman, Vice President ; Miss A. B. Wheeler, Secretary.

T. and M. Club : Miss Henning, President ; Miss Hancock, Secretary and Treasurer.

The June examinations are to be conducted by Alumnae. Miss M. Markham, of '76, taking charge of those in St. Louis ; Miss Fisher, of '74, conducting those in Cleveland ; Miss Storer and Miss Lupton, of '73, those in Cincinnati.

PERSONALS.

'72.

Miss Brace sails for Europe June 16, on the steamer *Switzerland*.

'77.

Miss S. F. Shepard has sailed for Europe.

'78.

Mrs. Harriet Ransom-Milinowski has gone to Germany to live.

'80.

Miss Skinner sails for Europe the middle of June.

'81.

Miss M. W. Gay, formerly of '81, has returned from a European trip.

'86.

Miss M. A. Potter has left college.

The following students have visited the college during the past month: Miss Davis, and Miss L. Brown, of '78; Miss Marvin, of '81, Miss Glenn and Miss Macadam, of '82; Miss Conkling.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

With the June *Atlantic* came the third and last act of "Daisy Miller"—that "clever, interesting, bright comedy." If dull conversations with nothing distinctly personal about them, and countless "asides" will make a comedy, Mr. James has been eminently successful. But we must confess that it was a great relief to turn from his production to the conclusion of Miss Jewett's "A Landless Farmer." Perhaps the most noticeable things in the number are Whittier's "How the Women went from Dover"—a stirring ballad of the old days of Quaker persecution in New England, and a paper entitled "Mr. Emerson in the Lecture Room," filled with reminiscences of the great thinker's lectures delivered at Harvard in 1870.

Beside the pictorial features of the last *Century*, which are of unusual interest, there are several important papers on current topics. Among them is one on the relations of

“England and Ireland,” by Professor Bryce. As a Liberal commoner and a student of political history, he sets Irish idiosyncrasies over against English pride and stubbornness, weighs the past causes and the future outlook with fairness and fullness, and, in fact, makes the Irish question comprehensible, without telling England what her policy should be. A critical discussion of the “Correspondence of Emerson and Carlyle,” and an interesting comparison of the faults and merits of “Early American Story-writers,” have also a special value.

In the June *St. Nicholas* there are enough shipwrecks, tornadoes, hair-breadth escapes, etc., to please the most exacting boy.

The *Bowdoin Orient* presents four more than its usual number of pages for perusal. At first our curiosity was excited, but when, after glancing over a pointless story, passing by an inane “tragedy,” and wading through the depths of “co-education,” we finally come to an extended account of base-ball experiences, we ceased to wonder at the infliction of four extra pages. It is a long step downward from quality to quantity, even if it be the next best thing.

Perhaps we are in duty bound to follow the example set us by our brothers, who seem to take great delight in descanting upon the greenness of *The Dartmouth*, but we are rather inclined to think that it is not nearly so green as it looks, that, in fact, it is far superior to the majority of the bi-weeklies. Its poetry, for instance, contains reason as well as rhyme, while its stories and essays are not only entertaining but unusually free from slang.

The Tech is occupied with a series of interesting (to those who like dry facts) biographies of some of the found-

ers of the Institute. Probably that journal may be pardoned for its poor rhetoric on the score of its scientific value, but nothing can be said in defence of the *Haverfordian*, since its aim is 'to raise the standard of literary work in the college.' If it is succeeding in the slightest degree, we wonder how low the standard was before.

Possibly we expect too much 'light' from a *Lantern* whose rays have such a distance to travel, but certainly the reflections of that luminary upon "Concretions of the Huron Shale," are by no means dazzling. If the literature termed general merits its name, we begin to wonder if any should be called specifically scientific.

The University Quarterly contains a very pretty picture of the University buildings as a frontispiece. Next we found some pleasant college "Reminiscences," followed by a well-written "Railway Episode." The essay on "Nathaniel Hawthorne" is very good, as it is mainly composed of quotations from James, Hillard, Longfellow, and Holmes. We thought it prudent to skip the weighty looking article on "The Founders of Modern Liberty," and instead skimmed over the rather remarkable contribution on "The Beauties of Astronomy." We were hardly rewarded for our attention, so we soon passed on to the really valuable communication from an alumnus, now pursuing a *post-graduate* course at Yale, on the comparative merits of the larger and smaller institutions of learning for undergraduate study. As is natural, he decides in favor of his *Alma Mater*, and perhaps not unfairly. He affirms that in a large institution like Yale, there is little if any 'personal contact between the student and the men who are masters of their specialties,' that the 'tendency is to make men like peas from the same pod,' and that the 'mutual advantages of the lower class-men mingling on terms of intimacy and

equality with upper classmen is wholly lost, since if one has a speaking acquaintance with all the members of his own class, it is about all he can expect.'

I. P. A.

So many colleges are rich in endowments and scholarships that we rebel against our inability to accomplish equally useful, helpful work. Why is it that the world at large labors under the falsest of all false delusions in regard to the wealth of educational institutions? Is the notion college inseparable in their minds from wealth? If so, and if they desire to keep their theory inviolate, they might bring fact and fancy into a closer agreement than they have at present. The startling revelation of the poverty of Columbia College may perhaps show that colleges do not acquire wealth as trees gain leaves; yet, on the other hand, a glance at one or two of the richest colleges verifies the truth that "unto every one that hath, shall be given, and he shall have abundance." Harvard and Princeton and Cornell are very wealthy, Harvard being especially fortunate in the matter of scholarships, there being one hundred and eighteen endowed scholarships, which separately yield an income varying from fifty to three hundred and fifty dollars. In addition to this, there are certain "Beneficiary Funds," whose income is two thousand dollars, and also a special fund under the charge of a special board of trustees, the income of this fund being about twenty-five hundred dollars.

Williams College scholarships amount to something more than one hundred thousand dollars. There are also Honor Scholarships, amounting in all to fifteen thousand dollars, the income of which is used in rewarding proficiency.

Brown University has about one hundred scholarships.

Among colleges for women, Girton, in Cambridge, seems to be in a prosperous condition for so young a college. Its scholarships, however, are for the purpose of reward. This system being in common use in English universities. This method has been seriously mooted at Harvard, but as yet, the English plan has not been adopted in America to the exclusion, at least, of the former system, and primary reference is still made to the pecuniary needs of students.

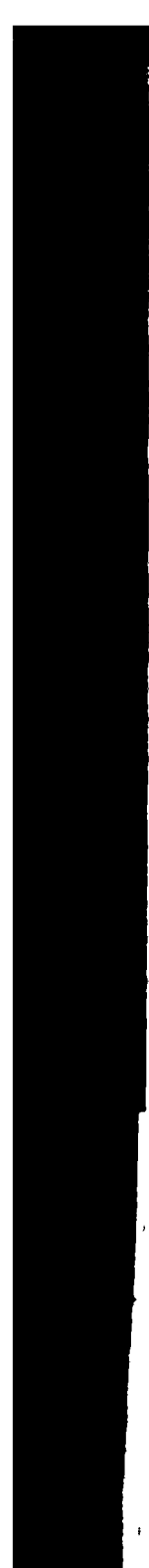
Smith College also, among our sister institutions, is receiving substantial aid. Our own list of scholarships and endowed professorships looks painfully meagre in comparison, but this very meagreness carries a hope and a suggestiveness with it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, are the publishers of "Social Problems,"—a series of essays on current topics.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges :

Adelphian, Amherst Student, Atlantic, Beloit Round Table, Berkleyan, Boston Weekly Advertiser, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Bureau of Education Circulars, Century, Chaff, Colby Echo, College Argus, Columbia Spectator, Acta Columbiana, Cornell Sun, Dartmouth, Dickinsonian, Dutchess Farmer, Exonian, Good Times, Hamilton Coll. Mo., Hamilton Lit., Harvard Advocate, Crimson, Daily Herald, Lampoon, Harverfordian, Illini, Indiana Student, Kansas Review, Lantern, Michigan Argonaut, Chronicle, Notre Dame Scholastic, Occident, Penn. Coll. Mo., Princeton Tiger, Nassau Lit., Princetonian, Res Academicae, Rutger's Targum, Student Life, St. Nicholas, Syracuse University Herald, Syracusan, The Tech, Trinity Tablet, University Quarterly, Williams Argo, Athenæum, Woman's Journal, Yale Courant, Lit., News, Record.



The Nassar Miscellany.

Editors from '84.		Editors from '85.	
M. F. L. HUSSEY,	JUSTINA H. MERRICK.	E. S. LEONARD,	L. H. GOULD.
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IS REFORM POSSIBLE WITHOUT REVOLUTION?

Reform and Revolution! The slowness of growth and the suddenness of upheaval, such are the contradictory ideas which these words suggest. With revolution we associate anarchy, rebellion, and the frenzy of those who, unjustly oppressed, retaliate with equal injustice, while in reform we see what is constructive, and the slow forging of another link in the chain which is to lead man, not jerk him, toward final perfection. Yet these words are practically so associated that the would-be reformer feels that his reform is but the end, and may be obtained only through the instrumentality of revolution. It is conceded that there is everywhere need for reform. The question

for state, society, and church is, "How is needed reform best accomplished?" From history we learn that most of the diseases with which our poor world has been visited have been remedied by the surgeon's knife. We, however, who live in the days of a science of hygiene, may perhaps be content with less heroic treatment, and may consign the guillotine and the infernal machine to a shelf in the museum of antiquities. Not that severe measures can at all times be dispensed with. If the seeds of death are planted, we must destroy them, although not in such a way as to kill our patient in the operation. This is the great fault with revolution. In pulling up the tares, it pulls up the wheat also. In Lamartine's "History of the Girondists" one may read that "All that had been built by antiquity and cemented by ages fell in a few months." Thus he expresses the appalling fact that a nation's being, the product of centuries, can, in a moment of time, tumble in ruins at the feet of a few desperate madmen. Then they stand in the midst of the *mêlée*, and when asked, "What are you going to do?" serenely reply, "Build it up again."

The destructiveness of revolution is something more than an interesting topic for speculation. It is an awful fact. Europe may well be alarmed at the conspiracy pervading her whole frame. Laws are of little avail against the lawlessness of Nihilism; the rock itself crumbles into sand when dynamite is exploded. Even were the aims of the Nihilists laudable, were they solely for the crushing out of tyranny, and the elevation of the lower classes, the means they employ are to be dreaded. Let these red-hot reformers take care not to blow themselves up in their own explosion! Revolution is pernicious to the assailant as well as to the assailed. Society ordinarily presents at least a coating of virtue. The existing evil is to a great extent concealed or appears only in a modified form. But during the upheaval of revolution the sediment of vice is stirred

up and men display their lowest natures. When the passing of tumbrils to the guillotine becomes an hourly occurrence, and murder receives a euphonious title, we may look for the speedy demoralization of a people. Now reform requires the cool head and unexhausted energy which we do not find among a frenzied mob of rebels. Revolutionists are seldom reformers. Yet it may be urged, "Though the two are not identical, they may yet be mutually complementary. Mankind is divided into the brakers-down and the builders-up, and destruction is but the necessary introduction to construction." If that were true, revolution would be avoided by cowards only. I maintain that it is yet more cowardly to assume that the only road to peace, prosperity, and virtue, is a path of turmoil, confusion and vice, merely because it is readily found and followed. The virtue of patience is one that reformers are slow to cultivate. In his reachings-out for better things, man seldom imitates nature. Instead of growing, he jumps, and if he be the leader of a party the result is universally disastrous. His followers, incapable of appreciating his ideal, fall short of reform and land in the midst of revolution. In the products of nature, rapidity of growth and durability are in inverse ratio. From the fungus to the rock, we pass from the unhealthy growth of a night to what has become the symbol of eternity.

The lesson of patient developement is taught us in the greatest reform which the world has ever known. The history of Christianity, immeasurable in its grandeur, reveals to us a slow but a majestic growth. The seed sown in Judea attracted so little attention in the great world that profane history has left it almost unmentioned. Of the only perfect Reformer was it said "He shall not strive, neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets," and in feeble imitation of him, his most zealous followers aim at the so-called feminine virtues, humility, meekness and for-

bearance. Even during the Protestant Reformation, when, if ever, there was an excuse for the sword, it was not the reformers, but their enemies, who lighted the flames of persecution and invented instruments of torture.

Human reforms, it is true, have seldom been carried along without the impetus of revolution, but if it can be proved that agitation and lasting benefit are in inverse ratio, we may regard revolution as the friction of human reform, hard to overcome, but a hindrance to its successful workings. No better illustration of this can be found than in the two revolutions which took place in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The rebellions of France and America were like all civil wars, exponents of national character. The French, whose grievances at first were, like their own exquisite manners, upon the surface, had, on the contemplation of their wrongs, gradually lashed themselves into a fury of rage against their oppressors. At last, blinded by their excitement, they knew not the legitimate object of their hatred, but struck aimlessly at caste, government, religion—everything which had in it the elements of system and order. Witness the result. No sooner does a thin crust of order form over the seething chaos of French society and government, than it is broken through again, and he who is born the child of a republic, dies the vassal of an emperor, unless perchance he live to see the reformation of the republic. The cause of the American rebellion was somewhat similar, but the methods differed, as do the Yankee and the Parisian. The aim of the revolution was kept constantly in view; blows were dealt for a principle, not to gratify personal hatred. When the end came, the English acknowledged that their offspring were not unruly children, but full grown men, ready to be cut loose from the maternal leading-strings. To-day England is engaged in another course of parental discipline; this time with her Irish children. These poor creatures, who, like their own

potatoes, are continually in hot water and then boiling over, with great danger to themselves and those about them, afford an example of the maximum of revolution, the minimum of reform. If then, in the most effectual reforms, revolution has been shunned rather than courted, are we not unreasonable in insisting that truth must be always armed with fire and the sword?

We may reduce this national problem to a personal question. As a few of us advance to-day from the parade-ground to the battle-field, we must decide whether we are to be mere pugilists, uneasy if not loudly asserting our rights or bona-fide soldiers, whose constant aim is peace. It is the fashion to sneer at conservatism, and progressiveness is too often exaggerated into aggressiveness. But have we a right to regard the past as mere rubbish, and to attempt the re-creation of the world? Old things contain the germs of the new, and must not be consigned to the flame. In the past, the revolutionist was the fore-runner of the reformer, but we may look forward to the time when the revolutionist will be no longer needed, while the reformer will be achieving his grandest possibilities.

C. M. R., '83.



IS REFORM POSSIBLE WITHOUT REVOLUTION?

— — —
“We wait beneath the furnace blast
The pangs of transformation :
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation.
Hot burns the fire
When wrong expires :
Nor spares the hand
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil.”

An old idea, it may be, of the relation which Revolution bears to Reform ; yet he who wrote it saw, and saw only

too truly, that naught but Revolution could and would settle those vexed questions of right and wrong which must needs arise, that the agitation must be sharp, decisive, final. Or are Revolutions other to us than they were to him? "Those crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's chaff must fly," crises that shall try men's souls as by fire, and make them bold to stand up for the right—or send them skulking in terror behind the might of the wrong. Revolutions pave the way for Reform and make it possible. They have their time and place; and the might of earth cannot say them nay. And what is the reason of this? There are several reasons. The world is not ready yet for that alternative of Revolution, the moral force of inherent goodness. In the face of Communism and Nihilism, of strikes and riots, we can say only, that in matters of real or fancied reform, reason is not all-powerful with those who wrong, or even with those who right. Deep down in human experience is the significant knowledge of the fact, that tyrants, least of all, are to be reasoned out of their power and that a stronger appeal than an appeal to their natural justice is required, Revolution if you will, to wrench it from them. Moderation in the means for attaining Reform is of no avail. Men have died for Moderation, like the Girondists of the Reign of Terror; yet the Revolution swerved not from its appointed path. It merely swept them away.

Our nineteenth century might be less revolutionary, if its civilization were what it boasts itself to be; yet the Czar skulked in terror for a long time, and preferred his head to his crown, and but a few months ago it seemed as if the old Irish prophecy, that "The Earne should run red with redundance of blood," was to be fulfilled. The necessity for Revolution is due partly to the ignorance, hatred and scorn with which Error regards the signs of the time. The bigotry of Error cannot understand their spirit,

can take no note of the silent suffering, of the ominous murmur, or of the flaming up here and there of the mouldering fires of discontent. They have no meaning. They belong to Reform and are to be promptly put down. Again, the need of Revolution is due in part to the apathy of those who are wronged, the mass who are so sunken in misery that they prefer passive endurance rather than fly to unknown evils. Blind obstinacy on the one hand, on the other the wretchedness of despair, moaning "How long, O Lord, how long?" So the story runs, until some God-appointed hero preaches a revolution; and they that have sown of the wind, reap the whirlwind. The Revolution thrills through men's souls and rouses them. It touches their hearts and passions. It brings home to every man and nation "the moment to decide in the strife of Truth and Falsehood, for the good or evil side."

And again, is it ever for the best good of the greatest number to let Error run its course? And, after all, what good can temporizing do? If William of Orange had not proved the fact to him at the point of the sword, would any power under heaven or on earth have been able to convince Philip II. that the Netherlands really did not love his auto-da-fes and other impositions, but hated them with a bitter hatred?

Nay, it is far better to decide the question of righteousness at once. We have a right to heroic measures. We have no right to plead expediency, comfort or danger, when there is aught needs the righting. Is truth any the weaker, is wrong any the stronger, that there have been Sidneys, Hampdens, Cranmers, Miltons, Garibaldis? That men have dared to stand before the crowned of the earth, and make that grandest of all defences, "Here I stand, I cannot otherwise; God help me! Amen!" We must act where our consciences are at stake. We cannot stand idly by, like cowards, with folded hands. We must be up and

doing, else we are traitors to ourselves, traitors to mankind. True, we often may, often will fail in our attempts ; but what of that ? Our duty lies in action ; and having done what we may do, we can rest from the strife and wait.

But there is another answer to the question, “Is Reform possible without Revolution ?” Let history tell the story. Her “pages but record one death-grapple in the darkness ’twixt old systems and the word.” Condé and Coligni, with their Huguenot followers, the awful massacre of St. Bartholomew’s day, which taught them how much dependence was to be placed on a prince’s word and a prince’s honor, Henry of Navarre, and the Battle of Ivry. what memories do these arouse ? Do they preach moral suasion ? or do they tell you that French protestantism was wrought out only by the moral force of the sword ? There was Luther, who drove the most powerful wedge into the solid structure of the Catholic church with his German Reformation ; Ziska and his Bohemians, who fought successfully in behalf of the faith for which Huss and Jerome of Prague had died at the stake ; Gustave Adolphe of Sweden, who came from his northern home to fight for liberty of thought in the midst of Europe, who gained it at Lützen, but lost his life ; the stern old Covenanters of Scotland—but surely these are enough to show us that freedom to worship God has been won only after many a weary, bitter, often seemingly useless struggle, by the shedding of blood like water, and by the light of burning martyrs.

The Netherlands asked for more than this, for political as well as religious liberty. Their crime was more heinous ; their punishment was to be more severe. They were only a handful ; and their oppressor was the mightiest monarch of the world. Yet the battle was not with the strong. There was an English King once, the Nero of his people, for whom no atrocity could be found too horrible or lawless. He meant to reckon, not to be reckoned with. Un-

fortunately for him, Langton and the Barons meant the same, and they gained the Magna Charta at Bunnymede. To keep that beacon of English liberty burning cost more than one succeeding struggle, cost two revolutions. The first claims Cromwell and Marston Moor, saw Hampden ride through England on the eve of the election of that famous Long Parliament, laid the head of King Charles himself upon the block ; and then—disappeared only to break out again in a second revolution, calling William and Mary to the throne. Then English rights were safe. And for ourselves, have we forgotten Saratoga, or Yorktown, or the Declaration of Independence ? Have we ceased to shudder at slavery ? or mourn for those who sleep in Southern homes ? It cost us dear, so dear ! but who grudges the price ? Across the ocean lies a sister republic, where a revolution for Reform began nearly a century ago, whose effects have scarcely disappeared yet. Think of the awful deeds, of the scarcely human, almost fiendish beings it created, of the Commune, the Jacobins, the Reign of Terror, of Danton Marat Robespierre. Think of the horrible mockery of Justice, of the secret yet swift and sure vengeance which removed all hindrance ! They make the blood to boil and cast a glamour of sympathy about the unfortunate monarch and his queen ; yet the present and the future tell you that what France had gained and will gain was worth even what she has paid for it, her heart's blood. It is not just to hold France up as an awful example of the supposed destruction of the good as well as the bad by Revolution. No revolution, French or other, has done more than temporarily suspend the good, if it even did that. Nor has the good failed to come back all the stronger for that temporary disappearance. The French always have been fickle, careless, unstable, perhaps always will be. Why should you lay the faults of those characteristics at the door of the revolution ! It is only their Celtic blood.

And so in the past and in the present, in Church and in State, from Marathon to Italy free, it is Revolution that has done the work for Reform. And indeed, it could not well be **otherwise**. Reform is the change, the transformation of the evil into the **good**. It requires a tearing down of the old structure before the new can be built up out of its broken pieces, and the tearing down is **Revolution**. The process is often silent, often bloodless. So much the better. Yet it is a tearing down none the less. Revolutions may grow less frequent as the ages roll on but as long as men are what they are, with their passions and fears, as long as there is need of Reform, so long will there be these "gifts of the time."

"Red for the patriot's blood,
Green for the martyr's crown,
White for the dew and the rime
When the morning of God comes down."

J. A. Y., '83—

THE REPRESSION OF THE JEW.

The modern Jew is a phenomenon so interesting, that his career captivates the novelist and dramatist. Shakespeare moulded the very bone and tissue of Shylock—"a type of national sufferings, of national antipathies." Scott, in Isaac of York, in the beautiful, heroic Rebecca, portrays the condition of the Jews during the extortions of the Crusades. Dickens's Fagin is one of his characteristically dark pictures. George Eliot's keen psychological analysis delineates the intense Mordecai, a type of the ancient Jew in his longing for the restoration of Jerusalem—the impersonation of Jewish resistance and Jewish devotion.

The Jew of history, even more than the Jew of fiction, furnishes a sad chapter in the world's record. Hear King Da-

vid's song in recollection of the Babylonish captivity : "By the rivers of Babylon we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion." Since the Roman soldiers, watching the smoking ruins of the Temple at Jerusalem, shouted "Victory to Emperor Titus," the Jew has never had a country he could call his own. By the rivers of many a land, of Russia, of Germany, and of England, he has wept when he remembered Zion. For seventeen centuries this alien people survived dispersion. Ostracized from political and mercantile pursuits, they became usurers. They grew rich and won the bitter hatred of Christians. Whenever the Jew attained prominence, as he did, the Hebrew physician of the ninth and tenth centuries, an edict of banishment was issued against him. The voice of a Shylock cried to deaf ears. "Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimension, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is ?" The Crusades shrouded them in a midnight of gloom. Confiscation, violence, torture, massacre, banishment, were their common lot. Yet the race kept itself alive and distinct—an achievement unparalleled in the history of races.

Felix Adler says : "The great bond which unites Israel is not one of race; but the bond of common religion." Besides this, sacred religion was the influence of lofty character, of purity in domestic life. Persecution, too, helped ; it has a paradoxical effect. Notwithstanding their oppression, the Jews multiplied, they grew strong, they never ceased to be Jews.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was the awakening in art, in literature, and in the spirit of invention ; but the awakening of friendliness towards the Jews did not come for two centuries later.

The Reformation, by affording a new and more dangerous enemy to the Papal power, ameliorated the Jews'

condition, but did not arouse a liberal and more intelligent sentiment towards them. Hidden forces worked silently, and at last, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, with a suddenness which surprised alike the Jew and his persecutor, a wave of emancipation swept over all Europe, and the Jew was recognized as a man. The influence of Moses Mendelssohn—the Jewish Socrates, in his endeavors to elevate the Jews intellectually, prepared the way for the great change. Joseph II., of Austria, threw open the doors of schools and universities, and proclaimed equal civil rights to Jew and Gentile. The emancipation spread. In almost every country the chains of slavery were broken, and for the first time since the dispersion, the Jews had an equal chance in the struggle for existence. Whether or not we believe in the ancient heresies, we find that a hundred years this oppressed nation has steadily moved into the foreground of the world's activity. Marked by his keen foresight, his quick but cool calculation and determination, and his adaptation to altered circumstances, the Jew combines the qualities which are demanded in many departments of modern life.

Before the emancipation, his energy was employed to satiate the tyranny of his persecutor; he did not enjoy the peace and security which are essential to intellectual work. He was an active agent in the monetary interests of every age, a passive participator in its thoughts. But after the dawn of the new era a change came. More than ever prominent in financial affairs, he also took his place in the arena of literature and art. If the race never produced a genius of the first rank, it has produced many of real worth. If not a Beethoven, a Mendelssohn. Periods of reaction have, to a slight degree, retarded this development, but they have never stopped it. In different countries, the varying rapidity of the development has corresponded to existing circumstances. In our haven of republican liberty the Jew has lived a peaceable and prosperous citizen.

The Parliament is open to him in England. Disraeli was a Jew. In Russia, despotism and wild fanaticism pursue the ill-starred race. They are excluded from many vocations, yet they are more thrifty, more intelligent than the Russians of the same class. Wherever the Jew has been given political equality the state has been untroubled by him. The rascally Jew is not more villainous than the rascally Christian. Statistics, arguments which cannot be refuted, show that the Jew is seldom found in the almshouse and prison.

Without the resources of a country of their own, this people have developed vast commercial and social power. Rothschild leads a long list of Jewish bankers in Germany; the Jews own large estates, and are no longer mere money-lenders. The Christians cannot successfully compete with their talent for accumulation. They constitute only two per cent. of the population in Germany, yet they hold seventy professorial chairs in the Universities. These centres of learning send out increasing circles of Jewish influence. The European press is largely under their control; in politics they hold a prominent place, and make it subservient to their own purposes.

It is charged that as a rule the Jews naturally belong to a revolutionary party; that they are among the leaders of Nihilistic movements. Such sweeping accusations are for the most part made in the excitement of controversy. Mean, grasping, contemptible, presumptuous dog of a Jew, are the epithets of scorn which unchristian Christians heap upon him. All this is born of the unholy prejudice of bigotry.

But the Jewish question has a religious as well as a political aspect. The orthodox Jews look for the Messiah and for the fulfillment of the Scriptural promises in a restoration to political existence. But the Reformed Jews, the largest and most influential class, expect no Messiah.

Their Judaism is a modified form of rationalism. Its motto that which is religious must be abandoned. Much has been said and written recently concerning the return of the Jews to Palestine. The plan is impracticable, a wild vagary of overwrought imagination. Emma Lazarus is an enthusiast for her race, but she does not express the real longing of the hearts of her people. They want liberty and power in their present situations, not a return to Palestine.

The real question to be considered is what have we to fear from the Jews? That he will proselyte to Judaism! He does not make proselytes nor care to make them. That he will revolutionize the world and bring materialism and infidelity to the throne? Is Christianity so weak that she cannot cope with even so vigorous an enemy? Is Atheism worse in the Semitic than in the Aryan race?

Do we fear that the Jews may eclipse us in literature and financial affairs? Is it not jealousy of his successful achievements that causes the outburst against him? Is it not blind hate? The day for hatred of a race belongs to the past.

A. B. W., '83.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

That tendency of human nature which led the poetic Greek to

“Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his winded horn,”

which caused the mediaeval Catholic to count his beads reverently before the pictured face of the Virgin Mary ; and which to-day bows the woolly head of the descendant of Ham before his clay image of Mumbo-Jumbo, is responsible, too, for the universal superstition of mankind. Man found himself mysteriously invested with both flesh and spirit, and, being unable to discern the exact relation between them, resolved to make something real to look up to and worship. Wishing to know more concerning his destiny than the stern fates had revealed to him, he set about watching the stars and consulting the signs of the times ; and, from the days of the soothsayers and astrologers of Babylon and Chaldea, down to those of the modern spiritualist, he has been trying to see beyond the horizon of his normal perceptions. Having made himself a god that he could see, and having tried to find out all which that god had in store for him, it did not take him long to discover that there was some evil power which dragged him down, and was at war with his higher nature. It is only the in-

tense longing to see and get hold of this wicked spirit, that has made mankind believe in supernatural beings, who are supposed to be the visible representatives of Satan.

The annals of our own country afford a striking instance of the breaking out of this inherent supersition. Every schoolboy, after learning that "Ponce de Leon had heard of a magical fountain in that fairy land where one might bathe and be young again," and that "an intrepid little band of pilgrims set sail in the Mayflower," comes at last to the statement that "in the spring of 1692, a strange delusion spread among the people of Salem. Several persons were believed to be bewitched." We find this strange delusion graphically described in the quaint words of Cotton Mather, the celebrated Harvard divine. "An army of devils," writes he, "is horribly broke in upon the place which is the Center, and after a sort, the First-born of our English settlements, and the Houses of Good People there are filled with the doleful shrieks of their children and servants. Tormented by invisible Hands and tortures altogether preternatural." We learn furthermore that "the same invisible furies did stick pins in them and scald them, distort and disjoint them with a thousand other plagues; and sometimes drag them out of their chambers and carry them over trees and hills, miles together, many of them being tempted to sign the devil's laws." To us there is something peculiarly fascinating, it must be confessed, in these tales of withered and wrinkled beldames, who made aerial journeys on the rampant broom, who signed the Devil's book and bore his mark, and who lived alone with lean, black, yellow-eyed cats. It is with great interest that we read how

"Old widdow Prouse, to do her neighbors evill,
Wo'd give (some say) her soule unto the Devill:
Well, when sh'as kild that Pig, Goose, Cock or Hen,
What wo'd she give to get that soule again."

Though it is easy to see why the witchcraft-mania spread as it did among the ignorant and credulous peasantry of England and Scotland, Denmark and Sweden, at the close of the seventeenth century, yet it is hard to understand how a belief in these fables ever came to delude the Pilgrim Fathers' pious minds. But the reason lies in their very piety. For even the orthodox Puritan, who so carefully laid out the straight and narrow path in which his staid feet should mount to heaven, discovered that his calculations were subject to error. The old problem of every man's life,—the question, what makes the difference between the belief and the act, intruded unbidden into these good fathers' minds. Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith Smith found out all too soon that he could not realize the grand ideal which he had pictured to himself; that the holy Smith, who never was inclined to stay away from unlimited divine service on the sleepiest Sabbath day, who never fell from grace, but steadfastly pursued the path of righteousness and peace, was a creature of the imagination,—a being of empty air. This terrible discovery which overthrows all upon which man hitherto rested, was the more dangerous in a religious sect which was hampered by many arbitrary laws and built up on outward observances. For he who has fashioned for himself a watch-tower of good, sound, orthodox timber, ornamented, perhaps, with the religious "gingerbread work" of his own private whims and prejudices, has a greater fall when everything gives way beneath him, than he who stands merely on the ground where nature placed him. So when these good old Puritans saw that the strictest rules which even their ingenuity could devise, could not prevent the weak brethren from falling, they took refuge where the tried and tempted of all ages have gone, and laid the blame on Satan. Finding themselves continually buffeted by the evil one, and assailed in innumerable ways by a tempter who was only

tenfold more terrible because invisible, they must have been inexpressibly relieved to hear that the unseen seducer was exhibiting himself in the flesh. There is such an unconquerable longing in the human mind to fight with something one can get hold of if one has to fight! What child has not looked with yearning at the picture of Apollyon in the old *Pilgrim's Progress*, where the arch-fiend is represented as plentifully supplied with teeth and claws, and felt that to march up to him, hit him fairly and squarely, pinch him and make him generally uncomfortable would be satisfactory and decisive! Joy must have overtaken these patriarchs like a flood, when they, so mysteriously tempted in the spirit to sin in the body, felt that their grand enemy had taken upon himself corporeal form, and that they could now extend to him the Irishman's graceful challenge, "to come up and step on the tail of their coats like a man if he wanted to fight."

Can we blame them? If they believed that the devil existed in visible form, and that it was their duty to destroy him, were they not merely following out their convictions of duty? It was only a species of the universal insanity of the human race, which is generally harmless because powerless. They were men of one idea, these sincere but narrow-minded New Englanders. They tried to crowd every man into the mould which they considered the right size and shape for a good Christian character, left him to harden, and then took him out supposably a good, orthodox member of society. It was a *grievous* disappointment to them to find their unseen enemy destroying the green pastures and disturbing the still waters where they had fondly hoped to nibble and drink in quietness and peace. Listen to their pathetic declarations: "The awful hand of God now upon us in letting loose of evil Angels among us to perpetuate such horrid mischiefs and suffering of Hell's Instruments to do such fearful things as have scarce been

heard of, hath put serious persons into deep musings, and upon serious enquiries what is to be done for the detecting and defeating of this tremendous design of the grand Adversary." We always speak in a decisive and contemptuous way concerning what we call bad motives, as if the right and wrong of things had been miraculously revealed to us. A motive can be good only in a relative sense, and no one can give a dictionary definition of a right or wrong idea. Furthermore, no man is required to act up to his neighbor's convictions, and his life is to be judged, not by the falsity of his impressions, but by the fidelity and sincerity wherewith he has followed the light that was given him. Have not some of earth's noblest sacrificed their lives for some technical point in theology which would be no stumbling block in their neighbor's path? If a man gets the idea that to crawl from Ceylon to the Ganges is the one object for which life was given him, and if it is impossible to convince him of its foolishness and the detrimental effect it will have on his general anatomy, let him crawl by all means; he will be a thousand times nobler and happier than if he sat under the shade of a bamboo tree, and ate boiled rice at his ease. If we attempt to lay down laws of belief for other people, we shall only follow the footsteps of these very Puritans in the path which led to Salem witchcraft and its persecutions.

Perhaps Cotton Mather's mental state may be considered typical of the confusion which beset the intellectual powers of these good people. He is truly in what he would call a "bemisted condition." He prefaces his book, wherein he has collected notable cases of demoniacal possession, with the following remarks: "I have indeed set myself to countermine the whole plot of the Devil against New England, as far as one of my darkness can comprehend a work of darkness. * * * * None but the Father who sees in secret knows the heart-breaking exercises where-

with I have composed what is now going to be exposed, lest I should in any one thing miss of doing my designed service for his Glory and for his people ; but I am somewhat comfortably assured of his favorable acceptance, and I will not fear what a Satan can do unto me." With the gravest sincerity he tells us that 'the very Devils are walking about our streets with lengthened chains, making a dreadful noise in our ears, and brimstone, even without a metaphor, is making a hellish and horrid stench in our nostrils. He affords us a rare combination of sacred and profane erudition. "First, then, it is to be granted," argues he, "the Devils are so many that some thousands can sometimes apply themselves to vex one Child of Man. It is said, Mark 5, 15, He that was possessed with the Devil,—had the Legion. Dreadful to be spoken ! A legion consisted of 12,500 People ; and we see that in one man or two so many Devils can be spared for a Garrison." His conclusions are as interesting as were those of the socialists who so savagely disputed the question how many angels could stand on the point of a needle. It is interesting to follow him, as he gravely considers whether it is lawful to try whether a witch will sink or swim, and unconsciously affords us a striking example of the errors into which "pure reason" will lead the mind. He advises all people to be careful in condemning the accused, censures those who cruelly try them by forcing them to hold a red-hot iron, and evidently intends,—if he must kill witches,—to kill them decently and piously. But his powers of reasoning are by no means equal to those of the worthy English lawyer, Sir Robert Filmer, who had proved not long before that it was unlawful to try witches at all. "For," he writes, "the Devil is the principal and the witch only an accessory. Now an accessory cannot be convicted before the principal is tried, or outlawed upon summons for non-appearance. He cannot be tried by his peers, who, if he

could, would not convict him ; and by the rules of the common law, the devil can neither be summoned nor outlawed ; therefore a witch cannot be tried." What patriotism lies in Cotton Mather's pathetic inquiry, "Of what use or state will America be when the Kingdom of God shall come? If it must all be the Devil's property, while the saved nations of the other Hemisphere shall be walking in the light of the New Jerusalem." And, after calling out right lustily "Shake off, every soul, shake off the hard fork of the Devil!" he sends out his work with the pious prayer, "Accept of all our endeavors to glorify thee in the fires that are upon us, and among the rest, may these, my poor and weak essays, composed with what jeers, what Cares, what Prayers, thou only knowest, not want the acceptance of the Lord." Dare we doubt this man's sincerity? And who does not pity rather than censure these poor creatures, groping blindly for light, and not finding it until they had provided ample material for future remorse by putting to death nineteen innocent people.

It is far easier to account for the credulity of the judges than for the folly of those who declared themselves bewitched. Perhaps it was only an aggravated type of the hypochondria which makes the sentimental maiden of to-day assure her bosom friends that 'she knows she will end her days in the lunatic asylum.' Knowing that the powers of the infernal world were let loose, it was not strange that they should watch their mental states closely,—and when the human mind goes to work to study and investigate itself, it can find or imagine whatever it pleases. As a person having the description of a disease can invariably feel symptoms of the disorder on the spot, so these people no doubt discovered in themselves indubitable proofs of insanity. The children, who were too young to make extensive mental investigations, were probably influenced to a great extent, by the intense desire of childhood

to be noticed. Doubtless malice toward an enemy prompted many of these hard-headed sectarians to perform their strange antics, and to assert that they were caused by some neighbor. The witches themselves must have found a pleasant excitement in watching each particular hair on the wise judges' heads rise up on end, as they unfolded a tale like the following: "She confessed," relates Mather, "that the Devil carried them on a pole to a witch-meeting; but the pole broke, they fell down and she received a hurt by the Fall, whereof she has not at this very time recovered." Human nature always takes such inexpressible delight in deceiving and horrifying its poor companions in ignorance. Volumes have been written concerning the sufferings of these poor creatures and the cruelty of their judges. But, persecuted and wronged as they were, the agony was not all theirs, and the mental tortures of those who condemned them are just as worthy of our pity. For earth affords no more melancholy spectacle than the mind of the Salem goodman when the reaction came,—when the visible tempter was slipping from his grasp,—when the light he hoped to have gained was turned into darkness that could be felt,—when he discovered that this was only another of the snares of his wily adversary, and, bewildered and disheartened, went back to fight this mysterious spirit with the frail weapons of the flesh.

But all of earth's great events have their dark side, and Salem Witchcraft, with all its revolting episodes, holds an important position in history. As the feudal system exploded and went out in the French Revolution, so in this delusion we see only the fierce flickerings of a dying superstition. It began long ago in the days of the witch of Endor; it developed into the wondrous miracles of the Roman Catholic church, it is either directly or indirectly concerned in all the persecutions of the Middle Ages, and then came over with the Puritans, only to die out and pre

pare the way for the practical, realistic, manufacturing American. If our proud prophecies are fulfilled, if our country becomes the ruling power of the earth, and the Yankee character is the fundamental basis on which the world's posterity is to pride itself, then the poetry and romance, the tales of fairies and goblins, and the element of the unreal, which is the most delicious thing in life, will all be crowded out, and the future generations of children will amuse themselves with the telescope, and prattle about the cosmogony of the universe.

The novel of the present day, is, almost without exception, written from a woman's point of view. Since history does not now offer the same fresh field to the novelist as it did fifty years ago, and since the growth of journalism has removed the former necessity of depicting public evils through the pages of the novel, it seems to have become a necessity that works of fiction should consist of analysis of character. The fact that the woman question is so often emphatically brought before the public is, perhaps, sufficient reason why so much attention is given to the study of woman's nature in the novel of to-day—a feature especially noticeable in the writings of Howells and James. To Americans, Howells' attitude toward the question is especially interesting. In the first place, Howells is a thorough American; whereas our pride in being of the same nationality as Henry James is mingled somewhat with disgust when we consider his apparent shame at being identified with us. Again, Howell's characters are true American types; even when the scene of the story is laid on foreign soil, there is always recognizable an evidence of Western parentage and independence. Yet a thoughtful reader scarcely ever lays aside one of his books without a feeling of dissatisfaction,

perhaps even of indignation. The common complaint brought against him is that his estimate of women is not a just one. But before a decision can be given concerning this accusation, we must look at the facts and make notes.

A marked difference is noticeable between his heroines and those characters who fill in the inferior parts. Too much praise cannot be given to the naturalness which Howells imparts to the latter. The reader is prepared everywhere to greet them as old friends; their truth to real life makes them almost classic. Mrs. Gilbert is so real that she seems to be the dear friend to whom as children we confided our pleasures and sorrows, or from whom in girlhood we sought advice. Upon her first introduction we hailed her with delight, and in the last scene we took leave of her, fully expecting to see her kind face somewhere tomorrow. The chronic dissatisfaction and querulousness of Mrs. Breen's character seems only too natural; and "Aunt Kate" is the veritable family friend who always finds fault and interferes.

On the other hand, every new heroine gives us the impression that we have met with an entirely new phase of character; we do not recognize their counterparts among the acquaintances of our every day life. The reader and the character each seem to be playing a part. A critical analysis of separate characteristics does not reveal any glaring discrepancy with the reader's previous knowledge of human traits; yet there is a feeling on his part, quite indefinable, which prevents an intimate acquaintance. Although these leading characters may not excite the most pleasure or sympathy, yet in them essentially lies the purpose of the story and around them centers the interest of the reader. Nearly every one of them is a type. Take Lydia Blood and Kitty Ellison, for instance, as examples of the naïve. The sum total of the former's character is perhaps most aptly expressed in Stamford's words "and

she wanted to know." A simple, though intelligent country girl, who was unused to the customs and conventionalities of even the least ceremonious state of society, she was totally unaware of the awkwardness of her position, and in her ignorance lay her protection. The world, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, was as an unread volume to her, which fact was attested by the utter unconsciousness of her every act and speech. To the same class Kitty Ellison, though very different in some traits, belongs. The oft-repeated assertion that these characters are unfair representations of American girls is derived from a wrong point of view; the mistake lies in calling them representations of a whole, whereas they are types of a class.

The lack of fixed purpose, and of constancy to course once begun seems almost a universal characteristic of woman. What better illustration of this than Dr. Breen? Out of caprice, she devoted herself to the study of medicine, for which she had no taste and but ordinary ability. This harmless course might have been forgiven, had the occupation served to sooth her blighted affections; but when, from an equally frivolous reason, she abandoned a case of sickness placed under her care, no excuse can be found for her. Her fickleness shows itself again, in the manner in which she hesitated between accepting Mr. Libby or Dr. Mulbridge.

In Mrs. Farrell the author draws us the picture of a trifler, a flirt. She deliberately wins the affection of two earnest, upright men; and, after destroying a strong friendship between them, mercilessly throws them both over. She was but an accomplished actress; so successful that even the reader believes her sincere until she stands fully revealed in her true vocation on the stage.

By keeping in mind this brief analysis of the more striking types of character portrayed in Mr. Howell's works, we may be aided in solving the two-fold question: Did he

represent such traits because he underrates women ? and does a casual reading give his true estimate of her mental and moral capacity ? In answer to this it may be noted that one does not give much time and attention to an object of his hatred ; unless the feeling of aversion is so great that ~~some~~ malice is intended. That Howells would take a malicious pleasure in a misrepresentation of character, it is safe to say, no one will believe. Moreover, the somewhat romantic story of his own marriage is sufficient proof that at least one woman is not an object of hatred to him. That he makes one exception, and showers his wrath upon the remainder of the sex can scarcely be credited. Since, then, on the other hand, the prominent part that woman plays in his works can be accounted for by his excessive interest in the sex, it becomes necessary to give some explanation of the light which he has chosen to throw upon his characters ; for it cannot be denied that in none of his works is found an ideal woman. The question, then, resolves itself into an inquiry whether Howells portrays women as he estimates them. It is universally conceded that no one who is really interested in a thing, and wishes to improve it, pictures it in its perfection. He rather looks out for blemishes, and shows where and how improvements are to be made. In such a course there is practical purpose. So Howells shows his interest in women by picturing her faults, though by so doing he often underrates truly excellent traits. It is impossible that he created Dr. Breen that she might represent to us his conception of woman's ability. Mrs. Gilbert must have been meant only to show how belittling it is, to a woman of excellent capacity, to use it in trifling. Far from making woman the object of his scorn, he gives her his most appreciative thought. He perceives her capabilities for filling a high position in society ; and by pointing out her faults and failings, he tries to improve rather than deteriorate her.

A straight-backed, strong-limbed, old man, with a ruddy complexion, teeth beautifully white and even, a kindly blue eye, in which, however, there glowed a latent spark, and a scrubby red wig pushed somewhat awry,—this was Uncle Joe as I first saw him.

A host of children called him “Uncle;” and, as it was among them that I fancied he appeared to the best advantage, it pleases me to think and write of him under this homely name. A year spent beneath his vine and locust tree—for he was a Kentuckian—showed me many phases of his nature, and revealed suggestive portions of his earlier history. The younger son of a Southern farmer, of limited means, he had become himself a farmer, and had received the merest rudiments of an education, nor had this lack been supplied by travel and intercourse with the world at large: but he had that gift more valuable than the culture of schools—a thinking mind. Any new idea which most people would have received passively, he would subject to the severest scrutiny, not leaving the thought until some definite conclusion had been reached. Fierce and long were the word-combats which he waged with any who had the hardihood to question these fixed opinions. Many an hour have I spent at the wells-pread table of his wife, “Miss Kittie,” listening to the political, social, and religious dogmas that he propounded with all the energy of first conviction,—a bit of hoe-cake poised in one hand, and a mug of buttermilk in the other. Occasionally I would venture some platitude, which he would seize in the same determined spirit of opposition with which he crunched his iron-clad crust. His favorite subject of controversy was novel-reading, on which hackneyed theme he enlarged zealously, with a blissful unconsciousness that the question had been settled, to the satisfaction of the reading public, years ago. I remember once slyly placing a copy of *Jane Ayre* where it would attract his notice, and awaiting the

result. It showed Uncle Joe in a new light. I found him reading the first pages with flushed face and moistened eyes. When he saw me, he put the book down. "I've been reading your novel," said he, "and I don't want to read any more. Why, the suffering of this little girl almost brought the tears to my eyes, and I asked myself, 'What 's all this about?' There is no such person—it's all false, I'll keep my pity for something real. Ah! I never could bear to see a woman in trouble." And indeed he could not. With men he was stern enough, and sometimes even stubborn, but coat-of-mail or silken doublet never covered a heart that beat with a truer chivalry for all womankind than Uncle Joe's. He would even rise on cold winter mornings to light the fire for the old black cook; half-apologizing, if anyone remonstrated, with the explanation, "Aunt Lottie has the rheumatism you know."

His first wife had died, not many years after his marriage, leaving him with a family of young children, to whom he had been both father and mother. I have heard from his daughter, that, when she was a child, her father would often take her for a ramble through the fields; and, on their return, she would be made happy by a freshly baked cake, or perhaps a candy pull in the spotless kitchen. When she was ill with the small pox, it was Father who watched at her bedside, night after night, smoothing the pillows with the gentlest touch. It was Father whose cheery voice comforted all her griefs, and Father, too, whose calm reproof restrained a thousand girlish follies.

Taking into consideration Uncle Joe's native justice and independence of thought, it is not surprising that he was, during the war, a Union man, the second within a circuit of fifteen miles. This did not tend to increase popularity among his fire-eating neighbors, but he was none the less outspoken in his views; and his integrity commanded the respect of all.

Once, before the war broke out, he had occasion to bring into court his children's nurse, "Aunt 'Merica," a fine specimen of the faithful and intelligent colored servant, for whom he felt a great regard. When the magistrate, looking scornfully at her, asked, "Is this your slave?" "Sir! this is my servant," was the indignant reply. The colored people were not slow to recognize their friend, and, when the African Baptists separated from their white brethren, Uncle Joe was often called on to help them in their attempts at self-government. At one time a dispute concerning some point of discipline threatened hopelessly to embroil the church; and a deputation of black elders rode out from town in the shiniest of hacks, and carried Uncle Joe back with them as umpire, much to Miss Kittie's disgust. A mob had gathered at the church door, but the champion of order went resolutely among them, emphasizing his steps with a stout hickory cudgel, and conquered a peace by the mere force of his presence. After this he was always an honored guest at "The Little Church around the Corner," as the place of worship was formally called, and used sometimes to go there and listen to the singing; for, after he had grown quite deaf, he still retained a strong love for music. Indeed, he was easily affected by all pure and simple pleasure, and took great delight in the society of "the ladies." Thus it came about that he finally married a second time,—a dear, dumpy, little woman; "nervous," but young for her forty years, a notable housekeeper, whose heavy mahogany furniture was as glossy as her own brown locks, and in whose pantry a queen might well have eaten bread and honey. Miss Kittie's table was well spread with delectable fare, but Uncle Joe sat daily at a Barmicide feast. Not for him did tender spring chickens sing their sad fate in Aunt Lottie's relentless frying-pan, or the genial coffee send up its morning incense. It is true that victuals and drink were the chief of his diet, but the snowy loaf of "light-bread"

was passed by for fossilized hoe-cake, and his sole beverage was that mild and harmless drink, fresh buttermilk ; yet, not such buttermilk as the uninitiated scorn, but a rare compound of two parts of buttermilk, one of ice, and one of thick cream, sweet and yellow. I soon learned to like it as well as Uncle Joe himself, but he never would trust me to concoct my own potion : his hand always mingled the just proportions in my cup. He tried also to teach me the proper manner of eating bread and butter, *i. e.*, with the butter-side down in order to taste its full flavor, but here I proved refractory ; and my teeth, too, rebelled against the hard brown crust that was daily tendered me by my host, as “pound cake.”

I have said that Uncle Joe wore a wig, and there is an intimate connection between this fact and Miss Kittie’s presence in the household. While she was still a buxom widow, and when the gossips had first begun to mention her name in connection with Uncle Joe’s, a certain spinster, who manufactured to order protections for defenceless heads, cast designing eyes on my friend’s bald pate ; and at last persuaded him to be measured for a wig,—a wig with wavy, auburn hair, which should make him beautiful in the eyes of the fair Miss Kittie. This last consideration won the day. He succumbed ; but Sampson, shorn of his scanty locks, was overtaken by swift remorse for his weakness. What agony he endured in first meeting his friends with his new adorning ! Moreover physical torment was added to distress of mind, for the contrivance was fastened by means of springs that made his head ache cruelly. This proof of devotion was recounted to me, one evening, with great glee, by the hero himself ; while Miss Kittie blushed, and bridled, and cried, “Law ! Mr. Barton ?” and to illustrate the tale, Betty, the maid, was sent, grinning and chuckling, to bring out a band-box, in which lay, “*placida compositus pace*,” a Sunday wig of fine gray hair, long and curling.

A man stern to the world, but true and gentle to his friends ; “set in his ways, but scrupulously just ; above all genuine in word and thought,—would there were more like Uncle Joe !

W. W.

Editors' Table.

As we see another class going out from our portals, another year enlisting itself in the ranks of the nineteen already gone, and the time for our p. p. c. editorial drawing near, we begin to wonder what Vassar has done for herself, what her students have done for her, and whether or not she is becoming less of an experiment and more of an 'established fact' with each ensuing year? As we note the affectionate farewell of the students leaving only for a few short months, the regretful leave-taking of the graduating class, the pleased welcome with which the alumnae greet the old walls, the interest, even while undergoing examinations, of those who are to be of our number next year, and the devotion of our teachers and Faculty, we feel that we may well be hopeful. For a College surrounded and supported by so many 'loyal hearts and true' must surely stand even against outside prejudice.

We think, moreover, that even this prejudice is gradually lessening and that our College is continually rising in the estimation of the world at large. In proof of this we quote a few lines from a private letter written by an English scholar, who has been for some time resident in America. Speaking of Vassar, he says: "I have, during the last few years, learned much that is good in all its works, system and spirit. 'The tree is known by its fruit,' and I have not seen or heard of nobler, more fine-spirited, and more

soundly cultivated graduates from any college here in England." With the inspiration and courage which such words as these bring us, and with a past by no means dark behind us, we may certainly look for the brightest of futures ahead.

What an inducement to organ-practice is the following communication sent from Kansas to a Vassar student: "I am a"—but I will not proclaim his college connection,—“and if you are a player on the organ, and nearly through studies (or quite) I would like to get acquainted by a little correspondence. I don't want to interrupt your work by stories of frontier life.

Hastily,

Rev. ————."

Our "Society for Religious Inquiry" is far-famed, it would appear, but we fear its mission is slightly misunderstood by the above-mentioned reverend sir, for he writes: "After enjoying my Centennial Alma Mater at ——— this spring, I intend to go to Europe. Wish I had a Vassar girl to go with me. Wonder if the matter couldn't come before the 'Society for Religious Inquiry' as business extraordinary. If you think so, please attend to it at once."

We admit that the "Vassar girl" who might accompany him on this journey could exercise the missionary spirit which the Society fosters and stimulates, but no one seems to have felt a call in that direction.

A correspondence with one whose literary ability is seen even in these fragments would doubtless be a mine of truth and information to the benighted Vassar mind, but even yet we are not stirred.

Is he a pastor? Heaven forbid that one of her ministers should so belie his holy office. No American whose opin-

ion of women is such as will allow him to treat her with anything but respect; or whose self-respect is so infinitesimal as to be invisible even when searched for with a powerful microscope is worthy the title of minister. And, to generalize, no one who sends such communications (and our Kansas correspondent is not alone) to us or to any lady is worthy the title gentleman.

It is often said that a college is 'a little world in itself'; and, truly enough, it bears a strong resemblance to the greater world, in its struggles, its ambitions, its failures and triumphs, its gains and losses, its schooling to self-dependence and self-assertion. Yet the failure of many a student is mainly due to her too completely mistaking the school world for a lesser counterpart and epitome of that wherein her life-work lies. Nor are the effects of such a delusion always the same or even similar. One, flushed with the triumphs of the literary society and the class-room, flattered by conceded leadership, exalted by the praises of teachers and class-mates, rates her future success at too low a standard of effort; and consequently, when she gets into the downright, serious hurly-burly, is amazed, inconceivably so, to find herself left hopelessly behind by those who put forth greater effort. Another works until her brain is overtaxed and ill-health insured, in order to achieve success in school and college; then she goes out to plunge herself desperately into labors yet more exhausting. Plodding with shaken nerves far into the night, comfortless and anxious in her search for fame or fortune, she preys ruthlessly upon the faculties which alone can render either enjoyable when once attained. Others, again, have always floated with the tide and always will. They care not if they lose the pleasure which others find in stemming the

current, in fact, they cannot appreciate the enjoyment which comes from energetic painstaking, and successful toil. There are still others, but these are few and wise, who have learned to advance with patient, steady, vigorous strides upon the path of life. Eschewing neither lusty labor nor needed recreation, each in its proper time and place, they find that 'everything comes in time to those who wait' and work.

Some public-spirited person has done an act worthy of the united thanks of all tennis players. Every one who has tried to manipulate a racket during the last few weeks knows how complete was the failure of our fine new tennis-balls to keep up their reputation as first-class specimens. One by one, they disappeared from the already too small number of whole balls and joined the ranks of the coverless and semi-coverless, until matters pointed to a crisis. And just here is where the noble spirit of the public's friend showed itself. She replaced the covers, sewed up the gaping rents, and would-be champions can no longer justify their failures by making a scapegoat of the much-abused and much-disused balls.

HOME MATTERS.

The arrangements of the committee for the Studio picnic on June 1, seemed to be the result of nothing less than inspiration. They, like so many other committees, were disappointed by the failure of their first, more ambitious plans, but thanks to this seeming misfortune, we had an entertainment altogether novel to Vassar students, and the picnic on the college grounds was enjoyed accordingly. The pine-grove north of the garden was an unknown region to most

of us, but when once found, one could not help wondering why no one had used it before, since it was so well suited to the purpose. The thick branches of the evergreens made the spot delightfully shady and furnished excellent pegs whereon were swung a number of hammocks ; while the tree-trunks offered such good "corners," and so many of them, that it was strange "poor puss" had such difficulty in finding one. Several tables covered with dishes and artistically adorned with flowers were pleasantly suggestive, and in due time they fully satisfied all the expectations they had aroused. After tea, the musical abilities of the Art students were developed in a most surprising manner, and time flew rapidly away on the wings of music until "curfew," in the form of the Chapel bell, "tolled the knell of parting day," and the regretful Studio girls strolled slowly "o'er the lea" toward the College.

Saturday, June 2, dawned as a day of busy work for Seniors, and as one of fun and enjoyment for those of us not vitally concerned in the Senior Auction. At 9 A. M. the fire-wall door on the 3rd South was thrown back, admitting the eager buyers and pleasure-seekers. The walls were adorned with glaring yellow papers announcing the sale of all sorts of articles at ruinous prices. Chairs, tables, desks and sofas in all degrees of preservation, were scattered around in profusion, while numerous stands were loaded with your-choice-for-ten-cents articles, and eager sales-women employed their nimble tongues in extolling the merits of whatever chanced to catch the eye of some idle stroller. All who came with intent to buy went away with light purses and loaded hands, while the invidious grab-bag and the lemonade and candy stands tempted even the most stoical.

But in the afternoon came the crowning feature of the day. *Palm Branches* no words can describe. As a review of the book was given in our last number, we refer our readers to that and simply state that the scenery and the acting were quite in accord with the story.

The salient features of auctions everywhere, and especially Senior Auctions, are much the same. And although in the one in question, the Seniors had to do their full share of bidding to keep up the interest, still the attendance was good and the financial success fair.

DOVE PARTY.

In June time there is a party,
And loud is the merriment hearty.
 As Seniors so wise
 And Juniors arise,
And early repair to this party.

For oh ! it is held in the morning,
When dew-drops the fields are adorning.
 Aloft in the dome,
 Where we watch the stars roam,
Are spent the bright hours of the morning.

In feasting and reading of verses,
Whose musical cadence rehearses
 The charms of each maid ;
 How she worked, how she played,
Is told in these bright, jingling verses.

And oh ! there is also sweet singing
By maidens whose gay voices ringing,
 From high perch adown,
 The spheres' music drown,
With the melody sweet of their singing.

But queen of this feasting and pleasure
Is th' hostess, is she who can measure
 The planets above,
 But ah ! not our love
For the giver of all this good pleasure.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

The music which preceded the Baccalaureate Sermon was exceptionally good. Dr. Caldwell took for his text, "The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar; it shall never go out." By way of introduction he spoke of the great use of fire in nature; of its appeal to the ideal, the spiritual, and the poetical; of its worship by the Oriental nations; and of the vital part which it took in the religion of the old Greeks and Romans. With the fire and the altar, and whatever they represent, comes the idea of continuance of perpetuity. The four years of College life is a fire kindled always to be kept burning. He then spoke of the winds with which the flame has to struggle; most powerful of these is contentment with earthly success. But it is the divine law that the fire may never go out, and truth is the fuel which will keep it ever aflame. Passing to the work which there is for each one to do, he said that at the present nobody can complain that there is nothing to stir the ambition, for never was the grandeur of opportunity so high before.

In his address to '83, Dr. Caldwell spoke of the privileges of their late years, and implored them to halt now upon the threshold and receive the Divine confirmation. "May you leave your College home with these words in your heart, 'The fire shall ever be kept burning upon the altar.' Your legend is *gradatim*, your symbol a *ladder*. There is no difficulty in reconciling these with the fire on the altar. For the altar of consecration stands at the foot of the ladder which leads up to Christ. Our kindest farewells are tendered you in the trust that your legend may be the purpose of your life."

Every Commencement concert is marked by certain characteristics which make it of far greater interest than

MUSIC.

TREE EXERCISES.

MUSIC.

PRESENTATION OF THE SPADE.

Senior Charge,	-	-	-	-	-	MISS POINIER.
Junior Reply,	-	-	-	-	-	MISS ADAMS.

BURIAL OF THE CLASS RECORDS.

CLASS SONG.

Who could fail to expect much from that programme! We certainly could not, nor were we disappointed in our expectations, in one instance, in fact, we really felt as if we were receiving "too much for our money."

The day was delightfully cool, and the Seventh Regiment Band played its very best, so we were in an appreciative mood when Miss Sharpe mounted the rostrum and, in her usual inimitably humorous style, presented a pen-portrait of '83 as the youth of the world in search of experience. Easy, bright, witty, and—but what is the use of multiplying words when we have already said it was Miss Sharpe's oration.

Is it an easy or a difficult task to write an *unprecedented* history of an *unprecedented class*? With the German woman of fiction we hasten to say that 'we dinks it is.' Certainly there was nothing monotonous or prosaic about Miss Swift's production. Poetry and prose, humor and pathos, pleasant wit and scathing sarcasm, singing and reciting, all were there. Variety is the spice of an entertainment as well as of life, and it was not lacking in this history. Perhaps we might be accused of partiality, but the laughter and applause, the rapt attention of the audience, speak for themselves. We need not say another word, for those who did not hear it would count the simple truth as fulsome flattery, while those who did would scout our feeble praise of one who could stick to her principles so valiantly and so well.

Miss Page's prophecy was undeniably funny. Perhaps we could see the points of some of the jokes more plainly than could those of the audience who were less intimately acquainted with the objects of her good-natured satire, but, in the main, even that portion of her hearers laughed in the right places. The position of Sybil was, perhaps, the hardest on the programme to fill, and to have succeeded must be a 'feather in one's cap.'

And the Valedictory ! this was next to the most unprecedented thing of all (not in point of time, though). Never before had a Farewell Address been spoken on Class day ; never before had we listened to a public "good-bye," at commencement time, when, a 'tear did not unbidden rise.' But '83 is a stoical class (witness Baccalaureate Sunday), and Miss Lathrop is one of the least demonstrative members, and her address was as sensible and good as she is—which is saying much.

Then came 'a Vassar procession' to the tree. Such a procession usually beggars description, and this proved no exception.

But Miss Poinier's "Charge !" Why did we expend our whole stock of adjectives so soon ? We should not flatter in the least were we to say that she was not only witty and wise, but *the* orator of the day. So, as we wish to speak the truth, we do say it.

And Miss Adams—again words fail us, but for far different reasons. We are inclined to think that her venomous shafts would cause a greater havoc among the Modocs, than all of '83's guns put together. Why she should ask for their weapons of warfare in addition, we cannot see. We are sorry that any lady could so far forget herself as to wound the feelings of departing friends, especially without cause. She seemed to repudiate lack of precedent in word, while in deed she did the most unprecedented thing of the day, and cast a shadow over every face. In the name, then,

of everybody whom we have heard mention the subject, and especially of her own class-mates, we express our disapprobation of the "Junior Reply," and we hope that a Vassar audience may never hear the like again, even if it be couched in apt phraseology and admirably delivered. On the other hand, we are glad to be able to say that Miss Adams has made all the reparation that she could both by public and private apologies.

Passing over the Burial of the Records, we come to the Farewell Song. All that need be said here is that the Glee Club was '83's, and under Miss Vallean's leadership, while Miss Stevens was the poetess. We should like to give her song entire, but it might spoil the sale of the class-day book, so we refrain.

This gala-day closed with the usual quota of square dances, supplemented by '83's farewell songs to the classes she leaves behind her, (a little bird mentions Miss Swift's name in connection with their authorship), and at 10 p. m. both entertainers and entertained retired in a very happy frame of mind.

Ten o'clock of June 13 found the corridors and parlors well filled with happy relatives and friends, awaiting with eager expectation the opening of the Chapel. At 10:30 the procession entered, and the exercises began directly after with a prayer by President Caldwell. The following is the programme in full:

PROGRAMME.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

PRAYER.

THE ROMANCE OF SCIENCE.

CORA ALICE WHEELER.

IS REFORM POSSIBLE WITHOUT REVOLUTION?

Affirmative,...CORNELIA MORSE RAYMOND.

Negative,.....JENNY ADAMS YOST.

ANDANTE FOR THE ORGAN, - *Dussek.*

ESTHER POMEROY CUTLER.

THE REPRESSION OF THE JEW.

ANNIE BLYTHE WEST.

UNSOLVED ASTRONOMICAL PROBLEMS.

MARY SHERWOOD.

CORRUPTION IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

MARY COOLEY.

SCHERZO, B flat minor, op. 31, - *Chopin.*

LAURA PAGE.

UTILITY, THE BANE OF AMERICAN EDUCATION.

CLARA LENA BOSTWICK.

UTILITY, THE LAW OF AMERICAN EDUCATION.

MABEL FOOS.

FROM STONEHENGE TO WINDSOR.

IDA CAROLINE RANSOM.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

THE DOXOLOGY.

The absence of the usual Salutatory address gave us the effect of being plunged *in medias res*, but the effect was rendered less startling by the graceful and easy style of the first essay, delivered by Miss Wheeler. The address gave evidence of careful and earnest thought and a clear conception of the subject. The debate, as usual, was received with lively interest. Miss Raymond's reasoning was clear and her arguments forcible, although the more favorable side of the question and weight of argument was evidently with Miss Yost. Miss Cutler's playing was listened to with even more than usual pleasure. It was followed by Miss West's eloquent appeal for consideration of the rights of the Jew—an appeal so stirring as to make us feel ashamed of our jealous dispositions, and charitably disposed toward Shylock himself. Miss Sherwood presented clearly the difficult theme which she had chosen. Miss Cooley's address was unusually well written, but her remarks would have been more effective had her mannerism been less apparent. Miss Page's rendering of Chopin's

Scherzo in B flat minor was very artistic. We always hail Miss Page's playing with delight, and in this instance she did not in the least disappoint our expectations. The second debate was an agreeable departure from the old order of Commencement exercises. Miss Bostwick's arguments in favor of general culture were forcible and convincing as we should expect. Miss Foos, on the other hand, admirably upheld the specialist's position. The last essay, by Miss Ransom, was as prettily written as it was gracefully delivered. It was followed by the conferring of degrees to the graduating class and the awarding of diplomas to the graduates from the Schools of Art. The exercises closed with the singing of the Doxology, and the singing of that hymn eloquently told of our reluctance to depart.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The elections to office not published in the June MISCELLANY, are as follows, for the next semester :

Qui Vive Club.—President, Miss Gardner ; Vice-President, Miss Hubbard ; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Stanton.

Alpha.—President, Miss Walsh ; Vice President, Miss Gardner ; Secretary, Miss Leach ; Treasurer, Miss Gould.

Beta.—President, Miss Merrick ; Vice President, Miss Chapman ; Secretary, Miss Wooster ; Treasurer, Miss Foster.

Delta.—President, Miss Griffith ; Vice President, Miss Acer ; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Botsford.

Dickens' Club.—President, Miss Hussey ; Vice President, Miss Gardner ; Secretary, Miss Ricker.

Shakespeare Club. President, Miss Adams ; Vice President, Miss Chapman ; Secretary, Miss Stevens.

Sophomore Class.—President, Miss Ricker ; Vice President, Miss Sherwood ; Secretary, Miss Borden ; Treasurer, Miss Chase.

Society for Religious Inquiry.—President, Miss Acer ; Vice President, Miss Starkweather ; Recording Secretary, Miss Halliday ; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Henning ; Chairman of the Executive Committee, Miss Spafford.

Lawn Tennis Club. --President, Miss Jenckes ; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Hancock.

Exoteric.—President, Miss Nassau ; Vice President, Miss Marchand ; Secretary, Miss Bremond ; Treasurer, Miss Patterson.

The Senior Auction was carried on successfully June 2.

“*Palm Branches*” was pantomimed in the afternoon.

Miss Whitney addressed the *Qui Vice* Club on the evening of June 2. After the address there was a spread to celebrate the closing meeting for this year.

A tired Senior, returning from a day's shopping in New York, chanced to sit beside a very loquacious Irish woman, who, after eliciting the information that her companion was from Vassar, wanted to know ‘if they were a-payin’ her much wages there.’

There was no chapel service on the morning of June 3. In the evening there was a Praise Service.

The committee for the Senior parlor next year has been appointed with Miss Cornwell as chairman.

Inquiring Greek student: “Is not the Iliad called an epic poem because it was first written in the epic dialect?”

Commencement concert June 11.

Twenty-three students were examined for admission here, in addition to those who were examined by Alumnæ.

Class Day was June 12.

Commencement Day was June 13.

An Art-student who has lately finished a charcoal sketch of Dante with his head enveloped in a cowl, was much chagrined by a friend's enthusiastic admiration of "the lovely old lady."

Miss Hiscock is not to return next year. We are very sorry to lose so inspiring a teacher and so interested a friend of the College.

Miss Wood sails for Europe in a week or two.

A girl was heard to remark on the pantomimic representation of "Palm Branches:" "Anyone would think that was a burlesque on 'Palm Branches,' unless she knew to the contrary."

PERSONALS.

'77.

Miss Culbertson has returned from Europe, and is practicing medicine in Boston.

'79.

Miss Palmer sails for Europe, June 23.

'81.

Married, June 6, at Elmira, Miss M. Adele Pratt to Mr. J. Fremont Thomson.

'83.

Miss Raymond sails for a six weeks trip through England and Scotland this summer.

'84.

The classes of '75 and '81 held their reunion this June.

Miss Cornwell sails for Europe June 23.

The following Alumnæ have visited the College this month :

'69.

Miss Daniels.

'73.

Miss Garrish, Miss Weed.

'74.

Miss Florence Cushing.

'75.

Miss Lowrie ; Mrs. Barton-Perry ; M. W. Bell ; M. F. Buffington ; Lucy Sellers-Barns ; Jennie A. Gouldy ; L. L. Whitney ; Mrs. Taylor-Bissell ; Minnie Clement ; L. E. Prudden ; Mrs. Kellog English, Miss Maltby ; M. W. Millard ; Miss Bell ; Mrs. Swift-Doty.

'76.

Miss Markham ; Miss Learned.

'77.

Miss Antoinette Cornwell ; Miss Swan.

'78.

Miss M. I. Cutler.

'79.

Miss Hakes ; Miss Jordan ; Miss Palmer.

'80.

Miss Cushing ; Miss Lathrop ; Miss Thurston ; Mrs. Van Kleeck-Swift.

'81.

Miss Avery ; Miss Barnum ; Miss Braislin ; Miss Bryan ; Miss Durand ; Miss Erskine ; Miss Fitzhugh ; Miss Hayes ;

Miss Hodge ; Miss Lane ; Miss Lloyd ; Miss Meeker ; Mrs. Shaw-Shaw ; Miss Van Benschoten ; Miss White ; Miss Stockwell ; Miss Darling ; Miss Bush ; Miss Gardner ; Miss Smith.

'82.

Miss Macadam ; Miss Sanford ; Miss Shove ; Miss Taylor ; Miss Wheeler ; Miss White.

'83.

Miss Iddings ; Miss Atwater ; Miss Pew, formerly of '83 ; Miss Rollinson ; Miss Nichols ; Miss Lizzie Shaw ; Miss Greene.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The melancholy days have come—
 The saddest of the year—
 In which June-bugs so loudly hum
 And frogs are croaking near.
 While Seniors groan and Juniors moan,
 And Sophs let fall a tear,
 But Freshmen sit unmoved as a stone
 Thro' the Baccalaureate drear.
 Yet, tho' we'd like to stop and weep
 O'er our departing friends,
 (A pearly tear, antique and—cheap,
 Poetic halo lends),
 We must not cease our notes to write
 E'en if the weather's warm,
 Nor must we fail to make them bright
 Tho' ideas don't—well, swarm.
 Suppose the *Atlantic* has not come,
 Nor yet the *Century*,
 While gay *St. Nicholas* with his fun
 The fifteenth waits to see ;
 No matter if the *Lit.* from Yale,
 And that from Princeton too,
 To put in an appearance fail,
 Like the *Cornell Review*.

And so our cheeks grow wan and pale,
Our eyes recede from view
As we do keenly watch for mail
To help concoct our—stew ;
It can't be help'd, 'tho' we've wrote
All that we have to write
On each exchange worthy of note
Which yet has come to light ;
It matters not that all have scorn'd
To heed our admonitions
And still persist, tho' we have warn'd.
In keeping their positions
As adepts in the use of slang—
If poor in composition—
Which always adds a noxious twang
To every disquisition :—
Ah, no ! our pen must move right on
Surmounting each obstruction
And strive to save—*The Berkleyan*
From total self-destruction.
O, *Cynic*, thou, so young and fresh
In thy terra cotta cover,
Be not so irksome to the flesh
As many a college brother.
But furnish a good bill of fare
And—here a word of caution—
Remember, as you're well aware,
Most praise precedes extortion.
“ Him who commends us, we'll applaud :
Who censures, we'll abuse : ”
This is the flowery path to fraud
Which editors oft choose.
But, lest some should *our* aim mistake,
We wish it understood
That if you glad or mad we make
'Tis solely for your good ;
While if you hope, by puffing us,
To get yourselves inflated,
You'd better spare yourselves the fuss
For you'll be antiquated
When we consent to sound your praise
Unless we like your work—
Tho' fulsome plaudits you may raise
Like answer we must shirk.

Another thing : you have no reason,
 In reading of your journal,
 To angry get, in the spring season,
 If we should call you vernal.
 'Tis always best, howe'er they're meant
 Especially if obscure—
 To take such words as compliments
 Which point out clearly your
 Ability to make selections,
 From college literature,
 Adapted to all times and sections—
 Of which you must be sure.
 There is much more we'd like to say
 About a few of you,
 But cruel time flies fast away
 And bids us say adieu,
 With wishes that each summer-day
 May bring you pleasures true.



BOOKS RECEIVED.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, have sent us "English as She is Spoke : or Jest in Sober Earnest."

In four short poems, bearing the general title of "Co-Education," Miss Josephine Pollard has said several bright things. Ernest F. Birmingham & Co., New York, are the publishers.

James W. Pratt, New York, is the publisher of "Cobbett and his Grammar." The purpose of this work is to show what Cobbett was as a man and a writer. It is an interesting story, moderately well-written, of a poor plough-boy who by his own exertions became one of the finest writers of his age. Cobbett's best work, perhaps, is his "Grammar," which is reprinted in this volume. It is written in every-day English, and is calculated not only to make the English language comprehensible to beginners in its study, but also to show them that grammar need not necessarily be an *uninteresting, wearisome* study of hard words and phrases.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges :

Adelphian, Amherst Student, Atlantic, Bates' Student, Beloit Round Table, Berkleyan, Boston Weekly Advertiser, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Century, Chaff, Colby Echo, College Argus, Columbia Spectator, Acta Columbiana, Cornell Sun, Dartmouth, Dickinsonian, Dutchess Farmer, Exonian, Hamilton Coll. Mo., Hamilton Lit., Harvard Advocate, Crimson, Herald, Lampoon, Haverfordian, Illini, Indiana Student, Kansas Review, Lafayette Coll. Journal, Lantern, Lasell Leaves, Lehigh Burr, Mercury, Michigan Argonaut, Chronicle, Notre Dame Scholastic, Occident, Penn. Coll. Mo., Princeton Tiger, Nassau Lit., Princetonian, Res Academicæ, Rockford Sem. Mag., Rutgers' Targum, Richmond Lit. Misc., Student Life, St. Nicholas, Syracuse University Herald, Syracusean, The Tech, Trinity Tablet, Undergraduate, University Cynic, University Mag., Williams Argo, Athenæum, Woman's Journal, Yale Courant, Lit., News, Record.

REPORT OF THE ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION.

The thirteenth annual meeting of the Alumnae Association was held in Room D. at ten o'clock A. M., June 12, 1883. In the absence of the President, the meeting was called to order by Miss Brace, first Vice President. After the reading of the minutes and by-laws, Miss C. E. Finch, as chairman, presented the general report on behalf of the Committee for Endowment, showing a continuation of last year's work, and best set forth in the report of the Treasurer, Miss Hiscock, as follows .

Amount of the Endowment Fund at the close of the College Year ending June 13, 1883.

Whole amount of the Endowment Fund at the close of the College year ending June 14, 1882.....							\$4,176 91
Interest on deposits.....							181 59
Am't contributed during the past year by Class of '67...							
"	"	"	"	"	"	Class of '68...	\$30 00
"	"	"	"	"	"	Class of '69..	43 00
"	"	"	"	"	"	Class of '70...	51 00
"	"	"	"	"	"	Class of '71..	23 00
"	"	"	"	"	"	Class of '72..	54 00
"	"	"	"	"	"	Class of '73..	94 50
"	"	"	"	"	"	Class of '74..	130 00
"	"	"	"	"	"	Class of '75...	66 00
"	"	"	"	"	"	Class of '76..	155 00
"	"	"	"	"	"	Class of '77...	71 00
"	"	"	"	"	"	Class of '78..	72 00
"	"	"	"	"	"	Class of '79...	159 00
"	"	"	"	"	"	Class of '80...	72 00
"	"	"	"	"	"	Class of '81...	90 00
"	"	"	"	"	"	Class of '82...	62 50

Whole amount of collections for '82-'83..... \$1,173 50

Present amount of Endowment Fund..... \$5,331 50

Whole amount contributed '80-'83 by Class of '67.....		\$20 00
		'68..... 63 00
		'69..... 132 00
		'70..... 70 00
		'71..... 48 00
		'72..... 172 00
		'73..... 249 50
		'74..... 198 00
		'75..... 391 16
		'76..... 459 00
		'77..... 877 00
		'78..... 295 00
		'79..... 468 00
		'80..... 329 00
		'81..... 157 00
		'82..... 62 50

This report as a whole was accepted and adopted.

In June 1882, the Association voted that the then acting Committee for Endowment be empowered to form a plan, to be presented in June, 1883, for the permanent organization of a Committee to carry on the work of Endowment for Educational purposes. In accordance with this vote Miss C. E. Finch presented the following report :

By a vote of the Association, taken in June, 1882, this Committee was empowered to form a plan, to be presented in June, 1883, for the permanent organization of a Committee to carry on the work for Endowment.

We therefore recommend the appointment of a principal committee of four with the duty as described in the minutes of June, 1880, "of organizing and carrying on the work of the Association in the direction of Endowment for educational purposes;" and of a subordinate committee consisting of collectors, one from each class not already represented on the principal committee.

It shall be the duty of each member of both the principal and subordinate committees, to write at least once a year to every member of her class on the subject of Endowment, to keep her informed of the progress of the work, informed and interested, if possible, in all college matters, and to solicit contributions to the fund. An exception to be made in favor of the members of the principal committee, where in case of a pressure of general business, this part of the work may be delegated.

It shall also be the duty of the collectors to receive the separate contributions, and to forward them, together with a list of contributors and the amounts contributed, to the Treasurer of the committee before the annual meeting of the Association.

The principal committee shall have power to make a new appointment in case of the resignation or failure on the part of a collector to perform the duties of the office; the new appointment to be confirmed by the Association at the first annual meeting following.

The committee as thus organized shall serve two years. At the expiration of that time the principal committee shall make nomination for third and fourth members, and for collectors, to be appointed by the Association, and the first and second members will retire, leaving the third member chairman, and the fourth member second member of the new committee of four, to serve for two years.

At the end of the term of office of this committee, they will in turn nominate third and fourth members and collectors, the first two members retiring, and the third member becoming chairman as before.

The committee shall continue to be formed in this way, until the object of the Association shall have been accomplished and the committee discharged.

We present the following nominations :

*Report of the Alumnae Association.**For the Principal Committee :*

Chairman—Miss Wood, '77.
 2d Member—Miss Weed, '73.
 3d Member—Miss Mangam, '76.
 4th Member—Miss Hillard, '78.

For Collector.

Class of '67—Mrs. McGraw.
 '68—Miss Storke.
 '69—Miss Burnham.
 '70—Mrs. Slocum.
 '71—Mrs. Roys.
 '72—Miss Peck.
 '74—Mrs. McMillan Allen.
 '75—Miss Clark
 '79—Miss Hazard.
 '80—Miss Morris.
 '81—Miss White.
 '82—Miss Sanford.
 '83—Miss Lathrop.

It was accepted and adopted.

Miss Cushing, '74, made an appeal on behalf of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, asking that their circulars might be promptly answered, and their blanks filled out, as the information they would supply was expected to be of real value.

Miss Barnum made an informal report of the substance of a conversation with Dr. Caldwell, in reference to the abolition of the Preparatory Department, in which he stated that the College authorities were strongly in favor of the measure, and were only waiting to be able to dispense with the income from that source. He recommended the Alumnae to express their minds on the subject, and to solicit contributions of money to this end.

Miss Hopson, of '73, moved the reconsideration of the adoption of the committee's report as given above. *Carried.*

In the ensuing discussion, it was urged that the phrase "endowment for educational purposes" was too vague to express satisfactorily the aim of the Association in asking for money from its members or to rouse enthusiasm in those who might be able to contribute. This and other like objections seeming, in the opinion of the Association, inadequate, the report was again *adopted.*

Miss Hillard moved that the incoming committee be empowered to thoroughly investigate the conditions of the Giraud legacy with a view to determining whether the work of the Association would not be best directed to the completion of this sum in the form of a professorship, the report to be presented June, 1884, and that in the meantime the work be carried on as heretofore. *Carried.*

The election of officers took place in accordance with the plan given in the minutes of June, '82. Miss Arnold, '74, President: Misses Brace, '72, Thurston, '80 and Abbott, '81, Vice-Presidents.

Mrs. Taylor-Bissell moved that the Association send to the Trustees a statement of opinion in regard to the abolition of the Preparatory Department. After some discussion, all tending to bring out more clearly the difficulties in the way of communicating with the Trustees at so late an hour of their session, as well as the imperfect character of the meeting in regard to a general representation of opinion, the motion was *lost*.

There being no further business, on motion the meeting adjourned.

M. A. JORDAN, '76,
Secretary.

**REPORT OF THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
INTER-COLLEGIATE ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION.**

The annual meeting of the Inter-Collegiate Association of Alumnae was held at Wellesley College, May 25. Most of the incoming trains had special cars for the use of the graduates; barges were in attendance at the depot and conveyed them to the College, where they were cordially welcomed. The president of Wellesley, with some members of the Faculty, assisted by the Seniors of the college were hostesses and did all in their power for the entertainment of their guests. Miss Cushing, of '74, acted as president of the meeting, which was attended by about sixty representatives of Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Boston University and the Western colleges: the Senior Class of Wellesley was also invited to meet with them.

The subject for consideration was "Post-graduate Study." Mrs. Richards, of '70, opened the discussion with some remarks in regard to the benefit and practicability of such study. Her address was listened to with much pleasure, but the discussion of it was postponed until after Mrs. Howes, of '74, had given a report from the Health Statistics Committee. She stated that thirteen hundred of the question papers on health had been issued, and showed the importance of every student filling out her own blanks.

Then the discussion of "Post-graduate Study" was resumed, Mrs. Bates, of '68, Miss Foster, of '72, Prof. Morgan of Oberlin and Miss Ladd entering interestingly into the talk. Miss Cushing then read a letter from Mrs. Cummings, of '74, showing very forcibly that much could be accomplished by taking study as recreation. She had found that her fondness for Natural History, which had led her to pursue its study for pleasure, had resulted in accomplishing work almost sufficient to secure for her the title of A. M.

The treasurer's report showed that the Association was slightly in debt, and contributions were solicited, to be sent to Miss White, No. 4 St. James Av., Boston. All such contributions are entirely voluntary, and the Association hopes never to be obliged to resort to any fee, or system of taxation. The meeting then adjourned, all agreeing in their expressions of pleasure, and gratitude to the authorities and students of Wellesley, who had entertained them so charmingly.

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NOVEMBER, 1882.

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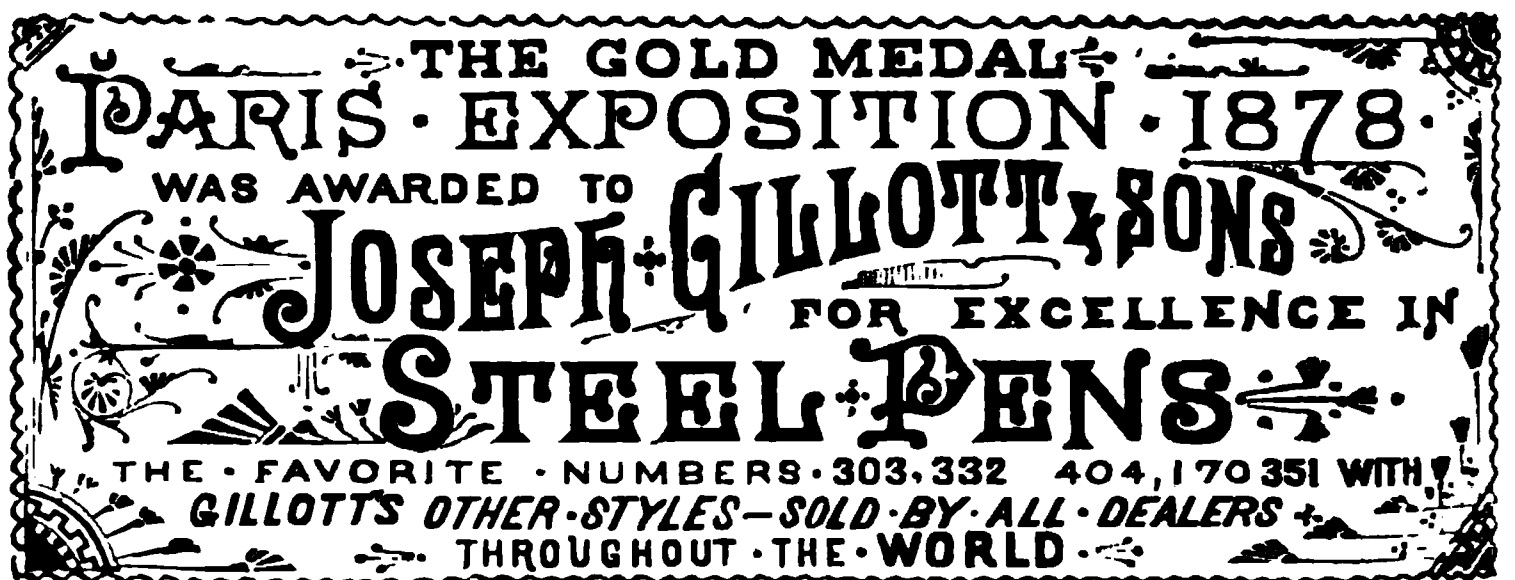
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